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THE EMERSON SOCIETY QUARTERLY

No. 22 I Quarter 1961

PUBLISHED FOUR TIMES A YEAR BY THE EMERSON SOCIETY, BOX 1080, HARTFORD 1 AND EDITED FOR THE SOCIETY BY KENNETH WALTER CAMERON. MEMBERSHIP $5.00.

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¶ The first twelve articles in this issue constitute a symposium on WALT WHITMAN, arranged by Professor Carl F. Strauch of Lehigh University. Previous symposia in the EMERSON SOCIETY QUARTERLY have been dedicated to EMERSON and HENRY DAVID THOREAU. The Society thanks Dr. Strauch for the high quality of all three of our special issues.

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Letter to Walt Whitman

("...I have not gain'd the acceptance of my own time,
but have fallen back on fond dreams of the future..."
—*A Backward Glance O'er Travel'd Roads*)

Well, Camerado, I guess you heard,
There was quite a tussle recently
In the Quaker City of Brotherly Love
About you and a bridge
Joining said city with the other city
Where you lived, talked, peddled your books, and died;
And where your memory is already somewhat perpetuated
By Walt Whitman Canned Tomatoes (a grade A line) and other choice groceries.

Your opposers were the usual public inflicters of private morality
That you were long in life familiar with;
And you were accused of the usual perversions:
Bestiality, immorality, verselessness, and the corruption of kiddies.
Even another bard was puffed in your place—
Joyce Kilmer, for God's sake.
Whose trees are less tall than your leaves, to all
But the shielded eye.

An old story, no doubt.
But the funny thing about this case, Camerado, was
That they lost.
And that sparkling, soaring, two-mile span of steel
Is all yours:
The Walt Whitman Bridge.

What do you dream of that, Walt?
Is it for real?

—Paul C. Wermuth

TEACHING "SONG OF MYSELF"

By HAROLD W. BLODGETT
Union College

At the foot of a page of pre-1855 pencilled jottings (now in the collection of Charles E. Feinberg) Walt Whitman writes: "Something behind or afterward— Leave the impression that no matter what is said, there is something greater to say—something behind still more marvellous and beautiful—."

The passage would make a good epigraph for "Song of Myself," to my mind the most extraordinary poem in American literature; and although I always come to it with anticipation, I will confess that after nearly forty years of teaching it, I have never settled upon a "best" method of approach. The experience does not repeat itself. This is because "Song of Myself" is always freshly communicable as a great work of art, withholding or revealing according to the power of insight at the time of reading. In fact, I do not think it fanciful to suppose that Whitman himself may have felt that in composing it he found himself in areas that could not be fully charted. The poem is an exercise of intimation and discovery between poet and reader.

By and large, I am inclined to think that the college class (I am assuming that it is a small seminar group) should first approach Whitman as he himself approached the general reader in 1855, and so I like to begin with exhibiting the first edition of Leaves of Grass, or one of the excellent facsimiles thereof. It always surprises me to learn how many of my students have had little notion of its appearance; and I find from them an invariable interest in the rustic-lettered title, the embossed leaves, the shirt-sleeved frontispiece portrait, the handsome title-page, and the preface in double-column small type sharply contrasting with the long lines and generous margin of the text proper. Quickly they see for themselves that "Song of Myself" occupies more than half the book, that none of the twelve poems is numbered or titled except for "Leaves of Grass" on every page. This is educational; this, they see, is the actual book once so neglected and now so sought for.

Then the reading begins—we usually have a week or ten days for it—and I do not wish to direct it too closely at first. I do, however, recommend the reading of the 1855 Preface before the poem itself even though Whitman later rejected parts of it and turned other parts into poems. It is, of course, itself a kind of poetry, and its vehement elaborations on the great poet and what he means to his people, its organic concept of art, and its visionary optimism are necessary to an understanding of what is to follow. Then I suggest that the student read the entire 1346 lines of "Song of Myself," not pausing or troubling himself too much on the way, in order to get a sense of the whole composition. Then a second, a third, and further readings—especially of difficult passages—are in order. By then we are ready for discussion, and I know no better formulation than to pose the old basic question: what is the writer's intent, and has he succeeded in accomplishing it?

To assist our answers, I find it useful to talk at some length about Whitman's career before 1855: the main outlines of his journalistic experience, his reading, travel, interest in music, participation in politics, passion for oratory, and so on. Then I speak of the Notebooks, those implements of poetic growth that are his most significant and revealing source, whence we can see—as Dylan Thomas so memorably phrased it—the progress from unclothed blindness to naked vision. Particularly I tell the students to look up the Notebook for 1847, as transcribed by Professor Holloway in volume two of The Uncollected Poetry and Prose of Walt Whitman, where they find the first working-over of many lines that were to go into "Song of Myself" eight years later.

Such exercise brings up at once the central problem of how a writer whose published poetic performance had been as mediocre as Whitman's came suddenly to demonstrate the poetic genius of 1855. The usual speculations may be reviewed: the poet's ancestral traits and temperament, participation in political crisis, travel, absorption in the work of such figures as George Sand, Carlyle, the German Transcendentalists, and Emerson, interest in language experimentation,—all this is capable of expansion as time will allow.

But the poem itself is the main thing, and as the students respond to its strange baffling insistence, I think they all come to agree on one actuality: that it expresses a kind of illumination, a vision of the life of the soul and the life of the body in ecstatic identity. This, then, is what we call mysticism, and since the mystical experience is by definition ineffable, it can never be objectively known. It must be experienced. This does not mean, however, that we are to regard "Song of Myself" as a kind of intuitive turmoil incapable of discernible structure. We must believe that Whitman knew where he was going in this poem, and I take pains to point out to my students that interesting analyses of its structure have been made by Professors Carl F. Strauch, James E. Miller, Gay W. Allen, and others. But before comparing these interpretations, they

should—I suggest—attempt an analysis of their own. It is not only a valuable disciplinary exercise but also a way of discovering how difficult it is not to dogmatize about a composition whose organization, it seems to me, is intuitive rather than logical. Since I have never been confident that any scheme I can adduce is a discovery of Whitman's actual scheme, I leave the matter for what I hope is intelligent speculation.

By this time our reading and comment have raised many general topics, each capable of more expansion than we can accommodate: such topics as the nature of the mystical experience as recounted, for example, in William James' The Varieties of Religious Experience or Evelyn Underhill's Mysticism; the familiar charge that Whitman is an egotist and a sensualist; the basic question as to whether or not Whitman's religious devotion to democracy is justified.

Such large matters are provocative, but it is salutary to turn to details. By this time my students have discovered that "Song of Myself" contains some very baffling lines indeed, and we take them up for explication. In this brief account there is little space for illustration, but my practice is to advise the students to check the variant readings for clues to meaning, and to exercise a modest tentativeness in the all-too-alluring game of symbol hunting. I point out that the "hugging and loving bedfellow" of line 60 who leaves baskets "swelling the house with their plenty" is identified in the 1855 reading as God himself; that the strange passage beginning "I find I incorporate gneiss..." (lines 670ff.) may be clarified by comparison with a passage in the 1847 Notebook about how the "soul or spirit transmits itself into all matter—into rocks...;" that line 1018 should read "Not doubt, not decease..." instead of "Not doubt, not disease...," an error which was perpetrated in the 1902 Complete Writings and has been unfortunately confirmed in all succeeding editions; and that—as an example of conflicting interpretation of symbols—the opposition between "Houses and rooms are full of perfumes..." (line 14) and "The atmosphere is not a perfume..." (line 17) has been designated by one distinguished scholar as the opposition between the individual and the universal, and by another as the opposition between knowledge from books and knowledge from nature.

One may cite many other illustrations of specific textual problems in this great poem as well as illustrations of great creative power such as the remarkable apologue about the twenty-eight young men and the twenty-ninth bather who joins them, the catalogues of sections 15 and 23 in which the best lines are exact and brilliant pictures, the extraordinary exaltation of the concluding passage, but space does not permit. At the end of our study the students are left, I hope, with the conviction that "Song of Myself" is an impassioned message by a man seized with an overwhelming belief. For Whitman was primarily a poet of prophecy and a projector of myth—the myth of the Self, man's great being, both single and universal, both Godlike and seeking God.

WHITMAN AS HOSPITAL VISITOR

By ROBERT P. COBB

University of Kansas.

After reading "Song of Myself," particularly as it appeared in the First Edition of Leaves of Grass (1855), students are apt to be confirmed in their preconceptions about Whitman and Whitman's poetry. They find the poem to be an amazing tour de force, but one in which the "poet of democracy" celebrates himself in a tone which is only occasionally restrained and which is frequently strident; and the cynics find the "I" more comic than cosmic. One of the principal obligations confronting the teacher of Whitman is to counteract these reactions by revealing to the students something of Whitman's development as a poet and of the organic nature of Leaves of Grass. The stridency and subjectivity of the early poems are as much a part of that organic nature as the restraint and objectivity of the later poems are; but the students should be shown the process by which the former qualities become the latter. The diligent and inquisitive will, of course, make the discovery for themselves; but unless they read the "Inclusive Edition" or unless they make an effort to note the changes Whitman made in individual poems in the various editions, even the most diligent are likely to assume that the Walt Whitman of 1855 or the Walt Whitman of 1891-1892, but not both, is the author of Leaves of Grass. I should like to suggest that the poems are best understood by looking at the evolution of Leaves of Grass and that the evolution is best understood by an examination, albeit a brief one, of Whitman's experiences from 1862 to 1865.

Various biographers of Whitman have already noted the influences on his poetry of different periods in his life.[1] His childhood, his newspaper work, the New Orleans hiatus—all have occasioned, for his biographers, fundamental themes and characteristic techniques in Whitman's poetry. And, in a very real sense, all have. But no biographer, to my knowledge,

has examined the effects on Leaves of Grass of what Whitman considered to be the most significant event, or series of events, in his life: the three years, 1862-1865, he spent as a hospital visitor.[2]

Whitman began his hospital visits on December 21, 1862, at Falmouth, Virginia, following the Battle of Fredericksburg, fought on December 13.[3] During the three years

> ...in hospital, camp, or field, I made over six hundred visits or tours, and went, as I estimate, counting all, among from eighty thousand to a hundred thousand of the wounded and sick, as sustainer of spirit and body in some degree, in time of need. These visits varied from an hour or two, to all day and night; for with dear or critical cases I generally watch'd there several nights in succession.[4]

Most of his observations on the visits are relatively prosaic: the location, size, and condition of the hospital; the initials or names of the soldiers he talked with, and the nature of their wounds or illness; the services he performed for them. Occasionally, however, we see behind the detachment he is forced to assume in order to maintain his sanity and his usefulness. We then discover how profoundly Whitman was moved by the absolute democracy of suffering and by the casualness of death. The following entry, of June 18, 1863, is representative:

> In one of the hospitals I find Thomas Haley, company M, 4th New York Cavalry—a regular Irish boy, a fine specimen of youthful physical manliness—shot through the lungs—inevitably dying—came over to this country from Ireland to enlist.... I often come and sit by him in perfect silence; he will breathe for ten minutes as softly and evenly as a young babe asleep. Poor youth, so handsome, athletic, with profuse beautiful shining hair. One time as I sat looking at him while he lay asleep, he suddenly, without the least start, awaken'd, open'd his eyes, gave me a long steady look, turning his face very slightly to gaze easier—one long, clear, silent look—a slight sigh—then turn'd back and went into his doze again. Little he knew, poor death-stricken boy, the heart of the stranger that hover'd near.[5]

The daily contact with the sick and the dying, the writing of letters notifying parents of the death of their son (such as he wrote, in May, 1865, to the parents of Frank H. Irwin, Company E, 93rd Pennsylvania, and of the kind received in "Come Up From the Fields, Father") suggest the extent of Whitman's identification with those whose wounds he tended and to whose needs he ministered. One might feel that Whitman shows an abnormal interest in suffering, were his reports not relieved by factual details and by detached comments on the significance of the experience. Writing some years later, he observed that those three years were

> ...the greatest privilege and satisfaction, (with all their feverish excitements and physical deprivations and lamentable sights,) and...the most profound lesson of my life.... It arous'd and brought out and decided undream'd of depths of emotion. It has given me my most fervent views of the true ensemble and extent of the States.[6]

He believed that his war experiences gave him his conception of the "American character," and he considered them to be among the most formative influences in his life. He makes this indebtedness explicit in a Specimen Days entry, where he lists his experiences "in the secession outbreak" as one of the "three leading sources and formative stamps of my own character...and its subsequent literary and other outgrowth."[7]

One of the outgrowths—thematically significant in his post-war poems and evident in changes in early poems, from the Fourth Edition (1867) on—is the increasing emphasis Whitman placed on his concept of Personalism. Although he uses the term frequently, he provides no extended definition of it. The essay Democratic Vistas (1871)[8] contains his most fully developed statement on the subject; but even there, Personalism is defined by implication. For Whitman, the concept involves the reconciliation of two conflicting claims: one individual, one social. The egocentricity of "Song of Myself" (1855) and the humanitarianism of Memoranda During the War suggest the extremes. Such poems as "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd" and "Passage to India" suggest the synthesis. Perhaps Whitman would agree with a more recent view that Personalism is the belief that the value of the human person, in comparison with any other material or social reality, is absolute. But the person is distinct from the individual in that his fulfillment rests on two principles: freedom and communion. Alone, neither is sufficient.[9]

The poem "One's Self I Sing," which might well serve as a text for the whole of Leaves of Grass, first appears as an Inscription to the 1867 edition and heads the Inscriptions in all subsequent editions. The first two lines of the poem ("One's self I sing, a simple sep-

arate person, / Yet utter the word Democratic, the word En-Masse") suggest the synthesis made explicit in his conception of Personalism and provide an epigraph for almost all Whitman's poetry written after the Civil War. Always the good Hegelian, Whitman sees the "simple separate person" as the thesis, the "En-Masse" as the antithesis, and Personalism as the synthesis which operates in the bulk of the post-1865 poems.

Throughout his work, however, Whitman asserts that those who insist on viewing his verses "as a literary performance," or attempt at such performance, or as aiming mainly toward art or aestheticism" will not "get at my verses."[10] It is the substance which is important, and one aspect of that substance is Whitman's attempt to reconcile the complexities of the society (and of the world) in which he lived. The "poet of the body and the soul," of matter and the spirit, of nationalism and internationalism, is likewise the poet of the "separate person" and the "En-Masse." His conception of his mediative function was dynamic rather than static. Its growth is occasioned by his war experiences, is seen in his maturing awareness of the function of the democratic poet in an increasingly complex society, and is mirrored in the evolution of Leaves of Grass.

I have tried to suggest one of the changes effected on Whitman's poetic themes by his Civil War experiences. The influences on his poetry of those three years are undoubtedly more amorphous than has been indicated, but the "remembrancers designedly dropt" shall have to await fuller documentation. The hints, nevertheless, are there. But lest one be charged with propounding more than can be shown, a paraphrase of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch might be of some aid:

> Gentlemen, I would I could persuade you to remember that we are American, and that we should always go for the thing, casting out of our vocabularies all such words as "tendencies" and "influences." "Tendencies" did not write The Scarlet Letter; Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote it. "Influences" did not make Leaves of Grass; Walt Whitman made it. Yet, one might add, the Civil War made Walt Whitman.

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1 See, for example, the biographies of Whitman by Roger Asselineau, Frederick Schyberg, G. W. Allen, Emory Holloway, H. S. Canby, H. B. Binns, Leon Bazalgette, Jean Catel, and R. M. Bucke; the first five are the most authoritative.

2 One exception should be noted: Charles Glicksberg, Walt Whitman and the Civil War (Philadelphia, 1933). An unusually valuable book dealing with a relatively unknown period in Whitman's life, Professor Glicksberg's study, nevertheless, is more concerned with Whitman's relationship to the great issues and events of the war than with his career as hospital visitor.

3 The record of his activities during the war, published in 1875 as Memoranda During the War, is to be found in Specimen Days, volume four of The Complete Writings of Walt Whitman, ed. R. M. Bucke and others (New York, 1902); all references are to this edition. See also Bucke's The Wound Dresser (Boston, 1898), which contains many of Whitman's letters written during the war.

4 Complete Writings, IV, 135-136.

5 Ibid., 58-59. 6 Ibid., 136.

7 Ibid., 28.

8 Much of Democratic Vistas had been published earlier as the essays "Democracy" and "Personalism" in Galaxy (December, 1867, and May, 1868). For a study of the genesis of Democratic Vistas, see E. F. Grier, "Walt Whitman, the Galaxy, and Democratic Vistas," American Literature, XXIII (1951), 332-350.

9 See, for example, Emmanuel Mounier, A Personalist Manifesto (New York, 1938).

10 Complete Writings, III, 65.

WHITMAN'S *CHILDREN OF ADAM* POEMS

By JAMES H. COBERLY
The George Washington University

In the greatly enlarged 1860 edition of Leaves of Grass, Whitman placed two groups of poems, Enfans d'Adam and Calamus, which were important and to him necessary additions to his concept of the total poem he was creating. These declare the significance of amativeness and adhesiveness in his program for American poetry, and despite considerable attack and misinterpretation they were to remain basic postulates in his poetry. Calamus proclaimed manly attachment; Children of Adam, as the other group was renamed in 1867, dealt with "the passion of Woman-Love." As Whitman's memoranda indicate, the two groups are thus in a sense complementary, specifications in his overriding theme of love and death and continuity. For the American cycle in evolutionary timelessness, the poet's program must call for a new race.

The Enfans d'Adam group consisted of fifteen poems, three old and twelve new ones. They are numbered but without titles. Of the three previously published poems, "I Sing the

Body Electric," as it was entitled in 1867, had appeared in 1855. The other two had been added to the second edition of Leaves of Grass in 1856. These three constitute a nucleus of sorts. As with his other poems and groupings, Whitman revised considerably for later editions: he altered the language as late as 1881, and he shuffled the order of the poems. He dropped one poem and added two, so that there were sixteen poems in the 1871 edition. But by 1867, the group was rather well fixed, the significant changes for that edition being the use of titles for the several poems and the addition or alteration of six first lines. The text used for this paper is that of the Inclusive Edition, edited by Emory Holloway in 1931.

Children of Adam opens with "To the Garden the World." Adam, who was to be "a central figure and type," is resurrected and re-enters the world, "The revolving cycles in their wide sweep having brought me again." The point of view is masculine: "By my side or back of me Eve following, / Or in front," and the destiny of the reborn Adam is the procreation of a new race. The closing poem returns to Adam and restates the theme of the group: the sanctity of the body and of the procreative process.

Within this frame, the second poem (the title "From Pent-Up Aching Rivers" is the same as the new first line added in 1867), a single, sustained sentence of fifty-seven lines, summons an audience for the message that is to follow. The tone is exclamatory and the language is frank. The new Adam will sing "the song of procreation," despite the consequences, and he does. Although the poems of Children of Adam are largely abstract and philosophical—as are those of the Calamus section when all the poems of Leaves of Grass are considered in their ideational relationships to Whitman's thought—they contain much genuine lyricism:

(Hark close and still what I now whisper to you,
I love you, O you entirely possess me,
O that you and I escape from the rest and go
utterly off, free and lawless,
Two hawks in the air, two fishes swimming in
the sea not more lawless than we;)

And the ending has all the force of Whitman's orator and bard:

[I] Celebrate you act divine and you children
prepared for,
And you stalwart loins.

With the third poem much of the design and the tone of Children of Adam becomes discernible. "To the Garden the World" introduces protagonist and topic; "From Pent-Up Aching Rivers" heralds the demonstration. "I Sing the Body Electric" is seminal, comprehensive, and prophetic for this group of poems in much the same way that "Song of Myself" is in the larger context of Leaves of Grass. The echoes and the parallels of the two poems are notable, not simply repetitious. "A Woman Waits for Me" and "Spontaneous Me," which follow, sustain the pitch and the tension. But they are both shorter poems and thus prepare for the decrescendo effected by the brief, remaining poems.

There is considerable evidence that Whitman intended "I Sing the Body Electric" to be the central poem of the Children of Adam grouping. It is the oldest and the one most often revised. Its first line and again the title were significant changes for the 1867 edition. The theme is a variation of the idea expressed in "Song of Myself:" those who corrupt their bodies conceal themselves, for the body is the soul. But Whitman's emphasis here is on the body, its sacredness and therefore its compellingness.

"The love of the body of man or woman balks account," but Whitman moves typically through a statement of the body's attraction, to a catalogue of bodies in various physical actions, to a specific example, and thus to a recapitulation of his theme:

There is something in staying close to men and
women and looking on them, and in the
contact and odor of them, that pleases
the soul well,
All things please the soul, but these please
the soul well.

Another revealing instance of how Whitman reworked and regrouped his poems, adapting them to his expanding design for Leaves of Grass, can be seen in the specific example (section 3) that he urges to argue the attraction of the body. In his memoranda for the Children of Adam he had jotted down these instructions to himself:

> One piece presenting a vivid picture,
> (in connection with the spirit) of a
> fully complete, well-developed, man,
> eld, bearded, swart, fiery,—as a more
> than rival of the youthful type-hero
> of novels and love poems.

The "piece" had been done for the 1855 version of this same poem. So, whether he ever intended to write a new piece or not, Whitman placed his 1855 poem with its "vivid picture" in the Children group. It serves him well. But especially the picture of Whitman's ideal progenitor is "more than rival of the youthful type-hero." He was a common farmer, a man

of "wonderful vigor, calmness, beauty of person." He was six feet tall, and past eighty, the father of sons and daughters who were also fathers and mothers. His sons

> ...and his daughters loved him, all who saw him loved him,
> They did not love him by allowance, they loved him with personal love....

Such men "please the soul well."

The four sections of the poem that follow are arranged in two pairs. First there is the female form, whose "fierce undeniable attraction" obliterates, or "consumes," everything in its inevitable procreative act. For

> This the nucleus—after the child is born of woman, man is born of woman,
> This the bath of birth, this the merge of small and large, and the outlet again.

As "the female contains all qualities and tempers them,"

> The male is not less the soul nor more, he too is in his place,
> He too is all qualities, he is action and power....

The next pair presents a man's body and a woman's body at auction. The first is the more expressive. The body is a miracle, but once it is "stript"

> ...there runs blood,
> The same old blood! the same red-running blood!
> There swells and jets a heart, there all passions, desires, reachings, aspirations,
> (Do you think they are not there because they are not express'd in parlors and lecture-rooms?)

The woman is "not only herself, she is the teeming mother of mothers." The body, he concludes, is sacred: only the fool corrupts it and thinks he is not known.

The poem ended here in the first edition. But in 1856 Whitman added what is largely a detailed listing of the parts and the functions of the parts of the body. It is only dubiously justified by the frame beginning and close. However, Whitman has his own method, and he must have felt that his demonstration needed amplification. The body and "the likes" of the body

> ...are to stand or fall with the likes of the soul, (and that they are the soul,)
> I believe that the likes of you shall stand or fall with my poems, and that they are my poems.

After his catalogue he can then declare

> O I say these are not the parts and poems of the body only, but of the soul,
> O I say now these are the soul!

"A Woman Waits for Me" is notable for the statement that all depends on sex, all is contained within it. Reverting to his role as new Adam, the poet fathers the new race of America. "Spontaneous Me," the "Bunch Poem" of 1856, is sensuously descriptive of love-making, fulfilling "The oath of procreation I have sworn, Adamic and fresh daughters." "One Hour to Madness and Joy" picks up the theme of lawlessness in "From Pent-Up Aching Rivers," but it is freedom from ties and conventions that is meant, so that the body with its "inebriate soul" can "leap to the heavens of love indicated." This is the transmutation, the becoming one with Nature that Whitman chants in "We Two, How Long We Were Fool'd."

But two poems immediately following "One Hour to Madness and Joy," preceding the "We Two" poem, should be noted for their thematic and structural contributions. "Out of the Rolling Ocean the Crowd" was not placed in the Children of Adam until 1871. The gossip of biography in abeyance, love consummated is a part of a total, unending experience; the act or even the proclamation of love is but a point. Parting or separation does not destroy love. Rather, as this poem with its echoes of "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking" states, one returns to the old mother ocean, love and death and continuance. The next poem effects a transition,

> Ages and ages returning at intervals,
> Undestroy'd, wandering, immortal,

and, placed in the center of the Children of Adam group, restates and continues the Adamic theme.

The seven poems following "We Two, How Long We Were Fool'd" and completing the group are for the most part brief, complementary statements of theme. They also lead to a quick and yet a quiet close that returns to the tone and manner of the opening poem. "Native Moments" reiterates Whitman's concept of the poet as excluding none, speaking for all. "Once I Pass'd through a Populous City" presents an incident in the style of "Out of the Rolling Ocean the Crowd." "I Heard You Solemn-Sweet Pipes of the Organ," not originally in the group, is one of the most simply lyrical of all. "Facing West from California's Shores" has the effect of including the theme of expansiveness

and comprehensiveness so fully stated in "Passage to India." At the end the poet comes round to his opening premise. Behold me as Adam, after the labors of the night, walking forth in the early morning:

> Behold me where I pass, hear my voice, approach,
> Touch me, touch the palm of your hand to my body as I pass,
> Be not afraid of my body.

THE WORLD DIMENSIONAL IN THE POETRY OF *LEAVES OF GRASS*

By STANLEY K. COFFMAN, JR.

University of Oklahoma.

The closing remarks in Specimen Days are on "Nature and Democracy—Morality." In the passage Whitman reaffirms his belief that American democracy can flourish only through regular contact with nature—"outdoor light and air and growths, farm-scenes, animals, fields, trees, birds, sun-warmth and free skies." Nature is health and beauty, underlying all our culture and even ensuring sanity; it is—quoting Marcus Aurelius—the basis for morality and virtue. The climactic lines relate nature to poetry, (whose end is culture, i.e., health, beauty, and morality), and define the aspect in which "nature" is to be seen:

> Perhaps indeed the efforts of the true poets, founders, religions, literatures, all ages, have been, and ever will be, our time and times to come, essentially the same—to bring people back from their persistent strayings and sickly abstractions, to the costless average, divine, original concrete. [Complete Prose Works (N.Y., 1914), p. 193.]

Whitman has many times expounded the basic theme of the essential tie between nature and democracy, morality, and poetry; what gives this passage its interest is his explicitness about the qualities that lend the nature-image its special importance. We are told that openness and vitality contribute to its identity, that Whitman's "nature" is compounded of light and air, but the emphasis is not on these. It is on nature as tangible, palpable, "the costless average, divine, original concrete." It is on the "world dimensional," and a frequent reminder of this is useful in teaching his poems to students in a sophomore survey or a graduate seminar. If the student can sense this aspect of the poems he has gone a long way toward a grasp of this poetry as distinct from others, as having certain unique poetic values.

Whitman has, in fact, many times referred to this, too, but it is easily neglected for other considerations among the many that have a part in teaching his work. The "Preface" of 1855 touches on the significance of the concrete everyday world of objects as giving a characteristic quality to the new poetry:

> As they emit themselves facts are shower'd over with light—the daylight is lit with more volatile light—the deep between the setting and rising sun goes deeper many fold. Each precise object or condition or combination or process exhibits a beauty—the multiplication table its—old age its—the carpenter's trade its—the grand opera its—the huge hull'd cleanshap'd New York clipper at sea under steam or full sail gleams with unmatched beauty .... [Complete Prose Works, p. 263.]

So too does "Walt Whitman's Last," published in Lippincott's Magazine for August, 1891:

> The theory of my Leaves of Grass as a composition of verses has been from first to last...to thoroughly possess the mind, memory, cognizance of the author himself, with everything beforehand—a full armory of concrete actualities... after and out of which the subject of the poem, long or short, has been invariably turned over to his Emotionality, even Personality, to be shaped thence; ... Every page of my poetic or attempt at poetic utterance therefore smacks of the living physical identity, date, environment, individuality probably beyond anything known and in style often offensive to the conventions. [Complete Prose Works, pp. 526-527.]

Such passages show clearly the importance he attached to the "living physical" identities, partly as signs of a particular time and place, but more for their very physicality and objectivity as value in itself. They show further his awareness that some of his poetry's newness was in the magnitude of its effort to carry over into poems this substantial world of objects.

Interest in the object has of course a Transcendentalist explanation and thus is a link with his intellectual background. Transcendentalism not only sanctioned all things indiscriminately but bestowed upon them a divinity commensurate with their status as the

only means whereby spirit can express its meaning, make its significance manifest. Whitman reflects this assumption in such figures as that of the "float forever held in solution," but the teacher cannot thus satisfactorily account for his almost compulsive insistence that poems must be characterized by the substance, the "thingness" of objects, which is their poetry. It is a literary fact that has its real source in the temperament of this poet.

If it is not to be confused with mere sensuousness or with preoccupation with detail or with other aspects of his work, it needs to be presented to students by example, so that it can be felt in the writing itself. A reading of Specimen Days as a whole, not just one passage of it, is the best illustration I know. The effects of this book on the reader are almost exactly the effects, lacking the oratorical and declamatory, he would have had his poems achieve. Most prominent of these is the special feeling for the "real" and actual that comes out in his relatively artless and unself-conscious presentation of the several worlds of childhood, the Civil War hospitals, and especially the New Jersey countryside. The simple awareness of a world of line, color, movement as having dimensions external and substantial is here an attitude almost therapeutic in its force. Feeling no need of the elaborately anti-conformist mask of the writer who would reinvigorate poetry and who is sometimes excessively self-conscious in his role as poet, Whitman produced in Specimen Days a kind of reporting that approximates the realism of Stieglitz' photography in spite of the minimum of seemingly unavoidable Whitman sentimentality.

Since Specimen Days is not, however, readily accessible for classroom work, the point can be made through the poems alone. "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry" takes it as its theme, defining the status of the "dumb, beautiful ministers," insisting on their separate identity: "Keep your places, objects than which none else is more lasting." The reality of the "appearances," the images that flood in on him as he crosses the river is argued in a number of ways: only through a sense of his own gross physical identity can he apprehend them, only through them can he appreciate the vitality, the abundance, the shifts and changes, and even the permanence of nature. In the catalogues the images of the world outside develop a luminousness, the light and air qualities Whitman felt were natural gifts to the stability of our conscious lives.

The catalogue technique in any poem should, in fact, be associated with Whitman's interest in the "concrete." It has its Transcendentalist basis, too, but again it is most readily understandable in terms of Whitman's special predilection for the "physical identity," which he recognized was "probably beyond anything known, and in style often offensive to the conventions." The peculiar flatness of much of Whitman's verse may or may not be offensive, but it is due largely to his belief that poetry should hand over the external world bodily. That he was not often able to convey the sense of sights and sounds through expressive or formal use of his language has been pointed out, and rightly, but it seems likely that he was not much concerned about this and on most occasions was willing to settle for just the impression suggested by their bulk. When he goes beyond merely naming, his style is anything but offensive to conventional ideas of the poetic: the catalogues in "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry"; the transitional image of the awakening adolescent in "Out of the Cradle," as well as its dense and carefully worked out introductory stanza; the precise detail in the stanzas which present the symbols in "When Lilacs Last"; the imagistic poems of Drum Taps; the functional image pattern of "Passage to India." Even when he does not, however, there is a reason the student should understand; the anti-literary predisposition of Whitman caused him to see the actual, whether presented or merely named, as through mere weight, the proper antidote to convention (though this may of course become convention in its own right).

This aspect of his writing has a further interest in the way it contributes to our understanding of the "tradition" Whitman is commonly held responsible for. It leads the student along the developing line of a realism of the commonplace, which has characterized American literature, and moves from Whitman to Howells and then to Sandburg, Lindsay and Masters, to Robert Frost and William Carlos Williams, where it is realism of place as well as the commonplace. All assume or recognize that certain kinds and qualities of objects are to be associated with the American scene and consciousness.

But concern for the object also leads along a line less obviously and narrowly autochthonous; from the "divine, original concrete" one moves to James' "solidity of specification," which sees purely esthetic value in the solid and external, and from there to the Imagist preoccupation with the world of objects and the problem of using language to present them without losing their qualities as objects. One after another of the modern poets can then be seen as sharing the desire to associate, almost to identify, poetry with the solid structure of the external world, to see the poem as conveying, even becoming, in the phrase of William James, the rich thicket of reality.

It is possible to see both Whitman and the moderns as characteristically defined by their need for a direct almost naive contemplation of this thicket whose richness is rewarding partly to the extent that it remains non-human, a reality apart.

This is not so much a matter of using the object (as Eliot's objective correlative) as of presenting it, as in the best poetry of Pound's Cantos. Here the purpose is to give the reader this external world as if it were permanent and real but new each moment. The Cantos thus attempt to "make it new" for the reader not only in the brilliant, luminous scenes associated with the past, but of the DTC at Pisa as well. Much of the appeal of E. E. Cummings' verse derives from its ability to force a new version of the physical world, and Marianne Moore's real toads are necessarily existent as real objects before the limited meanings observable in this world of the concrete are possible or plausible. William Carlos Williams' "No ideas but in things" belongs to the same insistence that meanings be limited by and emergent from the realm of objects through which man moves.

To Whitman is due some of the credit for these developments. He clearly anticipated the exaltation of the objective world as providing values both esthetic and, as esthetic, a necessary antidote to the human tendency to "persistent strayings and sickly abstractions." The student at any level needs to be reminded of this and to see that it establishes a link between the "pre-poetry" of Leaves of Grass and of the Imagist anthologies, not to mention Paterson and the Cantos. Whitman's often heavy-handed rescue of the world of objects deserves more credit that it is usually given.

THE USE OF PRIMARY SOURCE MATERIALS IN WHITMAN STUDY

By ROBERT D. FANER
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The study of the work of Walt Whitman in a graduate seminar presents a profitable, though of course not unique, opportunity to introduce students who are beginning their advanced studies in literature to the importance, even excitement, of the examination of primary and original source materials. Certainly such exercises provide a method of the greatest value for leading students into a profound awareness of Whitman's meaning and significance. At the same time they afford a revealing glimpse into the complexities, not to say confusions, of the sources, inspirations, and methods of one of America's greatest literary talents.

This kind of investigation has been made possible in many American graduate schools through the remarkable generosity of Mr. Charles E. Feinberg, of Detroit, the noted Whitman collector. For example, the library at Southern Illinois University, thanks to Mr. Feinberg, now includes copies of all the editions of the poet's work to appear during his lifetime, as well as considerable manuscript material, some original and some in facsimile. Most later editions of the work and most biographical and critical discussions of it are also available.

Gratifying as such collections are, however, it is by no means necessary to rely solely upon them. For, as in the cases of few other poets, the unpublished fragments, jottings, and miscellaneous manuscripts from Walt Whitman's Workshop, as one volume is called, have been and are being made available in published editions. These are of course of little concern to the casual reader but are of enormous value and interest to the advanced student who is considering the poet seriously.

The following statement is intended to provide some suggestions for conducting student work with such materials. New problems of biography and meaning are not of concern in the statement, nor are new solutions of old problems. The purpose is simply to indicate possible ways of leading students into the almost unique mass of "workshop" material for the purpose of preparing seminar reports of value to them and to their fellows.

Students entering a Whitman Seminar (in the instance of my own they are candidates for the master's degree) will of course be familiar in general ways with the significance and nature of the poet's work. They are usually aware of his indebtedness to Emerson, for example, and perhaps even recall the existence of the celebrated "greeting." A way of capitalizing at once upon this elementary knowledge is to exhibit the excellent reproduction of the Emerson letter in With Walt Whitman in Camden, January 21 to April 7, 1889, Southern Illinois University Press, 1959. A detailed account of the inspiration contained in the letter, with its bold handwriting, so much like Whitman's own, and the bolder encouragement to the new poet, will often whet an interest in other materials, an interest involving not only a perhaps sentimental curiosity about papers associated at first hand with a great poet, but, as well, a

curiosity about the intimate circumstances of his development into greatness.

Perhaps the problem which can most profitably be investigated first is the unusual publication history of Leaves of Grass. With the cooperation of curators of rare books, one or two students can be directed to examine the successive editions, noting such obvious matters as changes in format (with speculations about the reasons), the gradual increase in the number of poems, the beginnings of a structure for the volume, and the continual replacing of individual poems in the variously entitled divisions. They will also discover the circumstances of separate-volume publication, such as Drum Taps, and the ultimate incorporation of such books into the major Leaves. The investigation will conclude with a report on the 1892 or Death-bed Edition by which the poet wished to be judged ultimately. "I am determined to have the world know what I was pleased to do," he wrote at the time. While preparing the report students will note, of course, that there was constant revision of many of the major poems. A critical examination of the changes may well be postponed until later, however.

This comparative account will be the first of its kind for most students, and it will have a double value for them: it will provide an exercise in bibliographical description and analysis, and it will inevitably arouse an interest in the poet's literary objectives. All the members of the seminar will be ready to agree, following the report, that they are dealing with the work of a literary craftsman who worked earnestly throughout his career to devise a form suitable and helpful in the presentation of the ideas which he believed to be important and revolutionary.

Perhaps the second exercise could be the assignment of a small group of students—the number depending upon the size of the seminar—to an investigation of Whitman's methods of composition. Here, the library's holdings in manuscript material presenting fragmentary jottings and early versions of later published work may be sorted out and related to final versions. The various notebooks, scraps of paper, cards, and the like, upon which the poet recorded half-formulated ideas, possibilities for poems, intriguing names of persons and places, can help to show the gradual but steady growth of a fleeting inspiration into a finished line or poem. Even when library holdings are small, the current availability of such volumes as An 1855-56 Notebook (Southern Illinois University Press, 1959), Faint Clews and Indirections (Duke University Press, 1949), and Whitman's Manuscripts (University of Chicago Press, 1955) makes this assignment a rewarding possibility everywhere. In fact, the last named book, edited with virtuoso brilliance by Fredson Bowers, becomes an indispensable tool, wherein all students may not only observe the growth processes of lines and poems, but may also learn the techniques by which manuscript material is used and described. Thus the seminar is contributing not alone to an appreciation of Whitman but as well to the mastery of a research technique.

A third responsibility would be a student examination of revisions of poem structure in which a few key poems may be studied in detail. The report would present an accurate record of the changes, or a kind of elementary variorum edition, as well as a critical examination of the revisions with speculations about reasons for changes and estimates of their success or failure. Excellent introductory help here would be the valuable essay by Scully Bradley, "Toward a Variorum Edition," and a model for the bibliographical record could be found in the Bowers presentation of the growth of the early poem called "Premonition" into the 1860 "Proto-Leaf." The student would carry the poem forward until it found its final form in the 1881 "Starting from Paumanok."

Other poems that might well be studied for this report would be "Out of the Cradle" (for this the 1930 edition of an early version called "A Child's Reminiscence," edited by T. O. Mabbott and Rollo G. Silver, would be important); the ultimately rejected poems, "Long I Thought that Knowledge" and "Hours Continuing Long" (where speculation regarding possible reasons for rejections becomes enormously intriguing); and such a poem as "Once I Pass'd through a Populous City" (where a basic revision came to indicate a complete change of meaning, with implications about the fundamental meanings of the entire sections of Leaves which came to be called "Children of Adam" and "Calamus"). For all these problems critical discussions abound, but they should not be allowed to take the place of the student's examination of the original materials, for it is through his own laborious wading in the sometimes confusing masses of variants that he will come to comprehend the poet's methods and perhaps his meaning.

From a consideration of revisions of line and poem, investigation could logically proceed to the matter of change in volume structure, this time more for a revelation of meaning than as a bibliographical exercise. A beginning point might be the poem mentioned last above, "Once I Pass'd through a Populous City," which, though it was first published in the "Children of Adam" section, was addressed originally to a man, a version which would have placed it in the "Calamus" section. Here the student should consult not only the first ver-

sion as presented by Emory Holloway in The Uncollected Poetry and Prose, but also the brilliant interpretative comment on these two sections of Leaves by James E. Miller, Jr., in his A Critical Guide to "Leaves of Grass."

In considering this problem, and many other poems can be assigned as focal points, the student will quickly and properly pass beyond textual criticism to a concern for the essential meaning of the poems. His study will, of course, force him to read closely, but it will also prepare him to understand what he reads. In the matter of interpretation he will find confusing riches in critical comment. Though he will want to sample many of the contradictory readings of the poems under question, perhaps the clearest, most persuasive presentation of Whitman meanings is to be found in the Miller volume mentioned above. And of course he will need to resort constantly to Gay W. Allen's most complete biography, The Solitary Singer, when biographical details are in question.

If in his attempt to discover the rationale for the organization of the complete Leaves, and many mature scholars have foundered on this point, the student becomes discouraged, he should be referred to the second part of Professor Miller's Critical Guide where we have the most persuasive arguments on the topic and the most convincing assertion that meaning and structure in the entire volume of Leaves are inextricably associated.

Following the reports suggested above, and of course others less specifically concerned with an examination of original materials, some reports more completely in the nature of criticism than research might be undertaken. For example, there might be a full study of the 1860 edition of Leaves, which, as Gay W. Allen contends, "gives us the clearest insight into Walt Whitman's growth as a poet," and which the Danish critic Frederik Schyberg has discussed as revealing an overwhelming personal problem, more fully concealed in other editions. The student's responsibility here would be to study the edition, or such phases of it as the instructor might designate, in order to evaluate the validity of such claims.

A final seminar assignment might take some students back to the first edition to study the claims made by Malcolm Cowley in his Saturday Review essay of October 31, 1959. Facsimile reproductions of his landmark in American culture, which Cowley calls a "buried masterpiece," will permit students everywhere to consider all or some of the "dogmatic" statements, as he calls them, which the professional critic presents. (He confesses that he documents in detail only the first of his assertions.) The statement are as follows:

> First statement: that the long opening poem...is Whitman's greatest work, perhaps his one completely realized work, and one of the great poems of modern times. Second, that the other eleven poems of the first edition are not on the same level of realization, but nevertheless are examples of Whitman's boldest and freshest style.... Third, that the text of the first edition is the purest text for "Song of Myself," since most of his later corrections are also corruptions of the style and concealments of the original meaning. Fourth, that it is likewise the best text for most of the other eleven poems, but especially for "The Sleepers"...and "I Sing the Body Electric." And a final statement: that the first edition is a unified work, unlike any later edition.

If any doubt persists that original materials are valuable in the study of Whitman, such unqualified and provocative pronouncements by so distinguished a critic should dispel it. If doubt also persists that such critical endeavors as have just been suggested are beyond the capabilities of most graduate students, we can only say that in terms of fully adequate fulfillment they probably are, but that there is no real danger in aiming high. A great teacher once said that if the graduate student does not feel most of the time that he is "in over his head," he really is not taking respectable graduate courses.

DEMOCRATIC VISTAS: NOTES FOR A DISCUSSION

OF WHITMAN AND THE PROBLEM OF DEMOCRATIC (MASS?) CULTURE IN AMERICA

By LEO MARX
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1. Begin with Whitman's reaction to Carlyle's sneering image of the new society as a "swarmery." Whitman has been reading "Shooting Niagara," and his irritation is the starting point. A swarmery: countless bees—indistinguishable—buzzing—crawling over each other to get at the honey. (Like the greedy mourners in Huckleberry Finn ogling the sack of gold.) At first, Whitman confesses in a footnote, his impulse was to abuse Carlyle. But he is compelled to admit that he feels the same way himself at times. The date is 1867-1870. What is happening to America?

2. Structure. Is there any? It is not obvious, linear, logical, or discursive—but resembles Suzanne Langer's "presentational" mode of organization. The sequence of ideas follows the yes and no of an inner dialogue, a battle

"rages" within him, "advancing, retreating, between democracy's convictions, aspirations, and the people's crudeness, vice, caprices...." Do not be put off by verbal incoherence; beneath the surface there is a firm dialectical pattern, a musical ebb and flow. As so often, Whitman's form has a musical analogue. The major theme: the promise of an open, free, society; the minor theme: the "appalling dangers" he sees in the egalitarian, majority-ruled culture. This essay belongs with English Traits among the first attempts by American writers to assess the quality of culture under industrial capitalism. It reminds us, moreover, of many another Victorian struggle to resist the total erosion of faith. In this case the faith is secular, political, egalitarian, transcendental, American. Where does Whitman come out?

3. Elaboration of themes. In the opening movement he is after a more dramatic definition of the conflict. To evoke his positive feelings he returns to a visual impression of American vitality—an unprecedented release of human energies—as in the first poems. The vibrant, fractured images of New York satisfy his sense of power, fulness, motion; they provide "a continued exaltation and absolute fulfillment.... But...." (Do I contradict myself?) The essay pivots and swirls on but, yet, nevertheless, and on-the-other-hand.

But the surface imagery that seemed a channel to a higher order (in the 1855 Leaves) no longer satisfies—cannot be trusted. If we shut "our eyes to the flow and grandeur of the general superficial effect," what then? Many questions arise, but one contains them all: "Are there, indeed, men here worthy the name?" ("The true test of civilization is," says Emerson, "not the census, nor the size of cities, nor the crops,—no, but the kind of men the country turns out.") A nineteenth-century man, Whitman agrees that we must put an economic "base" beneath an ample culture. But productivity is not enough. "Is there a great moral and religious civilization, the only justification for a great material one?" Is there? The time has come to shift attention from the material facts to the quality of the collective consciousness. A feeling that America has reached a turning of the road dominates the Vistas.

4. Culture. Another form of the same question: "Are there arts worthy freedom and a rich people?" Culture is the test of national character.

(a) What is the democratic ideal of culture? Whitman's answer is unambiguous: equal access to its benefits, increasingly wide distribution or, in other words, movement toward a culture not defined by class distinctions: "I should demand a programme of culture, drawn out, not for a single class alone, or for the parlors or lecture-rooms, but with an eye to practical life, the west, the working-men, the facts of farms and jack-planes and engineers...."

Is he describing the audience he sought but did not get? One hears an echo of that wistful final statement of the 1855 Preface: "The proof of a poet is that his country absorbs him as affectionately as he has absorbed it." The Vistas are colored by his disappointment.

(b) What is the democratic culture proving to be in fact? Again, the surface is exciting. "There is something impressive about the huge editions of the dailies and weeklies, and mountain-stacks of white paper piled in the press-vaults, and the proud, crashing, ten-cylinder presses...." Industrial technology surely makes broader distribution possible. "Everybody reads, and truly nearly everybody writes, either books, or for the magazines or journals." But what do they read? The limitless audiences are "profitable," but chiefly to those who satisfy "the mean flat average, the sensational appetite for stimulus...."

Long before movies, book clubs, radio, television, Whitman grasps the crucial issue. Quantity may not be expected to turn spontaneously into quality. Is there something like Gresham's law operating here? Compare Whitman's insights with the article on "mass culture" in the latest issue of the Partisan Review. Precisely what have we gained by our pretentious, elaborate sociological vocabulary?

5. Digression: Whitman as Prophet.

"Confess," says Whitman, reaching out for a single metaphor to sum up the quality of life in the emergent industrial, affluent culture of these states—confess "that to severe eyes, using the moral microscope upon humanity, a sort of dry and flat Sahara appears, these cities, crowded with petty grotesques, malformations, phantoms, playing meaningless antics." The Vistas are filled with premonitory images, as if confirming Pound's idea of the poet as the antenna of the race. A sort of dry and flat Sahara!

> Dead mountain mouth of carious teeth that
> cannot spit
> Here one can neither stand nor lie nor sit
> There is not even silence in the mountains
> But dry sterile thunder without rain

These premonitions of our twentieth-century consciousness add resonance to reading the Vistas; but they also have the effect of blunting Whitman's point. Clearly he means to work

his way back to an affirmative view of democratic aspirations, but his poetic sensibility betrays him. If we take the intensity of figurative expression as our gauge, then gloom overpowers faith here. A violent lexicon of cultural decline (not unlike Shakespeare's) can be extracted from the essay. Beneath the sparkling, electric surface of American life Whitman sees rottenness and disease everywhere; everywhere he finds "hollowness of heart"; in the government "corruption, bribery, falsehood;" in the business classes "endless depravity."

Again, if one reads the Vistas with our later fiction in mind, the themes reverberate endlessly. It is as if our writers have been systematically mining the essay. Project: begin with "The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg" and see how many works can be unpacked from this sentence of Whitman's: "The great cities reek with respectable as much as non-respectable robbery and scoundrelism."

6. Solutions? Admittedly the Vistas are more useful for diagnosis than therapy. But here and there we find extraordinary hints. What more can we expect of Whitman in 1870? What more can we offer right now?

To begin with, he corrects one or two mistaken assumptions of democratic political thought. To what sanction do we ultimately refer our commitment to democracy? "We do not," he says, "...put it either on the ground that the People, the masses, even the best of them, are, in their latent or exhibited qualities, essentially sensible and good—nor on the ground of their rights; but that good or bad, rights or no rights, the democratic formula is the only safe and preservative one for coming times. We endow the masses with the suffrage for their own sake, no doubt; then, perhaps still more...for community's sake." (Instruction to students: find a more concise, intelligent, realistic rationale for democracy.)

Given Whitman's idea of human nature, the mission of government must not be "repression alone, and not authority alone, nor even of law, nor...the rule of the best men, the born heroes and captains of the race (as if such ever, or one time out of a hundred, get into the big places, elective or dynastic)—but... to train communities through all their grades, beginning with individuals and ending there again, to rule themselves." The purpose of the state, he says, must therefore be to "develop, to open up to cultivation, to encourage the possibilities of all beneficent and manly outcroppage, and of that aspiration for independence and the pride and self-respect latent in all characters...."

One can catch glimmers of this idea at several points in the Vistas. Freedom from is not enough. Do we discern here what D. H. Lawrence felt in American writing generally?—an impulse toward the view that "Men are free when they are in a living homeland, not when they are straying and breaking away.... Men are free when they belong to a living, organic, believing community, active in fulfilling some unfulfilled, perhaps unrealized purpose."

The "I" of "Song of Myself" fades in the Vistas; the concept of community emerges.

Even in the sphere of culture, the state must play an active, not merely a permissive role. It must train as well as liberate.

7. Literary Standards: Whitman has an absurdly simple solution to the question of form and content in literature, technique versus meaning. To be sure, he says, "all works of art are to be first tried by their art qualities, their image-forming talent..." etc. But the ultimate question, the true question to ask of a work of art is this: "has it help'd any human soul?" Today, of course, the tone—especially that unfortunate word "helped"—may be embarrassing. But the fundamental idea is not as crude as it sounds. Technical competence is a prerequisite for serious appraisal of any work of art. But, says Whitman, what we ultimately try to assess is the power of the work to "free, arouse, dilate."

He is absolutely clear about the need for democratic society to affirm high standards in the arts. It does not occur to him that we must settle for a literature that caters to the mean, flat average. Good writing demands effort; it does not simplify; invariably, he says, it communicates obliquely, by "analogies, by curious removes, indirections." Nor does Whitman fall into the trap of mere representationalism, or anything smacking of Socialist Realism. In literature he wants no "useless attempt to repeat the material creation, by daguerreotyping the exact likeness by mortal means." Representation is not to be confused with art. To reach its full development democracy, it is true, must produce great audiences, but by "great" Whitman does not mean merely large.

Whitman's great audience is, must be, intellectually active. Even silent readers participate in the final creation of symbolic value. "Books are to be call'd for, and supplied," he says, "on the assumption that the process of reading is not a half-sleep, but, in highest sense, an exercise, a gymnast's struggle; that the reader is to do something for himself, must be on the alert, must himself or herself construct indeed the poem, ar-

gument, history, metaphysical essay—the text furnishing the hints, the clue, the start or frame-work."

Given these criteria, consider what Whitman might say about our audience of television viewers.

8. Whitman's Argument and Today's Intellectuals: One of the most striking things about the Vistas is the sense it gives of how far we have come since 1870. Ninety years ago Whitman still could argue in favor of an audience capable of reading subtle, complicated, demanding books, and yet at the same time he was able to hold on to his belief in the possibility of a widening, increasingly democratic culture. By now our intellectual community is almost completely split on that issue. To be sure, there are those who continue to affirm the possibility of reconciling a majoritarian system with culture. But they are in a minority, and, furthermore, they tend to repudiate the high standard of cultivation that Whitman affirmed. On the whole, however, our literary intellectuals have taken the other tack. Given the Vistas to read right now, they would almost certainly seize upon Whitman's prescription for an audience capable of participating, as in a "gymnast's struggle," in the work of art. But if pressed they would admit that the audience necessarily must be a small, élite audience. Sometime around 1915, it seems, our intellectual community divided into groups which Van Wyck Brooks named "highbrow" and "lowbrow" (latterly "middlebrow"). In effect they chose between art and democracy, a choice that Whitman refused to make in Democratic Vistas, and that we have not yet found a way to avoid.

THE MYSTICISM OF WHITMAN: SUGGESTIONS FOR A SEMINAR DISCUSSION

By JAMES E. MILLER, JR.
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Many discussions of mysticism have been derailed before they begin, simply because no agreement could be reached on a definition of such a vague and disputable term. Without becoming tied up in knots distinguishing among religious, psychological, or philosophical concepts, I propose that we define mysticism, along with William James in The Varieties of Religious Experience, as a state of consciousness characterized by the noetic (states of transcendent, non-intellectual insight, revelation) and the ineffable (the "knowledge" cannot be imparted; to be known it must be experienced). This minimum definition should be an acceptable area of truce for the skeptical, who view the mystical experience as a purely psychological phenomenon, and the orthodox, who are committed to an official definition.

With this definition we should be able to make a brief exploration of Whitman's poetry, discovering where signs of mysticism appear, and then, after a glance at critical commentary on Whitman's mysticism, attempt to describe it more fully by distinguishing it from other kinds of mystical experience. For the sake of clarity and emphasis, we shall pass over many minor instances of mystical moments (such as those in "Prayer of Columbus"), and even the major example of "Song of Myself" (which has been repeatedly analyzed for its mysticism), and concentrate on four key poems, each a masterpiece of its kind, which in their chronological arrangement admirably demonstrate Whitman's development over his most productive and creative period of fifteen years, from about 1855 to 1870.

"Crossing Brooklyn Ferry" (1856) is a "public" philosophical poem dramatizing and celebrating the part played by the "dumb, beautiful ministers" (all the diverse inventory of the universe) in bestowing spiritual insight into the unity of all mankind. "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking" (1860) is a "private" love poem which describes the symbolic love experience that granted spiritual insight into the meaning of death—and the origin of the poetic impulse. "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd" (1865) is an elegy which dramatizes the grief at a national loss that, through its profundity, results in "knowledge of death" and spiritual insight into eternity. "Passage to India" (1871) is a religious chant on the achievement of man in circling the globe, and concludes in an ecstatic apprehension of divine presence that culminates in spiritual insight into the nature of man's fate. All these poems turn in their crucial passages on some kind of intuitive insight that is both profoundly revealing and ultimately ineffable. All of them are, by whatever definition, deeply mystical in nature.

Of all four poems, "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry" seems the most deeply involved in the materials and content of the world. Indeed, it is the physical body of the world, the world as perceived through all the senses, that leads to the poem's spiritual assertion. The dramatic structure of the poem is essentially mystical—the successive stages constitute a progression toward ultimate mystical penetration of the barriers to union, as indicated

by the carefully spaced and timed outcries—"It avails not, time nor place—distance avails not" (Sec. 3), "Whatever it is, it avails not—distance avails not and place avails not" (Sec. 5), "Closer yet I approach you" (Sec. 7), and finally: "We understand then do we not? / What I promis'd without mentioning it, have you not accepted?" (Sec. 8). All these assertions confirm two movements in the poem, one on the surface, the other subterranean, the latter more vital than but only hinted at by, the former. Just what is understood or accepted is what the "study could not teach—what the preaching could not accomplish"—it is intuitive awareness of unity that fuses Whitman into the reader, that resolves all things into one. It is a mystical knowledge, not intellectual but spiritual in origin.

In "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry" Whitman focused on an unexceptional event, the common experience of multitudes in making their daily rounds, to dramatize a kind of mysticism of the masses; in "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking," the central event is secluded and private, a part of the poet's distant past. We might speculate that Whitman (following the process of what T. S. Eliot called the objective correlative) transfigured his personal emotions (a disappointed love affair?) into art by inventing (or fusing out of many events) a set of symbols that correlate with (but do not necessarily—even symbolically—re-create) original experience. The poet's emotional distance is achieved not only by placing the event in his boyhood (he is singing a reminiscence), but also by becoming an observer of the tragic love of the mockingbirds. But the narrative of the poem is not related for its own sake: the meaning of the poem lies in the mystical knowledge bestowed by the experience enabling (or compelling) the boy to become a poet. As elsewhere in Whitman, this knowledge is never fully revealed, only hinted at. In the latter part of the poem, after "tallying" the he-bird's carol of unsatisfied love, the boy passionately invokes the night for a "clew"; and in answer to his spirit's anguished cry, the sea sounds repeatedly the single word "death," pouring its mystic meaning into the boy's ecstatic soul ("Creeping thence steadily up to my ears and laving me softly all over / Death, death, death, death, death"). Out of this mystical experience, out of insight into the mystic link of love and death, comes the boy's assurance of his role and theme as a poet.

Of Whitman's four major poems, "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd" and "Out of the Cradle" seem more closely related than the others. Both involve the nature of love and the grief of death, and both conclude with mystic affirmation. But in the elegy the love is less personal, more exalted, as symbolized by the dooryard lilacs of the title. The western star suggests Lincoln, and the black cloud obscuring it represents his assassination. And it is the bird, the hermit-thrush, with its secluded and ecstatic eulogy of death as the "dark mother" and "deliveress," that finally brings about a reconciliation of the grief. The poet's visit with the hermit-thrush in the swamp cedars (and his soul's "tally" of the bird's song) is a symbolic dramatization of the mystical experience. While he listens, the "pure deliberate notes" of the bird pour into him (much as did the sea's voice in "Out of the Cradle"), and in his ecstatic, trance-like state, he sees beyond human ken: "While my sight that was bound in my eyes unclosed, / As to long panoramas of visions." The "visions" begin with the grim confusion and chaos of the battle-field, with its "debris of all the slain soldiers," but end with intuitive realization that it is the dead who are at rest, the living who suffer. The bird's spiritually "tallied" song together with the poet's vision represent an ultimate mystical affirmation much like that inspired by the bird's song and the sea's voice in "Out of the Cradle": in both poems, the dramatic speaker (or the poet) undergoes an experience that appears the very essence of the mystical.

Of all Whitman's poems, "Passage to India" seems the most ecstatic, perhaps in part because of the recurring fervent and intimate address to the soul ("Passage O soul to India!"). Although it seems closer in structure to "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry," it differs markedly in its attitude toward the material world. Whereas "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry" celebrated the physical contents of the world as the "ministers" that furnished their part to the soul, "Passage to India" calls for a spiritual achievement to match the engineering feats of the Suez Canal, the trans-Atlantic cable, and the trans-continental railroad in rounding the globe. In the first poem Whitman's love affair is with the world's body, in the second with the world's soul. But both affairs are Platonic—or mystical. In "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry," the poet achieves a spiritual fusion with the reader and all mankind; in "Passage to India" he merges with his own soul—and with God. The spiritual India for which the poet seeks passage is remote in both space and time; only by transcending both, as he does metaphorically in the early sections of the poem with their eager encompassment of the "vast Rondure, swimming in space" and "all history," running its course "down the slopes" of time—only by embracing them as One in his expanding vision is he granted (in the latter part of the poem) his mystic merge beyond their barriers. As he soars in his mystic vision into the "regions infinite," where he hears the "ripples" and is "laved...all over" (much as the boy-poet by the seaside in "Out of the Cradle"), he cries out

in spiritual ecstasy: "Bathe me O God in thee, mounting to thee, / I and my soul to range in range of thee." This seems to be the moment of mystic Union, for there follows the frantic search for language to express the ineffable—"Thou transcendent, / Nameless, the fibre and the breath," "Light of the light, shedding forth universes," "Thou moral, spiritual fountain," "thou reservoir." More than Whitman's other poems, "Passage to India" represents imaginative achievement of the mystic goal, Union with the One—or, as Whitman puts it in one striking metaphor—"the Elder Brother found, / The Younger melts in fondness in his arms."

Whitman's four key poems, his "Ferry" and "Cradle," his "Lilacs" and "India," are not only his masterpieces but also his most mystical poems (aside from the unique "Song of Myself"). It is perhaps easiest to trace the mysticism to Emersonian Transcendentalism, and to envision Whitman as merely fulfilling Emerson's doctrine of self-trust, the doctrine which asserts that every man should commune with the divinity (or the animating over-soul) within himself. And there can be no doubt that in the mystical insights of his poems Whitman resembles the ideal American scholar, in describing which Emerson declared: "In self-trust all the virtues are comprehended. Free should the scholar be,—free and brave." (In his famed 1855 letter to Whitman, Emerson used precisely these words: "I give you joy of your free and brave thought.") Emerson recognized what he had been calling for, but he also knew that Whitman's poetry was no mere parroting of Transcendental doctrine; he said, "I find it the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed." Thoreau, too, found more than mere imitation Transcendentalism in Whitman; he found him so "wonderfully like the Orientals" that he asked Whitman if he had read them, to which Whitman replied, "No: tell me about them" (letter to H. G. O. Blake, 1856). But in any event, to label Whitman's mysticism as Emersonian Transcendentalism is but to duck the intricate question of the mystical elements in the New England philosophy.

From the very beginning Whitman's critics attempted to define the intangible mystical element in Leaves of Grass. In "The Good Gray Poet" (1866), W. D. O'Connor detected a "sacerdotal and prophetic character which makes it a sort of American Bible." In Notes on Walt Whitman as Poet and Person (1867, revised 1871), John Burroughs spoke of the "long train of revelations" which made Leaves "like the bibles of nations." But it was Richard M. Bucke, a Canadian psychiatrist, who first tried to describe with some precision the essential distinctiveness of Whitman's mysticism. Bucke's book, Cosmic Consciousness (1901), expounded a theory of three levels of consciousness, Simple, Self, and Cosmic, the first an attribute of animals, the second of man, and the third of the rare human who is prophet, seer, mystic—including Gautama the Buddha, Jesus the Christ, and Walt Whitman (among others). Bucke's book was a signal if unscholarly work which brought together for comparison examples of transcendent spiritual insight of every type from every variety of faith and philosophy. William James supplied the scholarship in Varieties of Religious Experience (1902), not only quoting Bucke approvingly but citing Whitman as an example of the "sporadic type of mystical experience." Both Bucke and James seemed to accept the notion of some specific spiritual experience in Whitman's life underlying the mystical elements of his poetry.

More recently there have been two attempts to define the essence of Whitman's mysticism. In A Critical Guide to Leaves of Grass (1957), I attempted to demonstrate the relevance of the Mystic Way (as defined by Evelyn Underhill in a study of Christian mystics, in Mysticism [1911]) to Whitman's poetry by showing his dramatization of the Awakening of self, the Purification of self (Whitman inverts this traditional step), the Illumination, the Dark Night of the Soul, and, finally, Union. If we were to consider these terms in relation to the poems discussed here, we probably would find Awakening most clearly connected with "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry," Illumination most relevant to "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking" and to "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd," and Union most applicable to "Passage to India." But Malcolm Cowley, in Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass: The First (1855) Edition (1959), has contended that Whitman's mysticism is more oriental than Christian, that it includes such non-Christian concepts as metempsychosis and karma, and that it resembles more closely the Bhagavad-Gita than it does Christian documents. But Cowley contends that Whitman's sources are not literary; he believes, as did Bucke and James, that Whitman actually had a mystical experience, sometime between 1850 and 1855, from which he derived the ecstatically spiritual quality of his verse.

Whatever the origin of the mysticism in Whitman, it seems now clear that his most dynamic connections run more deeply than merely to Emersonian Transcendentalism or even to Wordsworthian romanticism. He goes back in a vital way to a prophetic poet like Blake, whom he did not know, or looks forward to a prophetic philosopher like Nietzsche, whom he could not have read. And although Whitman has been called many poets—poet of democracy, poet of sex, poet of science—it might be that he will have had the last word in his frequent assertion that his "religious" themes domina-

ted Leaves of Grass. Certainly in his great and memorable poems, the mystical current is strong, and other themes seem to be carried along by its sheer power and vitality. Perhaps the critical task that lies ahead is not so much the identification of Whitman's mysticism as Eastern or Western, but rather the reconciliation of his mysticism with his strong materialism, his assertion of self, his restless vagabondage, and his celebrated sexuality. In the last analysis, Whitman's temperament seems eminently unsuited to the selflessness of the Christian mystic and to the passivity of the Oriental. He is far too much bound up in his own consciousness and self-hood and far too fully committed to wandering the open road. It is possible that Whitman, out of multiple obscure sources and out of his own soul, created a unique mysticism designed for America, a "democratic" mysticism available to every man on equal terms, embracing both the body and the soul, science and myth, life and death, the active and passive, material and spiritual. But whatever the ultimate nature of his mysticism, it must be granted a central role in the meaning of his greatest poetry in Leaves of Grass.

WALT WHITMAN AND ASIA

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My class in Whitman for senior and graduate students permits about five weeks for class consideration of him, as he is paired with some other writer, such as Thoreau or Mark Twain, in a quarter's work. The class is usually given in the evening under the Portland Extension Center and includes some high school English teachers, as well as regular students, recent graduates, and various employed adults. We have three class periods combined in one evening, providing an opportunity for an extended consecutive discussion of some aspect of Whitman's work. Naturally the instructor cannot and should not lecture for such a period, nor can the discussion be permitted to drift. The situation calls for controlled sequences of lecture and discussion of pertinent questions.

After the students have read widely in Whitman, including both poems and prose works, and after the class has devoted several weeks to his techniques, purposes, relationships to Transcendentalism, romanticism, politics, the slavery division, and his main drift of ideas, I devote an evening of discussion, that is, three class periods, to the question of Whitman's interest in the Orient.

Is Whitman so preoccupied with American democracy and the development of these states into a nation that he has little attention left for far-away Asia? How widely did he read the Asian literature which was coming to interest not only the Transcendentalists but also many other Americans? Are his references to Europe and Asia similar in kind? Is he on the defensive against the dependence of America on the European past and present cultural development, while, with that dependence lacking in the relationship of America to Asia, he can look toward Asia with different eyes? What attitudes, what concepts, what purposes toward Asian peoples, literatures, ideas do make appearance in Whitman's writings? If Whitman could write, "The old and moth-eaten systems of Europe have had their day...," what would he say of the ancient systems of China and Japan, of Siam, Korea, India?

The protest of Whitman against American cultural preoccupation with the European heritage did not carry over into his concern for Asia and other distant lands and peoples, for there was no umbilical relationship with them to be severed. On the contrary, Whitman's concern for unity, inclusiveness, was impelling him toward both the ancient cultures and the distant cultures. When he asks in "Salut au Monde," "What widens within you, Walt Whitman? ...What do you see...?" he is aware of a universe with distant lands "as real and near to the inhabitants of them as my land is to me...."

While Melville, who had probably seen the coast of Japan, was writing in Moby-Dick, "If that double-bolted land, Japan, is ever to become hospitable, it is the whale-ship alone to whom the credit will be due...," Whitman was engrossed in nationalism. But the decade of the fifties brought many changes. Commodore Matthew Perry came into the spotlight of history as he met the commissioners of the feudal kingdom of Japan for the first time in a spectacle of splendor on July 14, 1853—the anniversary of Bastille Day. This symbolic day was prophetic of the breaking of Japanese isolation, and in 1860 the first party of Japanese officialdom visited the United States. The chief envoy, Shimmi, headed a party of about four score persons, presenting in focus the elaborately structured class-conscious society of Japan: vice-envoy, censor, minor officials, interpreters, physicians, barbers, pike bearers, servants, attendants. This party left Japan on February 13, 1860, touched at Hawaii, San Francisco, crossed the Isthmus and proceeded to Washington—amidst elaborate newspaper excitement. For many weeks of April, May, and into June the press of America covered in detail this modern progression of ancient Asia into the very citadel of modern democracy.

The climax of this American visit was the New York welcome to the party, which Whitman

witnessed and memorialized in his poem, "A Broadway Pageant." Whitman gave colorful details of the scene unfolding before him; but his concern was with the meeting of East and West, and the more ultimate meaning of that meeting. More than the Nippon envoys was riding up Broadway that day. This was the East, the Orient, "The nest of languages, the bequeather of poems...the race of Brahma...." This unfolding pageant was the new geography, confronting the old and the new. Involved in the meeting was the lithe and silent Hindoo, "the murky night-morning of wonder and fable inscrutable," the Asiatic continent itself. This was what the world had awaited all these thousands of years.

How "real" to Whitman is the East he conjures up in his poetic image? How much does he know of the Asia he embraces? How complete here is his acceptance of Asia, the all-mother? What does he mean by his entreaty to his fellow Americans?

> Bend your proud neck to the long-off mother now sending messages over the archipelagoes to you,
> Bend your proud neck low for once, young Libertad.

Henry Nash Smith's Virgin Land (1950) contains a good chapter, "Walt Whitman and Manifest Destiny," which, in the context of the volume, places Whitman in relationship to the developing western interest in America. Chapter thirty-six of Melville's White-Jacket gives a remarkable literary expression of the American concept of the movement toward political liberty in the world: "We Americans are the peculiar chosen people.... We are the pioneers of the world.... We cannot do a good to America, but we give alms to the world."

The decade of the sixties brought Whitman's move to Washington, his interest in the Civil War, the wounded and sick soldiers, and his struggle for literary recognition. It might be thought that he would have little opportunity for continuing and deepening his feeling toward Asian emanations; but certainly his greatest poetic treatment of the subject came at the end of this decade with his "Passage to India."

Whitman's image sometimes took him to full inclusiveness, as when he saw "This earth all spann'd with iron rails, with lines of steamships threading every sea, our own rondure, the current globe," and when he came to see that "the seas are all cross'd."

How does "Years of the Modern" indicate Whitman's thinking about Asia and what we Americans now rather smugly call the undeveloped countries of the earth? What is the "stupendous trio" which he sees issuing forth "against the idea of caste"? Is this concept of struggle against the idea of caste an inclusion of Asia or an exclusion of it?

> Are all nations communing? is there going to be but one heart to the globe?
> Is humanity forming en-masse?

"Proud Music of the Storm" presents Whitman as a time-binder, bringing past ages into the present, and relates easily to the ideas of "Passage to India," as Gay Wilson Allen's Solitary Singer, chapter IX, section VI, clearly presents. In one great poetic image Whitman embraces the vast rondure, swimming in space, and comprehends the unfolding march of time, as he approaches the question, "Wherefore unsatisfied soul and, Whither O mocking life?"

The religious implications, the meaning of life and death, the way one approaches God with trust in the Elder Brother—all this is a different question from Whitman's concern with affairs Asian; and yet the strands are so interwoven as to be separated only with danger and sacrifice to the comprehension of either facet of Whitman. Whitman was attracted by the inherent pageantry and spectacle involved in such events as the parade of the Japanese party up Broadway. He was naturally excited by the historical events of the completion of the transcontinental railway at Promontory, Utah, —the highway to Asia—and the opening of the Suez Canal, thus circling the earth with transportation lines.

> All these separations and gaps shall be taken up and hook'd and link'd together,
> The whole earth, this cold, impassive, voiceless earth shall be completely justified.

These events in history are but the outward trappings of greater and more significant meanings. God's purpose from the first is now making itself clear, now that the seas are all crossed, now that the free American individual furnishes the essential link to the union of the whole.

Modern man has found the passage to India; but India, too, is more than a fact in history for Whitman as he considers man's destiny. He knows that man seeks more than India, and in his poetic vision he sees that man can steer with confidence where all the seas are seas of God.

It is to Asia that Whitman turns for his ultimate spiritual quest. It is through the symbol of Asia that he finds his ultimate poetic expression of that spiritual meaning. His greatest poetic handling of this subject grew

out of a large background of interest in and some familiarity with both the real Asia and the rather fanciful Asia which tickled the American consciousness of Whitman's day—the Siamese twins, the opium smokers, the Arabian Nights.

The question of Whitman and Asia is not a settled one. Whitman's democracy, his nationalism, his embracing of the American scene, his comradely love are subjects much discussed and, usually, clearly understood. But this is not the whole Whitman. Often it is in conflict with some other more mystical, more Oriental aspects of his thinking and writing.

The subject of Whitman and Asia is one needing a thorough and clarifying study. In an article published in The English Journal (January, 1937), Gay Wilson Allen touched upon this subject. "Tagore says that no other American has so accurately caught the spirit of oriental mysticism," Allen wrote (p. 49), but one can read Allen's monumental and significantly valuable Solitary Singer and find hardly any consideration of the import of Whitman's uses of Asia. I do not say this to point out any fault, but rather to indicate the need for a monograph on this important subject.

Whitman's formative ideas with his early writing of Leaves of Grass involve an inclusiveness, an acceptance, a concept of world spirituality and ultimate unity. This inclusiveness is frequently couched in national terms, with American limitation. The new American democracy is the pattern for cosmic democracy. What is Whitman to do, then, with feudal Japan? with India and the caste system? What has he to do with untouchability?

Was Whitman, then, driven to think of Asia only in terms of changing it to conform to the new democracy? Does he think of the ancient lands as peoples to be liberated by the new freedom, as in "Years of the Modern"? Is there, essentially, a paradoxical conflict involved in Whitman's nationalism, in his view of America bringing freedom to peoples of other lands, and in his "vast rondure" sweep in "Passage to India"?

WHITMAN: EQUAL RIGHTS IN THE FOREGROUND

By JOSEPH JAY RUBIN
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It is more than a century since Emerson inserted the image of a "long foreground somewhere" in the third paragraph of his thanks for "the wonderful gift" of the Leaves of Grass. But students still must choose between divergent judgments of the worth of those years leading to 1855. Scholars' misconceptions, claims Malcolm Cowley in apparent repudiation of Allen's The Solitary Singer, "tempt us to conclude that the 'Song of Myself' was merely a journalist's report...of popular culture in the 1850's," rather than "a record or sequel of a mystical experience." Cowley's attempted clarification removes "American nationalism, political democracy, industrial progress, or social themes" from the major poems of the first edition, and finds instead a dominant doctrine which "has an astonishing resemblance to certain forms of Hinduism."

To scan the foreground from edge to edge is to find evidence everywhere of a fructifying fact in Whitman's early milieu: his professional involvement in local and national politics as a partisan editor. In turn the program of the Workingmen's Party, the Locofocos, the Barnburners and Free Soilers found repeated utterance in his various papers. When circumstance at last deprived him of the editorial column he continued to announce these principles in another medium—the poetry of the first Leaves.

The depression that struck the nation in 1819 and stifled its economy for several years prepared his father's Jeffersonian sympathies, along with many other artisans, for reformers like Frances Wright and Robert Dale Owen whose doctrines came to the Whitman home every Wednesday through the eight-page Free Enquirer or in lectures at the Hall of Science near the Bowery. Despite the antagonism of society and press the Free Enquirer fought for equal civil rights without distinction of color; for mechanics' liens and the end of imprisonment for debt; women's legal rights; and non-sectarian, free education. The unschooled children of the poor—thousands like Walt Whitman apprenticed early because their parents could not afford to educate them—had no more eloquent champion until Horace Mann.

These aspirations first transferred into active politics by the Workingmen's Party (with carpenters one of its largest components), achieved enough success in the early 1830's to inspire the longer-lived Locofocos. Jibes and threats tossed at Whitman by contemporaries, his prolonged actions and associations, indicate how completely Locofoco ideals indoctrinated the young printer. The anti-monopolists who remained (29 October 1835) in a Tammany Hall darkened by conservative fellow-Democrats, represented the culmination of years of protest. The Whigs called them "Revolters," "Agrarians," "Workingmen's Party," "Fanny Wright Men." These labels fastened upon farmers, clerks, small merchants, mechan-

ics and laborers describe the origins of the Locofoco political philosophy and membership. Citizens of the era of the Reform Bill and Chartist riots, they were portents of the decline of aristocracy and the ascendancy of Jacksonian democracy.

Equal Rights Party, the name they preferred, describes their unifying purpose. Led by Bryant's associate on the Evening Post, William Leggett, "the very Jove of editors," (Leggett's name is inexplicably missing from Allen's biography), they worked to resurrect pristine principles. Jefferson had declared it better to prohibit monopolies in all cases than to permit them in any; Leggett reiterated Jefferson and imbued the party with his own "agrarian spirit of anti-monopoly." Through the Evening Post, the Plaindealer, and the Democratic Review, in speeches at City Hall Park and the Military and Civic Hotel, the Locofocos attacked all special privilege but especially that in banking and in trade. They demanded the destruction of Biddle's bank; instead of shinplasters they wanted hard money—gold or silver; they condemned slavery and capital punishment (Whitman with fiction and essays joined the agitation against capital punishment led by the editor of the Democratic Review, O'Sullivan). Their spirit was so fervent they were called the Methodists of Democracy.

The Locofocos, like the earlier Workingmen, did not remain a separate unit. After Van Buren signed the Independent Treasury Act their name came to be applied to the entire party. (Hawthorne, it will be remembered, spoke of himself as a Locofoco Surveyor.) But their credo remained a forceful legacy to Walt Whitman. From the time he was old enough to vote, his vigorous spoken and written advocacy encouraged by local leaders earned Whig enmity.

Successive editorships present further proof of his egalitarian involvement. His abuse of Bishop Hughes through the Aurora in 1842 parallels that hurled by Nativists at Catholic immigrants. But Jeffersonianism rather than Nativism motivated Whitman's assault upon the alliance of church and Tammany: "What is the gain of an alderman or a mayor, or the whole city ticket, to the establishing of a precedent for the introduction of sectarianism in our politics. No man can calculate the danger—no eye can look far enough ahead to perceive the horrors that may ensue from following out that precedent." Papers like the Statesman and the Democrat ("a spirited and not at all scrupulous Locofoco daily") have disappeared, but enough traces remain to show that Whitman worked for Van Buren against Tyler, and for the beloved Silas Wright against a conservative Democrat.

His stay on the Brooklyn Eagle promised to be permanent, for he endorsed the publisher's pledge to keep the paper "zealously devoted to the sacred preservation of all the fine old landmarks of the Jeffersonian School...and be vigilantly zealous for equal rights both great and small." The doctrines of Jefferson, the actions of Jackson, and the interpretations of Leggett—Whitman quoted entire sections from his two volumes published posthumously in 1840—formed Whitman's trinity. But it was during his Eagle editorship that inner discord overwhelmed the Democratic party. To older divisive issues of fiscal policy, internal improvements, and abuse of patronage, the Mexican War brought free soil into the quarrel between Radical and Conservative, or, as they were now called, Barnburner and Hunker.

On 8 August 1846, David Wilmot moved that Congress prohibit slavery in territory acquired from Mexico. Whitman rushed to praise what he named the Jefferson Proviso (he later boasted that his Eagle was "the very first democratic paper which alluded to the subject in a decisive manner"). But his efforts to rally unanimous support for the measure ended in rebuff by the Hunkers. Whitman interpreted the crushing election defeat as a repudiation of conservatism: "Our party has not been, of late, sufficiently bold, open and radical." With feelings between factions too bitter for tolerance, leaders of the Brooklyn Hunkers demanded Whitman end his support of free soil. His refusal cost him his editorship.

Not all the wonders of New Orleans made him forget political warfare. By policy the Crescent took "no side in the party contests of the day, either directly or indirectly." But Whitman followed Northern controversy through newspapers shipped to his office and chided the embattled Democrats. On 24 March 1848, the French city learned that revolution had come again to France. Whitman exulted at the widening of the horizon of reform: "One's blood rushes and grows hot within him, the more he learns or thinks of this news from the continent of Europe. Is it not glorious? This time, the advent of Human Rights, though amid unavoidable agitation, is also amid comparative peace." He joined his colleagues of the New Orleans press, long known for liberalism, in toasts "To the Freedom of the Whole World;" he reprinted the "Marseillaise" and Reed's "France is Free," and heralded the coming of "democratic principles" to England and Ireland. The Chartist failure proved to him that the English were not yet ready for equal rights.

Within weeks after his homecoming ("Rienzi hath returned"), Whitman was a principal speaker at a meeting of Brooklyn Barnburners and one of fourteen sent to the free soil convention at Buffalo, 9 August 1848. The delegation from New York included Bryant, Greeley, and Samuel Tilden. In a mammoth tent Whitman sat with

Abolitionists, anti-slavery Democrats, anti-slavery Whigs, anti-Taylor men, and anti-Cass men. Heat taxed the skill of the speakers and endurance of the audience, but weather was a trifling obstacle to these crusaders who voted to support Martin Van Buren and Charles Francis Adams and went home to sound the slogan of "Free Soil, Free Speech, Free Labour, and Free Men."

Campaign plans included the founding of a Kings County paper by Judge Samuel E. Johnson whom political enemies called the "nigger catcher" because of his aid to fugitive slaves. Johnson picked Whitman to edit the Freeman for they had been friends since Whitman's political debut in City Hall Park in July, 1841. The weekly appeared 9 September with a triad motto: "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." That night fire destroyed its print shop along with an entire section of the city; by hard work Whitman re-established the Freeman in November. "The settled determination," he wrote in his first editorial, "is to make it a Permanent Journal, expounding the most liberal principles in politics, Radically Democratic, and opposed to Slavery and all other infringements on the rights of man to life, liberty, and a comfortable existence." After the defeat of Van Buren and Adams he changed the paper to a daily and on 1 June 1849 from his masthead proclaimed Thomas H. Benton for the presidency in 1852. The Missourian had fought Biddle and the tariff; now he opposed the expansion of slavery.

While Whitman enjoyed visions of the rewards of victory (he hoped for a farm), others contemplated a factional truce to battle the Whigs more effectively. For a while it seemed that peace would favor the Freeman's editor, a possibility that led the Advertiser to conjecture, "Our friend Whitman will then be in his glory, for he will take precedence as the leader of the party in Kings County, and will hand his banner in triumphant exultation over the clique which ejected him from the position he once held, because he would not complacently yield to their intolerant dictation." But the Hunkers gathered enough strength to dictate the choice of compromise or departure. Whitman, as before, made his decision promptly: "To those who have been my friends, I take occasion to proffer the warmest thanks of a grateful heart. My enemies—and old hunkers generally—I disdain and defy just the same as ever." The Star saluted him as the Abdiel of his party; he was well on the way to becoming its Ishmael.

Editorship of the New York News soon came to him, but ended after several months. (A surviving editorial argues that a laundress or a seamstress has as much right to walk Broadway as she "who carries home her last purchase of a thousand dollar shawl from Stewart's or Becks.") Now he was deprived of a paper at a time when a sequence of unhappy events intensified his need for expression. Like others he resented pro-slavery activity in Washington. In New York, bullies like Isaiah Rynders raided free soil meetings and deluged speakers with vegetables; one night at the Broadway Tabernacle where he had gone to hear Wendell Phillips and Henry Ward Beecher, Whitman found himself in the midst of a riot started by Empire Club thugs. Tammany no longer offered sanctuary, for Hunkers had gained control. The Democrats of Brooklyn were no less hostile and accused Whitman of attempting to destroy the party; mention of his name at a ward meeting brought cries of "Down with the traitor." The mere fact that he was seen walking down Fulton Street earned derisive comment from local politicians.

Whitman had long ago agreed with the founders of the Democratic Review that the "spirit of Literature and the spirit of Democracy are one." Poetry now became the medium of the editor deprived of a paper and the politician repudiated by his party. Five days before Webster's Seventh of March speech, the Evening Post printed his "Song for Certain Congressmen" lampooning in seventy-two lines Northerners who favored slavery. After he learned of the Compromise, Whitman wrote two other poems which surpass "Ichabod" in their sustained indignation.

The foreground now leads into the 1855 Leaves. The statement of poetic mission in the Preface contains the explicit belief that into the poet "enter the essences of the real things and past and present events." Independent of class or section, he stands in the ban of "the stern opposition" to the spread of slavery. Above all, "In the make of the great master the idea of political liberty is indispensable." The poet, then, is to be a Leggett.

The singer of "Song of Myself," like a veteran Locofoco, annuls special privilege; he is of all ages, colors, religions; he demands esteem for each bodily function and for all God's creations: grass, pismire, star. He insists upon equality of time and of rank—as in the poignant "I am the hounded slave" (which may be his version of the Scipio episode in Uncle Tom's Cabin). In the second poem Whitman enlarging his plea assures immortality to the unfortunate—even to one who is "no scholar and never saw [his] name in print." In the third he values those the world has failed to rank with the famous, rich, pious, decent. The fourth is an equality of sleepers enfolded by the night. His love in the fifth ranges from babies to firemen; all humanity is sacred; even

the offspring of the auctioned slave possess potential. He saunters content in the sixth among many different faces—from the "spiritual" to the "castrated." The seventh, by one who has followed all vocations, known all countries, descended from all stocks, is of diverse entities made similar, transmuted by equal rights: "the President at his levee" and Cudge "that hoes in the sugar field."

The two earlier poems included in the 1855 Leaves do not violate its basic unity, for they describe a world bereft of equal rights. Young men are martyred by their "frightened" ruler and his "hangman, priest and tax-gatherer...soldier, lawyer, jailer and sycophant." Anthony Burns is pursued and mobbed in Boston because of the "cute" bargain.

Once again, in "There was a child went forth," we read testimony of exact equality in the impact of disparate objects. With conclusive fitness the last poem restates the theme of the foreground, "Great is equality," and uplifts to greatness the fallen among nations, "yourself and myself," truth, language, law, justice, goodness, wickedness. Whitman ends the 1855 Leaves with the ultimate equality, "death is great as life."

AN APPROACH TO WHITMAN'S METRICS

By ANDREW SCHILLER
University of Illinois.

Whitman was at great pains to create an image of himself as the natural poet, the bardic savage, eruptive, undisciplined; the true democrat of ideas who would tell all, unselectively, because all was equally worth telling. The barbaric yawp was meant to sweep aside the mincing conventions of gentlemanly versifying, to be as pridefully lawless as the habit he affected, bearded and unbuttoned like a Cuban revolutionary.

Whether Whitman ever managed to convince himself that he fitted his own description is a moot question, but it is unhappily true that most of his readers are prone to accept this nonsense at face value. Consequently, one of the first problems in teaching Whitman is to demonstrate that his poetry, so formless and loose apparently, is as closely wrought (at its best) as Keats' urn, that we are dealing not with a volcanic natural phenomenon but an artist.

To study Whitman's manuscripts is one way to prove that the poet had something in mind other than the sanctity of his first thoughts. It is clear that he hewed and whittled tirelessly toward some end. In the common American literature course, however, it is neither possible nor appropriate to embark on a comparative study of variants based on manuscript facsimiles. However, the end product of the poet's revisions is before us, and it is our proper business to learn as much from it as we can.

Accordingly, I limit myself in this paper to one facet only of Whitman studies—his poetic artistry—and since that is more than a large volume could cope with, I isolate the field still more narrowly to a single aspect of metrics. The choice is not arbitrary. The most obvious mark of difference between Whitman's poetry and that to which his new reader is probably accustomed is the seeming looseness and irregularity. He is baffled by the absence of marching feet in regular rows, and is apt therefore to accept Walt's description of himself as a barbaric yawper—or even to dismiss him as no real poet at all.

The first step is to redefine and broaden our conception of metrics. The essence of the matter is formalization of language. The poet expresses his ideas in patterned language, in the same way that the composer patterns sounds, or the painter patterns shapes and colors. The patterns, or abstract forms, are in themselves satisfying, and when disassociated from the meaning-bearing portion of the artistic construct, represent the most primitive, non-philosophical stratum of the work, the non-sense level. Thus, a poem may have a certain appeal to a child, who gets little or no semantical sense from it, but who is moved by the pure formal sound of it. In much the same way, the adult is moved by Yeats' line, "That dolphin-torn, that gong-tormented sea" long before he has studied out the complex of private symbols that give it any semantical sense—and, for that matter, long after he has forgotten it.

In short, there is an abstract, formal level of poetry—no great discovery, to be sure. Our students are accustomed, however, to patterning of only a few kinds, when in fact there are many. Patterns are created by repetition and variation of linguistic features. Iambic pentameter lines repeat a ten-syllable unit; hence are isosyllabic. If they bear the same number of stresses they are also isoaccentual. (These are Harold Whitehall's terms.) But verses may be, for instance, isoaccentual without being isosyllabic. They may be isochronic—patterned in segments that require the same or related lengths of time to utter; or isosyntactic—patterned in segments that are syntactically parallel; or isomorphemic—a parallelism based upon the recurrence of morphemes; or isophonemic—rhyme, assonance, consonance, alliteration and the like are examples. Less probably in English, verse may be quantitative, as in Greek, or isotonic, as in Chinese.

Such are the types of pattern formations, and a given poem may use any or all of them. Our students tend to think only of the first two, unfortunately for their appreciation of Whitman. He is almost never isosyllabic, and seldom (in the traditional sense of foot-counting) isoaccentual. The students, therefore, need to be shown how to look for, to them, strange rhythmic units in a Whitman poem.

For demonstration purposes here, I have chosen, chiefly for its brevity, "I Sit and Look Out."

I Sit and Look Out

I sit and look out upon all the sorrows of the world, and upon all oppression and shame,
I hear secret convulsive sobs from young men at anguish with themselves, remorseful after deeds done,
I see in low life the mother misused by her children, dying, neglected, gaunt, desperate,
I see the wife misused by her husband, I see the treacherous seducer of young women,
I mark the ranklings of jealousy and unrequited love attempted to be hid, I see these sights on the earth,
I see the working of battle, pestilence, tyranny, I see martyrs and prisoners,
I observe a famine at sea, I observe the sailors casting lots who shall be kill'd to preserve the lives of the rest,
I observe the slights and degradations cast by arrogant persons upon laborers, the poor, and upon negroes, and the like;
All these—all the meanness and agony without end I sitting look out upon,
See, hear, and am silent.

Looking at the poem grossly, we note first that it is composed of ten lines, of which the first eight form one unit, the last two another. The contrast between the two unequal sections, as in a Shakespearian sonnet, is both formal and philosophical. The first part is a catalogue in parallel construction, the thesis; the second part, in different though related form, is the antithesis.

Turning to the first section, the most obvious patterning occurs at the beginning of each verse: I sit..., I hear..., I see..., etc. This is isosyntactic patterning. Putting it more abstractly, we can say that each verse commences with the structure NV. Looking more closely, we see that each line (we are still talking about the first eight only) develops a bit differently, but within a uniform formula. The NV is followed by a syntactical expansion group of some kind, ending in a terminal juncture, this followed in turn by another syntactical group, which also ends in a terminal juncture. Thus, each verse breaks into half-lines, set off by junctures. We may formulate it in this manner:

N V Group += Group +=

My symbols are to be construed thus:

A—Adjective
Av—Adverb
N—Noun
NG—Noun Group: a noun expanded by markers, modifiers, phrases, or clauses.
P—Phrase
SG—Sentence Group
V—Verb
VG—Verb Group: a verb expanded by auxiliaries, modifiers, phrases, or clauses.
+= Precisely, falling juncture, but here used to indicate any terminal.

The frame remains rigid, but the variations within it are free. It is in the two Groups that the changes are rung, both syntactically and rhythmically. One way to demonstrate this is to schematize the first eight lines:

	N V	GROUP	+=	GROUP	+=
1	I sit	VG		AvP	
2	I hear	NG		AP	
3	I see	NG		AAAA	
4	I see	NG		SG	
5	I mark	NG		SG	
6	I see	NG		SG	
7	I observe	NG		SG	
8	I observe	NG	——→		

The last two lines are summary and antithetical. Whitman preserves the large framework of two half-lines separated by terminal junctures. Thus, line 9 can be "scanned" syntactically:

N	NG	+=	N	VG	+=
All these—	all...		I...	look...	

and line 10:

V	V	+=	VG	+=
See,	hear,		and am	silent.

Note that the patterning in the final two lines criss-crosses that of the preceding eight. That is, the first halves of lines 9 and 10 allude to the second halves of lines 1 to 8, and the second halves of lines 9 and 10 parallel the NV strings of lines 1 to 8. Moreover, the "All...all..." of line 9 binds with the "...all...all..." of the first line. This circular criss-crossing device reminds one of the Old English "ring-verse" formula.

What we have accomplished thus far is not yet esthetic criticism; it is descriptive criticism, if the phrase is admissible. We have made use of some elementary notions of descriptive linguistics in order to lay out to view the bare bones of Whitman's verse patterns. The fact that the poem is constructed in this manner renders it neither good nor bad; but that Whitman did so construct it is demonstrable fact. Hence, this process of laying out the pattern is, properly, a preliminary to esthetic criticism, just as historical, biographical and philosophic studies are also preliminary acts. So much, in any case, for the barbaric yawp. Clearly, Whitman formalized his language into a sturdy, shapely pattern. The laborious afterthoughts in the manuscripts were aimed toward some end after all.

What we have unfolded here is, as I carefully qualified earlier, but one aspect of Whitman's metrics, the isosyntactic. The language of poetry, like all language, must be analyzed in layers. Below this layer of syntax is the prosodic—the recurrence of stress patterns, for example, or, more properly, the interaction of stress, pitch and juncture in intonation contours. Also, I suspect that Whitman's prosody is largely isochronic. Each contour within a given pattern takes the same length of time to utter, or else the variants may be simple multiples of the basic contour length. This may be illustrated in the opening lines of "I Sit and Look Out."

I sit and look out +=
upon all the sorrows of the world, +=
and upon all oppression and shame, +=

I hear secret convulsive sobs +=
from young men at anguish with themselves, +=
remorseful after deeds done, +=

Each line breaks into three intonational contours, inter-junctural spans bearing a single primary stress, and each contour occupies the same length of time. Thus, the prosodic pattern of these two lines might be roughly schematized:

_____ˊ+= _____ˊ+= _____ˊ+=
_____ˊ+= _____ˊ+= _____ˊ+=

In this way we begin to form some technique for dealing with Whitman's prosody in an objective and rational manner. I emphasize the word "begin." What I have outlined here has been crude and deliberately simplified. The road from here to true esthetic criticism is still a long one. But this much, perhaps, is enough to serve as a stimulus to students of Whitman and to enable them to pursue further their own readings in our greatest poet.

THE EACH AND ALL OF WHITMAN'S VERSE

By ARTHUR SCHWARTZ
University of Wisconsin

At the University of Wisconsin, an American literature sophomore survey is given in the form of two lectures and one discussion section per week. Lectures have an historical focus, and discussion sections a textual. This division of labor is thought to be the most effective means of meeting the double goal of the course: to convey a sense of the sources and development of American ideals, and to impart a desire for reading significant literature together with some instruction in analysis. The teacher of the discussion section, therefore, has to bring together the broad lines of period or movement given by the lecturer and a technical understanding of the week's assignment. For most of these sophomores, such sections are their first real opportunity to learn the skill of reading, and that of poetry especially.

After the difficulty students have with Emerson's poetry, I expect a sigh of relief over Whitman's; but there is none. In place of Emerson's cryptic diction and knotty syntax, they are faced with an expansive diffuseness laid over a peculiarly personalized vocabulary, all this supported by a philosophy, to them, as vague and unmanageable as Emerson's. Since the "philosophy" is sketched in the lectures, the aim in the section is to discover the form and meaning of the verse in relation to it. I start each hour by answering questions and attempting to clear up problems that have arisen from what has been misheard or misunderstood in lecture. If the discussion stayed at this level, the particulars of the poetry—of poetry—would never be reached. One of the points raised can always be used to lead us to a poem.

I then start as far away as possible from Whitman's ideas. Because there is only one hour at my disposal, I try to cover two major pieces representative of style, theme, and period, and I do this most efficiently by having for each of the more important poems, a key phrase or metaphor with which to "construct" its organization. For "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry," either "dumb, beautiful ministers" or "float forever held in solution" does well; for "Out of the Cradle," it is simply "trio," or, if one of the three, "savage old mother" as the center of the experience. Something like "When Lilacs Last" is a chance for me to use the death-spring analogy and work outward from the particular performance and occasion into a literary tradition, while "Passage to India," with its central ship image,

tallies—as Whitman would say—with other voyages and journeys. But, for these students, I prefer to remain within the poem itself. Having established a focal point, I attempt to draw links from this hub to other parts of the poem where repetitions and variations of the key are found, trying at the same time to reduce the apparently rambling lines to graspable units by the introduction of envelope, parallelism, catalogue, and the rest. There is never time to work out the entire poem in this way, but I succeed in getting the students to see order of parts and development of idea unified by and fused in the key image. It seems to me that for many of them an important block has been removed: for the first time—I say this without facetiousness—they begin to believe in a shaping rationality behind Whitman's enthusiasm; and more important, for some, the integrity of a poem is first seen.

To illustrate, consider "Out of the Cradle." The title itself can be used to move directly to the "mother" embodying the paradox of life and death; and of the two phrases—"fierce old mother," "savage old mother"—the second is more useful since, for the first time, the actors of the poem are explicitly brought together for the reader in "The colloquy there, the trio...," and the boy named as "the outsetting bard." In this way, we already have the three singers, and some notion of the unity of life and death. With a brief comment on the ambiguous nature of the sea, the class can be led back through "fierce old mother" (133) and "white arms" (66) to the beginning, to "Ninth-month midnight" (3), where "brother" can be noted, and where "sad" and "fitful" suggest the lament to follow. Grief, then,—loss of love, end of life—together with the "song" that issues from such emotion thus introduce early what is to be the boy's discovery: that the lone singer, the singer solitary, i.e., the artistic conversion of human suffering, of all man's experience—"pains and joys" (20), receives his loneliness, ironically, from his universal heart, that though the sea moans incessantly, yet she is constant, "Delaying not, hurrying not." Flux and "the key" to flux (179), therefore, were already present to us in "myriad thence-arous'd words" and "the word" (13, 14—my italics) and are called forward again through the closing repetition of "strong" and "delicious," the word of the sweetest song and all songs. Thus, the poet learns from the bird and the sea to be a chanter of all life, and, since that includes death, a "uniter of here and hereafter" (20). His absorption and transcendence of the variegated bits of life (21) are realized in the very form of the first paragraph where syntactic and verbal repetition, parallelism, and variation are multiplied successively only to be drawn to a climactic "leaping beyond," and the resolution—"a reminiscence" (our very poem, in fact). Similarly, to close the "envelope" of the poem, the last paragraph sums up in reiterated "song" and "word" the entire experience that was solved by the whisperings of the old crone. And it is the same poet now, as then, whose function it is both to "fuse" (175ff.) himself with the world's passions, and to present "the key" to mortal perplexities. One of the several interesting strands to be traced is the boy's progress toward his mother: out of isolation and sterility toward union and generation, the barefoot approach to the waves, the ever-increasing intimacy which climaxes in the boy's final immersion (and all that can signify) in the life-process, being washed and caressed by the new-found meaning of death. But many changes can be rung on the convertibility of life and death (e.g., the sagging yellow moon, "swollen as if with tears," 10) as well as on that of self and other, and there is much in the poem to use.

It should follow that Whitman's particularity, together with his tendency toward the universal, make him susceptible of realization to almost every reader. And so, when confronted with this question of how Whitman is taught, I thought it might be enlightening to find out exactly what of Whitman—the man of experience, of ideas—remains with the sophomore. I asked several former students which single poem they remembered best and why. To my surprise, "Song of Myself" (which I do not try to cover in the one available class hour) was the piece most vividly recalled and of greatest significance, they said. But when it came to causes, one girl—from Texas—said she had been struck by the Alamo-like episode; another (not disclosing her reasons) remembered the twenty-eight bathers; and one boy frankly saw the poem as a learning aid, a key to the whole of Whitman. These reactions suggested themselves to me as, in their different ways, representations of the each and all in Whitman, "kosmos, of Manhattan the son." And I think it might prove profitable in teaching him to exploit the unity-variety principle, offering each student as his point of departure the place where Whitman touches him, and then broadening the relationship to reveal the entire overarching structure. Whitman, more than any American poet except Emerson, possesses a singleness of thought that allows us to start at any point and work out the whole pattern. But in contrast to Emerson's austerity, his inclusiveness provides a wealth of experience that cannot fail to make contact somewhere.

Thus, thinking back to the way I taught, I discover that my attempt to do two things at once—to teach Whitman the man, and to teach the reading of a poem—may be, in this poet's case, at any rate, a successful way of demonstrating the essential character of the man's mind.

A SEMINAR IN *LEAVES OF GRASS*

By HARRY R. WARFEL
University of Florida

My seminar is a place for students to go on their own in talk and writing about Whitman's art and thought. To this end I spend the first three-hour session (we meet once a week for fifteen weeks) in laying out the rules and methods of procedure. Thereafter the major part of each session is devoted to the students' reading of their weekly papers and to the give and take of commentary. The goal is a publishable short paper or the start of one in each session. More important than actual publication, of course, is the development of a sense of independence, a feeling of comfort and increasing ease in delivering one's own well-grounded opinions.

The opening session emphasizes the need for personal, original, forthright commentary. Secondary sources are forbidden until after an essay has been drafted. Anyone who comes to a work of art with program notes is likely to see no more than he has been told to see. The bane of scholarship is echo; one duty is to hack at the roots of cliché. The dynamism of scholarship and of criticism arises from the application of one's native intelligence and knowledge to a new problem. In this setting, textual variants become significant aids to interpretation. Biographical data and sources take appropriate positions in the critical process. Earlier criticism is judged by its degree of perceptiveness in comparison with the student's own insights.

Some of the problems which seem not to have been fully solved in Whitman's poetry relate to the rhetorical structure of the individual poems, the image-making procedures, and the role of syntax. These problems are posed in the first session in terms of an analysis of a few "Inscriptions." I summarize the views in my "Whitman's Structural Principles in 'Spontaneous Me'" (College English, January, 1957——XVIII, 190-195). The general assignment for each week is that each student shall choose for analysis a poem or a group of poems within a designated set of pages (we proceed seriatim through the Inclusive Edition) and to write whatever seems appropriate upon his chosen—and limited—topic.

In setting forth the foregoing problems I state that every poem must have a two-fold structure: a structure of form and a structure of ideas. I begin with "One's-Self I Sing" and point out that the sentences are built on "I sing," which is repeated four times and on which the four major units depend syntactically. Second, the thought proceeds in the first two paragraphs by a union of sets of opposite concepts on a physical level and concludes in a paragraph of concepts on a psychological and spiritual level. These concepts are not only ideas but they also are images. The poem culminates in the assertion that this complex or gestalt of images comprises "The Modern Man." By reference to "We Two Boys" and other short poems, it becomes apparent that one of Walt's structural devices is that of defining a large concept by a series of disparate images that unite into a single comprehensive term, as if it were the title of a painting. The first paragraph of "Out of the Cradle" is a superb example of this formula (cf. Tennessee Studies in Literature, 1958; III, 83-87). A clue to the catalogs lies in this mode of building pictured concepts. Mention is also made of the alliteration, assonance, and inverted word order, the free play of normal speech rhythm, and the precise vocabulary.

"As I Ponder'd in Silence" provides the basis for seeing the dramatic structures employed by Walt. Here a Phantom accosts the poet, who replies. "In Cabin'd Ships at Sea" illustrates the use of analogy, for the book becomes "a lone bark cleaving the ether." Contrast as a structural device appears in "To a Historian." "Eidolons" elaborates an answer as a result of a challenge given by a Seer, an answer that is carefully structured in five sections (Walt Whitman Newsletter, Dec., 1953; IV, 103-105).

This kind of foundation prepares the way for seeing, in the third week, that "Song of Myself" follows the epic narrative formula. It begins in medias res, has a flashback in Section 5 (where the past tense contrasts with the present tense of the narrative), proceeds to the climax in Sections 37-38, and then has an exceptionally long denouement. Section 1 states the theme and indicates that the conflict lies in the poet's attempt to teach a student (later enlarged to "eleves"). This rhetorical pattern reveals the sequence of actions and of ideas, because form generally tells more than words in any artistic composition. A few words about syntax as a clue to "Song of Myself" may be appropriate here. The poem opens with first-person declarative sentences. At line 30 question-sentences abruptly shift the movement. At line 33 command and you sentences indicate a confrontation and set the conflict. Line 38 resumes the first-person style. In line 87 the tense shifts from the narrative present to the past; thus is clarified the pedal-point quality of the mystic experience in the action and in the thought. Line 99 introduces a dramatically posed question by the child and opens the way for a resumption of the first-person affirmative assertiveness. The questions at lines

123 and 131 provide for further avowals of belief. The imperative at line 145 gives the basis for the panoramic catalogs that follow. A third-person style in Section 17 leads into a recapitulation and also to a direct assault upon the unbelief of the student. And so on.

Inside each of the poems—and inside the units of the long poems—are additional items of syntax to be noted. These include the special play of participles, infinitives, prepositional phrases, and clauses; the play between sentence and non-sentence groupings; the maneuvering of time by tenses and by other indicators; apposition; parenthesis. In short, a syntactical formula is exploited whenever its effectiveness is appropriate. Shakespeare seems to have used syntax consistently for artistic ends, but he elected to work within standard sentence formulas. More than any other writer, Whitman made the operating devices of language serve to enrich the inner dynamics of literature. (See my "Syntax Makes Literature," College English, Feb., 1960; XXI, 251-255.)

The analysis of Whitman's syntactical maneuvering probably will solve the problem of his new formulations of rhythm. His stress system is that of speech, and his rhythmic patterns, when rightly heard, seldom conform to the Greek metric formulas. He seemed to believe with Poe that rhythm and melody are identical, so that the interplay of alliteration and stress seems to have more significance than anyone hitherto has assigned to it. Walt's rejection of some aspects of Poe's prosodic theorizing must not be taken to mean a total rejection. Walt learned a great deal from Poe. This subject is open for exhaustive investigation.

After the structuring of language and form and imagery has been presented, the next step is to examine the metaphysical foundations of Walt's thought. Metaphysics, of course, is that branch of philosophy which deals with man's absolute presuppositions, the fundamental ideas that underlie one's view of the universe, of society, and of himself. Such ideas, all of which are not subject to experimental proof, include "I believe in God," "Divine am I inside and out," "thou born America, for purpose vast," "within the purposes of the Cosmos...there is a moral purpose," "The purpose of democracy...is... that man...must become a law, and series of laws, unto himself," etc. Metaphysics is concerned with totality, and its clearest signal is the word all or every.

Walt created no new metaphysical ideas. Even his notion of the divinely appointed destiny of America was a commonplace of the Revolutionary War era. What Walt did was to unify a body of ideas and treat them artistically. He felt that the metaphysical basis of human life and human society must be correct or else the whole of any civilization will deteriorate. The articles of faith of any people supply the chief resources for their survival or destruction, their progress or retrogression, their well-being or societal illness. America could go down in ashes if its fundamental beliefs remain inert. Just as the Patristic writers saw that a remedy for the malaise of medieval society lay in a new metaphysical presupposition called the Catholic faith, so Whitman called for a democratic faith. Walt offered a new set of absolute presuppositions for the American people in his evangel poems. Since Leaves of Grass serves as the "Scripture" for Walt's religion of democracy, detailed examination must be made of his handling of ontology, theology, cosmology, anthropology, soteriology, eschatology, and epistemology.

In this setting, then, the seminar proceeds from week to week until all the major poems and many of the shorter ones have been subjected to critical analysis. The average amount of writing in the twelve essays totals ten thousand words; the quality of this wordage vastly surpasses that in the usual term paper of similar length. To vary the program, the tenth session is devoted to the poetry of Poe and Longfellow to provide a contrast. The next-to-last session brings Democratic Vistas into relationship with the poems and prefaces. The final session reviews the types of scholarship not touched upon directly by the seminar: textual study, biography, influences and sources, reputation at home and abroad. Equipped with first-hand experience in the critical analysis of Walt's poetry, the students are ready, on the one hand, to proceed on a career as a Whitman specialist or, on the other hand as most of them will, to go into the classroom to teach poetry—by Walt or others—with a clear awareness of their capacity to speak for themselves.

THE INCREDIBLE ENDING OF MELVILLE'S *TYPEE*

By DONALD E. HOUGHTON
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The opening of chapter sixty-three of Moby-Dick shows Melville's awareness of the organic principle in art. He writes: "Out of the trunk, the branches grow; out of them, the twigs. So, in productive subjects, grow the chapters." In Moby-Dick, Melville put this principle into practice. It is a book in which all parts are related to the whole, and fact and meaning are one. When we come to the great climactic ending of the book, we find not mere melodrama but a natural, inevitable

fruition of everything which has come before. We have been so carefully prepared in advance for this ending and the details of the ending itself are so carefully presented that we easily follow the events, both on the literal and the philosophic levels. The ending of Typee, on the other hand, is quite a different matter. It appears to have been written hurriedly, and it strikes the reader as a confusing and arbitrary addition to, rather than an organic extension of, the main narrative.

Shortly before the opening of the last chapter of Typee, Tommo resolves to attempt to escape from the Typees, but he recognizes the extreme difficulty of his doing so: "I was continually surrounded by the savages; I could not stir from one house to another without being attended by some of them; and even during the hours devoted to slumber the slightest movement which I made seemed to attract the notice of those who shared the mats with me. In spite of these obstacles, however, I determined forthwith to make the attempt." We must also remember that in addition to being closely guarded, Tommo, suffering from a mysterious ailment in his leg, was "lame and feeble." Tommo says: "Shortly after Marnoo's visit I was reduced to such a state, that it was with extreme difficulty I could walk, even with the assistance of a spear, and Kory-Kory, as formerly, was obliged to carry me daily to the stream." This is Tommo's situation then at the opening of the last chapter of the book when he hears the rumor that Toby has arrived in a small boat to bargain for his release from the Typees. Tommo pleads with the Typees to be allowed to go to the beach to see his friend. The Typees' granting him permission to do so is the first of a series of unconvincing incidents which culminate in Tommo's escape.

The Typees, some fifty in number, take turns carrying Tommo on their backs while Tommo urges them "forward all the while with earnest entreaties." When they reach "the open space which lay between the groves and the sea," they see an English whale-boat "lying with her bow pointed from the shore, and only a few fathoms distant." The oars are manned by five natives from another part of the island. Tommo now sees that it is the friendly Karakoee, and not Toby, who has come to bargain for his release. Karakoee is standing out of the boat "near the edge of the water" and is trying unsuccessfully to buy Tommo's freedom from "several of the chiefs around him [Karakoee]." Tommo's hope is that he can somehow elude the natives who accompany him, traverse the open space between himself and the water, get by the unfriendly chiefs who surround Karahoee, get into the boat, and move away from the shore with Karahoee before the natives can act. Here is how he accomplishes this.

Tommo shouts to Karahoee to come to him, but Karahoee has troubles of his own and answers that "the islanders had threatened to pierce him [Karahoee] with their spears, if he stirred a foot towards me [Tommo]." The natives with Tommo allow him to advance further toward the boat, although they have no intention of letting him escape. He is still "surrounded by a dense throng of natives, several of whom had their hands upon me, and more than one javelin was threateningly pointed at me." Finally, thirty yards from Karakoee, the natives compel Tommo to sit down upon the ground, "while they still retained their hold upon my arms." Meanwhile, the natives at the boat not only reject the valuable prizes Karakoee offers them in exchange for Tommo's freedom but seem "bent upon driving him into the sea." Tommo interprets this aggressive behavior as "new proof of the same fixed determination of purpose they had all along manifested with regard to me...." Now Tommo's situation at this point would seem to be hopeless, but not at all. Although surrounded by natives (some of whom have hold of his arm), handicapped by his bad leg, and sitting on the ground, Tommo exerts all his strength and "shaking myself free from the grasp of those who held me, I sprung upon my feet and rushed towards Karakoee."

At this crucial point Tommo does not tell us how the natives guarding him react to his sudden escape from their grasp. Instead, he abruptly shifts our attention to the natives surrounding Karakoee. When they see that Tommo has made a break in their direction, they "raise a simultaneous shout, and pressing upon Karakoee, they menaced him with furious gestures, and actually forced him into the sea." We might now reasonably expect Tommo to tell of his own arrival at the water's edge, but instead he gives us still more information about Karakoee's predicament. Karakoee, retreating from the natives who are threatening him and standing nearly to his waist in the surf, "endeavored to pacify them; but at length, fearful that they would do him some fatal violence, he beckoned to his comrades to pull in at once, and take him into the boat." Surely now, we think, Tommo will arrive at the boat. But no. When Tommo turns our attention from Karakoee back to himself, we find that he has apparently not moved a step from those guarding him. On the contrary, we find that at the very moment he sprang from them, they began to fight among themselves, "wounds were given, and blood flowed," and instead of his moving from them, everyone, except Marheyo, Kory-Kory, and Fayaway (the first reference to her in the chapter), has moved away from Tommo. Despite his earlier statement that he had "rushed" toward Karakoee, Tommo has not rushed anywhere. Now, for the second

time, he decides to make a dash for the boat: "I saw that now or never was the moment." We should think so!

Once at the water's edge, Tommo will still have to face the hostile group of natives who have been giving Karakoee a bad time. Surely they will prevent Tommo from getting into the boat and leaving with Karakoee. But we find they pose no problem at all, for Melville has removed them as if by magic. Tommo says: "Clasping my hands together, I looked imploringly at Marheyo, and moved towards the now almost deserted beach." Tommo then makes it to the water, gives one parting embrace to Fayaway, and climbs into the boat. In place of the belligerent natives he has just whisked off the beach, Melville now posits a group of friendly ones, mostly women, who follow Tommo into the water. (The women are evidently more interested in Tommo's departure than in the bloody battle their men are fighting a little more than thirty yards away.) Our sense of urgency by now dissipated by Melville's arbitrary manipulation of time, as well as events, we are not surprised that once in the boat Tommo and Karakoee do not make a quick getaway. They delay their departure further by distributing to the friendly people in the water "the articles which had been brought as my ransom." Tommo gives a musket to Kory-Kory, a roll of cotton to Marheyo, and the powder-bags to the nearest young ladies. Then, as if anticipating our objections, Tommo adds: "This distribution did not occupy ten seconds, and before it was all over the boat was under full way...." But there is no special hurry. The natives continue to fight among themselves "until the boat was above fifty yards from the shore." Mow-Mow and six or seven other warriors then run into the surf and throw their javelins harmlessly after the boat.

As though not satisfied with this escape, Melville throws in another for good measure. About a score of natives run along the beach, swim out from a headland the boat must pass, and spread themselves "right across our course." Melville here cannot resist one last reference to cannibalism. Tommo says: "We were well aware that if they succeeded in intercepting us they would practice upon us the maneuver which has proved so fatal to many a boat's crew in these seas." But having seen how Melville extricated Tommo from his difficulties on the beach, we feel that Tommo surely can avoid capture by a few natives swimming a hundred yards from shore in "one of those chopping angry seas." Tommo strikes the nearest swimmer in the throat with a boathook, and one of the crew slashes the wrists of another who attempts to climb aboard, and in another minute the boat is out of danger. Tommo explains very briefly how he got back to a ship and home again and the book ends.

The confused ending to Typee may have resulted from a confusion in Melville's own mind as to what kind of book Typee was supposed to be—serious novel, travel book, or adventure tale. Melville probably had least in mind a serious novel. Nevertheless, Typee is not devoid of serious meaning, and if one wishes to look at the book as a semi-autobiographical story with serious overtones, the ending of Typee, however unsatisfying on a literal level, might be said to have meaning and to be related closely to the book as a whole. The escape might be viewed as a resolution of the conflict in Tommo between his desire to remain in this mindless paradise and his desire to return to civilization from which he had fled, between his enjoyment of the more obvious pleasures of the island and his revulsion at the discovery that even in Eden there is no escaping the darker side of existence. But the perfunctory way in which Melville handles the ending of Typee is one indication at least that he was only vaguely or unconsciously aware, if he was aware at all, of the complex symbolic meanings inherent in Tommo's situation. In any event, unlike Ishmael in Moby-Dick, Tommo achieves no heightened awareness as a result of what happens to him. The events he observes and participates in seem to the reader, as they no doubt seemed to Melville, more like adventures than experiences.

It is far more likely that Melville thought of Typee as a popular, entertaining, quasi-autobiographical travel book about an exotic, faraway place where beautiful native girls danced with voluptuous abandon and men secretly practiced cannibalism. The subtitle of Typee, "A Peep at Polynesian Life," supports this view. But in the process of writing Typee, the incipient novelist in Melville kept coming to the surface, with the result that the book throughout wavers between being a semi-fictitious travel book and a semi-factual adventure story. Melville the novelist and story-teller made it extremely difficult for Melville the anthropologist and writer of romantic travel books to bring his narrative to an end after he had given us our "peep at Polynesian life." The truth is that Melville builds up considerable suspense over the fate of Tommo, especially after Tommo discovers he is not a guest but a prisoner of the Typees. Once having built up this suspense, Melville could hardly let his book end as unclimactically as a travel lecture. Since Tommo is the narrator, the reader knows from the beginning that Tommo, like Ishmael in Moby-Dick, does escape, and he has every reason to believe he will find out how. Furthermore, after the build-up of suspense, the reader would have

every reason to expect that Tommo's escape from the Typees will be at least as dramatic and convincing as Melville's careful account of Tommo's escape from the ship to the valley of the Typees and the detailed description of life in the valley itself. But we find, in fact, that the ending of Typee is no such thing. Melville, of course, did add an "exciting" escape, indeed, two of them, but his careless, offhand presentation of these two crises suggests that his heart was not in the writing. It appears that Melville had said all he wanted to say before Tommo's escape, but sensing that his travel book had indeed turned into something of an adventure tale that needed a dramatic ending he tacked one on.

When the question of Typee's authenticity came up after the book was published, Melville wrote to John Murray, his English publisher: "Typee however must at last be beleived [sic] on its own account—they beleive [sic] it here now—a little touched up they say but true."* Whether one thinks of Typee as a serious book, a travel narrative, or an adventure story, it would seem much less "touched up" and much more "true" had Melville not attached such a spurious ending to an otherwise fairly believable book. In any event, the contrast between the weak ending of Typee (1846) and the great ending of Moby-Dick (1851) is further evidence of how far Melville progressed as a writer in the five years between the two books.

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* Letter from Melville to John Murray, dated September 2, 1846, quoted in Jay Leyda, ed., The Portable Melville (N.Y., 1952), p. 345.

HAWTHORNE'S SATIRE IN "OLD ESTHER DUDLEY"

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"Old Esther Dudley" is the fourth of Hawthorne's four Legends of the Old Province House, which first appeared in The Democratic Review of 1838. The source of the tale, the narrator tells us in the frame, is an old loyalist whose biases force its "sentiment and tone [to undergo] some slight, or perchance more than slight, metamorphosis, in its transmission to the reader through the medium of a thoroughgoing democrat."[1] The tale opens with the departure of the last of the royal governors, Sir William Howe. He attempts to persuade Esther Dudley, an old retainer in the mansion, to leave with him, but she refuses on the expectation that the disloyal Province will eventually be returned to the King. Muttering at her obstinacy, he entrusts her with the key to the Province House, for which charge he deems her "well fitted...as being so perfect a representative of the decayed past—of an age gone by, with its manners, opinions, faith and feelings, all fallen into oblivion or scorn—of what had once been a reality, but was now merely a vision of faded magnificence." (I, 333). Year after year the old woman lives alone in the mansion, celebrating the King's birthday by placing lighted candles in all the windows and communing, it was reported by those superstitiously inclined, with the shades of former royal governors whom she could summon from her mirror. Finally, a governor does return to the Province House, and Esther summons her fast-waning energy to present him with the key only to find to her horror that he is Governor John Hancock and not a royal representative. At this point Hancock attempts to convince her of her misplaced loyalty:

> "Your life has been prolonged until the world has changed around you. You have treasured up all that time has rendered worthless—the principles, feelings, manners, modes of being and acting, which another generation has flung aside—and you are a symbol of the past. And I, and these around me—we represent a new race of men—living no longer in the past, scarcely in the present—but projecting our lives forward into the future. Ceasing to model ourselves on ancestral superstitions, it is our faith and principle to press onward, onward! Yet," continued he, turning to his attendants, "let us reverence, for the last time, the stately and gorgeous prejudices of the tottering Past!"

After this speech Esther slumps dead in the governor's arms, murmuring, "God save the King!" The tale closes with Hancock's words: "We will follow her reverently to the tomb of her ancestors; and then, my fellow-citizens, onward—onward! We are no longer children of the Past!" (I, 340-341).

The few critics that have commented on the tale find Esther Dudley a "perfect representation of the decayed past," as Howe deemed her. Our main concern, however, is with the ending of the tale and Hancock's pronouncements. On the surface, they seem no more than a repetition of Howe's thoughts, evidencing the metamorphosis that the "thoroughgoing democrat" promised in the frame—an appropriate ending for a tale appearing in The Democratic Review. But the question arises whether Hancock is, in fact, Hawthorne's spokesman. Lawrence Hall thinks so, using Hancock's words as proof of Hawthorne's democratic equalitarianism.[2] If the governor does perform such a function, then it is fair to say that the ending of the

tale is oppressively propagandistic and that the author displays a fine disregard for dramatic propriety by sacrificing Esther to democratic principles after he had been so successful in arousing the reader's sympathy for the misguided woman. However, it is my purpose to show that Hancock's words are dramatically appropriate, for they were intended by the author to be taken satirically.

Whatever his attitude toward Esther Dudley, Hawthorne does not share Hancock's flagrant disregard for the past or supreme trust in the future. In the frame to "Alice Doane's Appeal," one of Hawthorne's earliest tales, the narrator says that he has often courted the historic influence of Gallows Hill. He satirically characterizes his contemporaries as "people of the present, who have no heartfelt interest in the olden time" (XII, 280). Over thirty years later Hawthorne wrote in "Chiefly about War Matters," "...the more historical associations we can link with our localities, the richer will be the daily life that feeds upon the past, and the more valuable the things that are long established: so that our children will be less prodigal than their fathers in sacrificing good institutions to passionate impulses and impractical theories" (XII, 317). Hawthorne's attitude toward the future can be gathered from the old year's remarks to the new year in the sketch, "The Sister Years": "However warmly the world's inhabitants may seem to welcome you, yet, do what you may, and lavish on them what means of happiness you please, they will still be complaining, still craving what it is not in your power to give, still looking forward to some other Year for the accomplishment of projects which ought never to have been formed, and which, if successful, would only provide new occasions for discontent" (I, 382). Even after these remarks are tempered by the new year's hope that people, "if they are not absolute fools...will condescend to be happy, and will allow me to be a happy Year," the author's attitude is a far cry from Hancock's extravagant faith in the future.

Since Hawthorne's and Hancock's attitudes differ greatly, it is now necessary to examine the satiric method of "Old Esther Dudley" in the light of a clearly satiric piece, "Earth's Holocaust." The naive narrator of this tale witnesses a bonfire which is to rid the world of its "accumulation of worn-out trumpery." The first to meet the fire are items indicative of social rank, "each of which...had once possessed vast significance, and was still, in truth, reckoned among the most precious of moral or material facts by the worshippers of the gorgeous past" (II, 431), these remarks seeming to supply those who would demonstrate Hawthorne's equalitarianism with a very usable passage. The bonfire continues to devour various symbols of worn-out institutions, finally receiving all the books of the world. When a bookworm objects, the narrator, himself feverishly caught up in the incendiary movement, lectures to him: "My dear sir...is not Nature better than a book? Is not the human heart deeper than any philosophy? Is not life replete with more instruction than past observers have found it possible to write down in maxims? Be of good cheer. The great book of Time is still spread wide open before us; and, if we read it aright, it will be to us a volume of eternal truth" (II, 439). But this cock-sure attitude disappears when the narrator witnesses the burning of all the Bibles of the world. Now becoming apprehensive that nothing will escape the fire, he is reassured by his sage companion: "Trust me, the world of to-morrow will again enrich itself with the gold and diamonds which have been cast off by the world of to-day" (II, 453). And thus a tale which first seems an attack on the institutions of the past proves to be a satire on impractical reformers. This work reveals a mind which could recognize the injustice of an attack upon injustice. It is not that Hawthorne in this work deplores the destruction of "worn-out trumpery," but that he recognizes the danger of becoming fanatic until the good is destroyed with the bad. His world was never made up of blacks and whites. In his eyes it was not too difficult to prove oneself absurd by the very extravagance of his attack on absurdity. It is Hawthorne's satiric method to use a kind of reductio ad absurdum to demonstrate the absurdity of different one-tracked theories. Thus, in "A Rill from the Town Pump," the narrator, who is the town pump, begins with a most admirable paean to water which eventually turns into a parody of temperance lecturers, the crowning irony being that temperance societies adopted this work in their fight against demon rum.

Let us examine then the satiric method in the work before us. The first criticism of Esther Dudley comes from Sir William Howe who is critical of her blind devotion to the past, but does not optimistically contemplate the future. Hancock, on the other hand, starts out much in Howe's manner: his statement to Esther, "You have treasured up all that time has rendered worthless—the principles, feelings, manners, modes of being and acting, which another generation has flung aside—and you are a symbol of the past," closely parallels, both in thought and expression Howe's observation that she is a "perfect representative of the decayed past—of an age gone by, with its manners, opinions, faith, and feelings, all fallen into oblivion or scorn—of what had once been a reality, but was now a vision of faded magnificence." But the Governor does not stop here; he is so opposed to

the past that he scarcely lives in the present, "projecting [his life] into the future." Certainly this is extravagant overstatement—carrying a distrust of the past to a point of absurdity. Also, his "onward—onward! We are no longer children of the Past!" is significantly similar to the exuberant outbursts of one of the reformers in "Earth's Holocaust": "Onward! onward! ...Into the flames with the accursed instrument of man's policy! How can human law inculcate benevolence and love while it persists in setting up the gallows as its chief symbol? One heave more, good friends, and the world will be redeemed from its greatest error" (II, 443). In fact, Hancock's use of the word "projecting" connects him with reformers, for it and its derivatives were words that had unfavorable connotations in Hawthorne's vocabulary. For instance, in the passage quoted from "The Sister Years" above, the old year speaks of those "still looking forward to some other Year for the accomplishment of projects which ought never to have been formed." In "Chiefly about War Matters" the author writes: "No human effort, on a grand scale, has ever yet resulted according to the purpose of its projectors" (XII, 332).[3]

Finally, if Hawthorne did intend a spokesman at the end of "Old Esther Dudley," then he has picked a strange one, for in "A Book of Autographs" he speaks of Hancock as follows:

> If we may trust tradition, and unpublished letters, and a few witnesses in point, there was quite as much difference between the actual man and his historical aspect, as between the manuscript signature and the engraved one. One of his associates, both in political life and permanent renown, is said to have characterized him as a "man without a head or heart." We, of an after generation, should hardly be entitled, on whatever evidence, to assume such ungratious liberty with a name that has occupied a lofty position until it has grown almost sacred.... Nevertheless, it may be no impiety to regard Hancock not precisely as a real personage, but as a majestic figure, useful and necessary in its own way, but producing its effect far more by an ornamental outside than by any intrinsic force or virtue (XII, 97).

It is clear from Hawthorne's attitude toward the past and the future, his satirical method, and his attitude toward John Hancock as expressed in "A Book of Autographs" that he did not use the Boston merchant as his spokesman in "Old Esther Dudley." In determining what effect such a conclusion has on the tale's dramatic situation, it is first necessary to remember that up to the point at which Hancock appears Esther has been tenderly and sympathetically portrayed (as are Hepzibah Pyncheon and Peter Goldthwaite, two other Hawthorne characters who are out of touch with the present). Certainly she is pathetically presented as she hobbles up to surrender her charge to a man she mistakes for a royal governor, a charge the execution of which has kept her alive up to this point. It is bitter to her to find that the new governor is a revolutionary, but how much more bitter to have to hear herself called a symbol of the "tottering Past" by this spouting patriot. It is no wonder that she dies on the spot. All the while, Hancock, although attempting to be gracious, has been singularly obtuse to the old lady's situation. Nothing he might have said could have cut her more. Again he contrasts unfavorably with Governor Howe, who, no matter what he might have thought about the old woman, did not speak it aloud. Nothing could underscore the futility of Esther's blind devotion to the past than to show the reward such devotion merits from a representative of the callous present. Even with Esther dead in his arms Hancock evidences no true compassion, as Hawthorne's projectors, with the possible exception of Holgrave, never do. Far from being Hawthorne's spokesman, he merits the title of a "man without a head or heart."

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1 The Complete Works of Nathaniel Hawthorne, with introd. notes by George Parsons Lathrop, Boston (Standard Library Edition), 1883, I, 329. Subsequent references to the short story will be made in the text.

2 Lawrence Sargent Hall, Hawthorne, Critic of Society, New Haven, 1944, p. 123. See also Randall Stewart, The American Notebooks by Nathaniel Hawthorne, New Haven, 1932, pp. lxxxi-lxxxii.

3 Hawthorne uses "project" and "projector" precisely in the same way that Swift uses them. It is most probable that Hawthorne got the words from Swift, for the objects and methods of his satire are Swiftian. Evidence of Hawthorne's reading of Swift is discussed by A. L. Cooke: "The Shadow of Martin Scriblerus in Hawthorne's 'The Prophetic Pictures,'" N E Q, XVII, 597-604 (December, 1944); "Some Evidences of Hawthorne's Indebtedness to Swift," University of Texas Studies in English, XVIII, pp. 597-604 (July 8, 1938).

THOREAU AND THE ABDICATION OF AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY

By ROBERT S. DICKENS
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José Ortega Y Gasset has pointed out in What Is Philosophy? (New York, 1960) that in

the latter sixty years of the Nineteenth-Century physics—with its exactitude, verifiability and consequences in practical application—began to dominate the arenas of Western thought to the extent that philosophy (particularly moral philosophy) suffered an enormous inferiority complex. I submit that this was due to the philosophers' lack of confidence in their own discipline. In Reconstruction in Philosophy (Boston, 1920), John Dewey has claimed that after the turn of the century American philosophy withdrew from the arenas of practical life. More recently, José Ferrater Mora (Philosophy Today, New York, 1960, p. 99) has described the contemporary state of American philosophy as "an academic activity...confined most of the time to University campuses, congresses, and meetings...." Since it was the rise of science which caused the inferiority complex and which precipitated the withdrawal into the academic ivory tower, American philosophy bit the dog which had bitten it and became scientific, analytic, formalistic and existentially irrelevant—or, at least, less relevant than before. As a result, the so-called masses have lost all confidence in philosophy and in its efficacy in helping them to live. Now I suspect that there are some who would maintain that philosophy was never supposed to help anybody live. Indeed, some of the so-called philosophers abounding in the academic world seem to think that the only raison d'être for philosophy is that it gives them a job in the academic community. But this view is certainly historically inadequate since philosophers have traditionally made wisdom the goal of their discipline. And if one studies the history of thought, one recognizes that philosophers have not, until relatively recently, attempted to force wisdom into the box of analytic certainty, removing it from the vagaries and uncertainties of life.

I would contend, therefore, that American philosophy has abdicated the role of searcher for wisdom. In place of this "too idealistic" view, American philosophers have, for the most part, substituted the role of searcher after descriptive knowledge obtainable in an analysis of appearances. I would hasten to add that philosophy has always had this latter role, but only as a part of its full concern for the manifold ramifications of life. I consider this abdication from "love of wisdom" to "love of analytic knowledge" to be deplorable —a renunciation of the complete view of philosophy. Henry David Thoreau, on the other hand, represents a larger awareness.

In Thoreau's "Lost Journal," edited by Perry Miller in Consciousness in Concord (Boston, 1958, p. 182), we read: "Mathematical truths stand aloof from the warm life of man—the mere cold and unfleshed skeletons of truth." If he were alive today and could hear and read the analytic philosophers, he would, no doubt, say the same thing of them.

Thoreau made a number of explicit statements on this matter, in one of which (Walden) he claimed that:

> There are nowadays professors of philosophy, but not philosophers. Yet it is admirable to profess because it was once admirable to live. To be a philosopher is not merely to have subtle thoughts, nor even to found a school, but so to love wisdom as to live according to its dictates, a life of simplicity, independence, magnanimity, and trust. It is to solve some of the problems of life, not only theoretically, but practically.

For Thoreau, then, philosophy had to be connected with practical life if it was to be philosophy at all. This view, of course, is what one would expect of a person whose internal biography (his thoughts) is almost identical with the external biography (his outer life). Thoreau's statement is as true now as it was in 1854: there is a superabundance of professors of philosophy and a distressing dearth of philosophers.

Thoreau held, moreover, that philosophy should be the love of wisdom. What sort was he talking about? It was certainly wisdom in a broad sense—a kind of wisdom concerning which he raised questions in "Life Without Principle":

> The title wise is, for the most part, falsely applied. How can one be a wise man, if he does not know any better how to live than other men?—if he is only more cunning or intellectually subtle? Does wisdom work in a treadmill? or does she teach how to succeed by her example? Is there any such thing as wisdom not applied to life? Is she merely the miller who grinds the finest logic? It is pertinent to ask if Plato got his living in a better way or more successfully than his contemporaries,—or did he succumb to the difficulties of life like other men? Did he seem to prevail over some of them by indifference, or by assuming grand airs?

Philosophy is not merely subtle thoughts and fine logic. It is a quality—a wisdom concerning human life. Thoreau implies that the philosopher is to be judged as much on the applicability of his philosophy as on its theoretical statements—perhaps more. Whatever a thinker may come to know about the word "possibility" and others, his philosophy, for Thoreau and for me, must contribute to the lives

of human beings (homines, not merely res cogitantes). The good philosopher will make such a contribution; the bad will not.

Although the analytic philosophy of contemporary American thinkers be of the highest excellence, they fail to meet man's need. If, in 1854, "The mass of men [lived] lives of quiet desperation," it is doubly true today, when the desperation is probably less quiet than it was in Thoreau's world. Philosophy has abdicated his high role at a time when wisdom (or truth made active) is more desirable than ever before in American life. Perhaps "reconstruction in philosophy" is yet possible, but if it is, we must look to advice like Thoreau's for procedural hints:

> Let us settle ourselves, and work and wedge our feet downward through the mud and slush of opinion, and prejudice, and delusion, and appearance, that alluvion which covers the globe, through Paris and London, through New York and Boston and Concord, through Church and State, through poetry and philosophy and religion, till we come to a hard bottom and rocks in place, which we can call reality, and say, this is, and no mistake; and then begin, having a point d'appui, below freshet and frost and fire, a place where you might found a wall or a state...or perhaps a guage...that future ages might know how deep a freshet of shams and appearances had gathered from time.

Such radical changes in emphasis and direction will not be easy, and Thoreau knew as much. He had sympathy for those who found the path steep. He knew such climbing had small appeal for many in the marketplace. He knew, however, that his times needed (as ours needs) a philosophy that punctures like a needle, or, to change the figure, a philosophy that might stir the masses like the threat of a descending sledge hammer. He implies all this in his Collected Poems (p. 158):

> Tell me ye wise ones if ye can
> Whither and whence the race of man.

Thoreau's challenge to philosophers announced no program, but stressed the goal. Once that is fully appreciated, the method will take care of itself.

A TRANSCENDENTAL CRANCH POEM REBUKING DANA

By JAMES E. DEVLIN

Christopher Pearse Cranch is best remembered as the young man who caricatured Emerson's Transcendentalism in a series of amusing Boz-like cartoons. The "New Philosophy" scrapbook, however, was by no means an attack on Emerson. Even Dean Andrews Norton who, after a year of seething and plotting replied to Emerson's heretical "Divinity School Address" at the next Commencement, was misled. He saw in Cranch's illustrations a "better means than all the reviews correcting the false taste of the times!!" Norton's reaction, however, surprised Cranch, who had no intention of ridiculing Emerson. For Cranch, Emerson was an Olympian towering far beyond the darts of surly mortals: "Emerson is...the master mind of New England.... His name will stand the test of time, I rank him along with Carlyle and other stars of the age."[1]

Cranch's caricatures of Emerson's Transcendentalism are most often inspired by Emerson's unique diction. Cranch was by no means the only amused and puzzled reader in New England. A list of those who found the Emersonian vocabulary caliginous and odd would number Massachusetts' most prominent intellectuals including not a few in the Transcendentalist camp itself. Dean Norton had attacked all Transcendentalists as obfuscating Germans and charged their American leader with an "obscure, enigmatic, paradoxical style, full of words and figures remote from the apprehension of the vulgar."[2] The charge was not altogether new. John Weiss, a Transcendentalist friend of Cranch, Emerson, and Dwight, admitted that Emerson's style exhibited "certain idiomatic peculiarities" but rose to a staunch defense of the man, the philosopher, whom he saw "standing a long way off in safety serenely viewing this taurine fury."[3] Always sensitive to Emersonian diction, Cranch seems to have had a special genius for singling out, as the subject of his drawings, the most "significant and highly revealing passages," so that "the cartoons deal with most of the essential principles of New England transcendentalism."[4]

But Cranch could apply the same technique to verse as well. For example, in 1891, a year before his death, he wrote a short satirical poem called "Hitch Your Wagon to a Star." The title is from Emerson's essay "Civilization," which appeared in the rather inferior volume, Society and Solitude.[5] As he had done so many times before on the sketching pad, Cranch deliberately bent Emerson and twisted his pithy sentiment to suit his own mocking intentions. Like most who would come after him, Cranch ignored the textual denotation—taking advantage of natural potencies, "borrowing the might of elements," using "the forces of steam, gravity, and galvanism, light, magnets, wind [and] fire", which are present for our utilization "day by day and cost us nothing"—and the moral implication that aiming high lets "the gods themselves" do man's chore. Instead, from

"Hitch your wagon to a Star." Emerson.

"Roland, Childe Roland, pray what are you doing -
And why have you wandered so far"?
"My friend, if you'll look, you will see I am gluing
My Cart to the tail of a star.

2
Sic itur ad astra! You know what I mean.
There is no other way to achieve it.
I have an Ideal - the best ever seen.
You may or you may not believe it."

3.
"Roland, Childe Roland, you never can hold
Your star and your wagon together.
You had far better use, like your fathers of old,
A horse and a harness of leather".

4
So Roland he bought him a harness and horse,
And drove as all others were doing.
He rose in the world and succeeded. Of Course,
A practical calling pursuing.

5
His Coffers were filled in a way that you know,
At the head of a flourishing paper.
He needed no star. He rejoiced in the glow
Of a popular penny worth taper.

6.

The planet that lured him in youth from afar,
Had vanished in air like a rocket.
For what was the need of an astral car,
When he carried the Sun in his pocket!

Jan 3. 1891. C. P. C.

Cranch's pen the words become the ultimate in Emersonian optimism and an opportunity for persiflage:

"HITCH YOUR WAGON TO A STAR" Emerson.

"Roland, Childe Roland, pray what are you doing -
And why have you wandered so far"?
"My friend, if you'll look, you will see I am gluing
My cart to the tail of a star.

Sic itur ad astra! You know what I mean.
There is no other way to achieve it.
I have an Ideal--the best ever seen.
You may or you may not believe it."

"Roland, Childe Roland, you never can hold
Your star and your wagon together.
You had far better use, like your fathers of old
A horse and a harness of leather."

So Roland he bought him a harness and horse
And drove as all others were doing.
He rose in the world and succeeded, of course,
A practical calling pursuing.

His coffers were filled in a way that you know,
At the head of a flourishing paper.
He needed no star. He rejoiced in the glow
Of a popular pennyworth taper.

The planet that lured him in youth from afar,
Had vanished in air like a rocket.
For what was the need of an astral car,
When the [he] carried the Sun in his pocket!

Jan 3, 1891. C. P. C.

"Hitch Your Wagon to a Star" marks no high point in literature, not even in the poetic reputation of Cranch, and that is undoubtedly one reason why the manuscript lay unnoticed after it had been purchased from Goodspeed's in 1939 by the Boston Public Library, whose permission to publish I hereby gratefully acknowledge. Beyond exemplifying the versatility of the cartoonist-poet, however, the verse provokes us with the practical question: Who is "Childe Roland"? Since neither DeWolfe Miller nor the author's biographer daughter mentions the work, the answer must be found within the lines themselves.

Two clues are immediately evident: He was apparently "the head of a flourishing paper" (line 18), and that paper was "the Sun" (line 24). Ayer's Newspaper Guide reveals that from 1869 till 1897, the editor of the New York Sun was Charles Anderson Dana, former "head waiter" and trustee of Brook Farm. Cranch and Dana had known each other when the latter, as a frequent visitor to West Roxbury, "made the sweetest and most delightful music" for the edification of the community and wrote tirelessly, under Dana, for the Harbinger. Dana had left Harvard for the farm, and his cousin Richard Henry Dana had left for the sea, because of failing eyesight. As a teacher of Greek and German he won the admiration of the community for his militant idealism tempered with inherited Calvinistic sobriety. After fire had put an end to all hope of continuing the socialist experiment, Dana took his writing experience and found a job paying five dollars a week with the Boston Daily Chronotype, a Congregational paper. The next year, however, he left that stultifying office to the satisfaction of all concerned, and went to work for that self-styled Fourierist and Brook Farm observer, Horace Greeley of the Tribune. In the following years, he rose rapidly. A trip to Europe in 1848-1849, the year of revolutions, swept away what was left of his vanishing youthful idealism. Cynicism became his trademark. During the Civil War he was appointed Secretary of War, finally (1867) acquiring the New York Sun which he ruled absolutely until his death.

Cranch's poem asks his old acquaintance why he has wandered so far from early aspirations. Why has the Yellow Journalist, the subscription booster, the opponent of labor unionization and civil service so completely turned his back to the things that were once so important to him? Dana's conversion to pragmatism brought him, besides a great and wealthy newspaper, the derision of an old man whose humor cannot quite hide some resentment against a world that had neglected him.

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1 See Leonora Cranch Scott, The Life and Letters of Christopher Pearse Cranch (Cambridge, 1917), p. 19.

2 See F. DeWolfe Miller, Christopher Pearse Cranch (Cambridge, 1951), pp. 52-53.

3 See F. DeWolfe Miller, op. cit., p. 34. Cf. note 4.

4 See John Weiss, The Life and Correspondence of Theodore Parker (N.Y., 1864), I, 114, as quoted in Miller, op. cit., p. 34.

5 See Frederic I. Carpenter, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Representative Selections (N.Y., 1934). The estimation is Carpenter's.

LECTURE OUTLINES FOR TEACHING EMERSON

By ERIC W. CARLSON
University of Connecticut

EMERSON'S PHILOSOPHIC PERSPECTIVE--A Partial and tentative Outline.

I. Individualism

- A. The centrality of the individual in his own universe of experience.
- B. Implicit in Emersonian individualism are these ideas:
  1. Experience as the source and test of truth.
  2. The moral obligation of self-discipline and individual excellence.
  3. The right of self-realization by a free growth from within, and by an achieved harmony of self with others and with nature.
  4. The right of moral choice and judgment--of free inquiry and thought.
- C. Self-reliant individualism: a bipolar unity of
  1. Nonconformity: freedom from; the self-asserting tendency.
  2. Positive individuation, achieved through an intuitive harmony with the Over-Soul, the Spirit of Man and Nature.

  [See "Self-Reliance," "The Over-Soul," "Spiritual Laws," "Heroism," and "Power."]
- D. The predetermining harmony of the individual:
  1. Variously termed "temperament," "constitution," "the angle of vision."
  2. It is the source of personal power, opportunity, happiness--a potential force for self-realization.
  3. It is a cumulative development of organic predisposition, limiting the individual only in range, angle or direction.

4. It emerges gradually by the integration of successive realizations.
5. Its function is selective, like that of a lens.
   a. Cf. "What is life but the angle of vision? A man is measured by the angle at which he looks at objects. What is life but what a man is thinking of all day? This is his fate and his employer. Knowing is the measure of the man. By how much we know, so much we are." (NHI 10)
   b. Cf. Essays "History" and "The American Scholar" for applications of this concept.
   c. Cf. Reed's peculium, Swedenborg's proprium, and Gordon Allport's proprium (in Becoming).
   d. Cf. John Dewey's conception of "mind" as that active background of attitudes and interests which is formed out of interaction with environment and tradition. (Intelligence in the Modern World, 813-814).
   e. Cf. James Mark Baldwin on "Selective Thinking" in Social and Ethical Interpretations.

E. Spiritual individualism. (See the "Divinity School Address," "The Over-Soul," and "Spiritual Laws.")
   1. The "moral sentiment" as the faculty of intuiting moral values.
      a. Insight as revelation and salvation.
      b. The authority of consciousness and conscience as a standard and a discipline from within. (Cf. the Quaker "Inner Light.")
   2. "Truth" as whatever is realized by the self-reliant spirit within experience.
   3. The right of individual interpretation vs. authorized interpretation.
   4. Nonconformity to creed, dogma and indoctrination to safeguard the freedom for spiritual realization.
   5. Emphasis on the priority of the spiritual over the formal, the historical, and the institutionalized.

II. Spiritual Democracy

A. Implicit in the idea of spiritual individualism.

B. Belief in spiritual awareness as actual or latent in every man: "all men are inspirable." "The highest revelation is that God is in every man."
   1. The Over-Soul is "as an ethereal sea, which ebbs and flows.... To this sea every human house has a water front.... It is as the light, public and entire to each, and on the same terms." (NHI 15)
   2. Comparable to Emerson's belief in intellectual democracy: Nature is "careful to leave all her doors ajar." "The learned and the studious of thought have no monopoly of wisdom."

C. "The Over-Soul:"
   1. Emerson's attempt to clarify—in simple, non-theological language—his idea of God or Universal Spirit.
   2. The light metaphor, an essentially literary metaphor, implies:
      a. A functional interpenetration ("breathes" through man's intellect, will, and affection).
      b. Spiritual democracy: the light floods into every nook and cranny.
      c. Not a gift or special faculty, but a "presence" of spirit—a natural, inner, organic drive to self-realization.
      d. An impersonal spirit which, conceived as the impersonal common nature of all men when they attain to "a higher self-possession," may be termed the Spirit of Man. (Cf. Benedetto Croce, Irwin Edman, John Dewey, and the religious humanists.)
      e. Not a static thing, but a force embodied in changing forms and events.
   3. The intuitive experience is not a mystical one, but (1) is disciplined by interaction with nature (i.e., experience), (2) proceeds from not only "obedience" but "joyful perception"—differing from ordinary experience only in degree, not in kind, (3) is dynamically a means of insight into the active conduct of life.
   4. The reality of the living spirit of man, here and now in the experimental present, transcends all other considerations: Cf. "Life only avails, not the having lived." "We must set up the strong present tense against all the rumors of wrath, past or to come...." "The present hour

is the decisive hour, and every day is doomsday." The soul "has no dates, nor rites, nor persons, nor specialties, nor men. The soul knows only the soul." See the two ¶s. on the soul's intuitive mode of revelation, in contrast to the "low curiosity" of the senses regarding immortality, and the appeal to numbers or authority.

5. Genius is religious because it shares in the heart and wisdom of humanity, whose "blood" (vital spirit) circulates through all men.
   a. "The simplest person who in his integrity worships God, becomes God."
   b. He who has the courage to "greatly listen to himself" will not need the support of numbers, authority, "saints and demigods." (Cf. Spiritual Individualism.)

III. Polarity: a bipolar unity, a dynamic monism —not a static dualism.

A. Emerson's thought has variously been labled "dynamic monism," "Evolutionary monism," "pragmatic mysticism," "pluralistic mysticism," all attempts to identify the polarity which distinguishes Emerson's thinking from that of mysticism or dualism (whether Oriental or classical).

B. Polarity in nature:
   1. "Everything in nature is bipolar, or has a positive and a negative pole. There is a male and a female, a spirit and a fact, a north and a south. Spirit is the positive, the event is the negative. Will is the north, action the south pole." ("Character").
   2. See ¶ on polarity in "Compensation" (II 97). From these examples of polarity in physical nature, Emerson concludes that "an inevitable dualism bisects nature, so that each thing is a half, and suggests another thing to make it whole...."

C. Compare these two images as implying a polar relationship:
   1. The two sides of a tapestry (to represent the Transcendental relation of sensuous fact and spiritual fact).
   2. The two sides of a coin (to represent the opposites of sensation or action, and morals or philosophy).

(Polarity may also be related to the circles-sphere imagery in Nature.)

D. As a mode of thought, polarity functions as a dynamic interaction or counterpoint of ideas subtly opposed, not to cancel each other out but to show that each depends on the other. (Cf. Coleridge on the imaginative reconciliation of opposites.)
   1. Significant opposites are:
      a. Appearance (nature as phenomena) and reality (spirit).
      b. Particular and universal (Cf. the idea of microcosm).
      c. Understanding (logic, conscious thought) and Reason (intuition).
      d. Thought and action. (Cf. "The American Scholar.")
      e. Society and solitude.
      f. Unity and variety; the one and the many.
      g. Cause and effect.
      h. Talent and genius.
      i. East (Asia) and West (Europe).
      j. Good as positive; evil as negative.
   2. Examples of Emerson's bipolar thinking are:
      a. "Self-Reliance," the poles of which are nonconformity and positive individuation.
      b. "Prudence"—base, false prudence vs. true prudence. The needed integration of inner virtues ("heroism and holiness") with outward well-being.
      c. "Compensation"—polarity of good and evil, body and soul; especially the spiritual benefits of harsh experience (not "indifferency of circumstances").
      d. "Brahma"
      e. "Fate": Freedom and 'fate' (limitation).

IV. Optimism:

A. Not a blind optimism, but one disciplined by a keen awareness of:
   1. The imperfections of American society. (E.g., see "The Fortune of the Republic," European culture, history, Oriental civilizations.
   2. The evils man is heir to: Famine, fire, flood, war, disease, earthquake. Defects of biological structure, inherited limitations, etc. (See "Fate.")
   3. The retrogression or loss (the "tax") that accompanies technological and social progress. The law of compensation applies to society as well as to the individual.

B. Sources of Emerson's optimism:
   1. Adversity and inequality of condition may bring spiritual benefits, a strengthening of character. See "Compensation."
   2. By means of intellect and will man has the power to control circumstance, to put the material world to his use. (See "Fate," "Power," "Days.")
   3. The optimism of the "soul" or inner organic urge to positive self-realization (mature function, excellence or beauty).
      a. Spiritual defined as "that which is its own evidence."
      b. "To the well-born child all the virtues are natural." (II 275).
      c. "In a virtuous action I properly am; in a virtuous act I add to the world; I plant into deserts conquered from Chaos and Nothing and see the darkness receding on the limits of the horizon." ("Compensation" II 122).
      d. "There is no pure lie, no pure malignity in nature." (III 278).
      e. "[A]melioration in nature... alone permits and authorizes amelioration in mankind." ("The Young American" I 371-373).
   4. A vital interpenetration with nature makes intense spirituality possible in the experiential present.
      a. Genius and the poet achieve this "ecstasy" through "common influences" by "coming nearer to the fact." ("The Poet").
      b. Insight is conceived as a natural realization of daily experience into ideal values disciplined by nature, insight, individuated perspective, the rights of others, etc.
   5. A belief in "the optimism of nature" ("Spiritual Laws" II 135)—a long-range evolutionary optimism. "Meliorism is the law." "Through the years and the centuries, through evil agents, through toys and atoms, a great and beneficent tendency irresistibly streams." (IV 186).

THE ESSAY AS AN ART FORM and THE EMERSONIAN ESSAY:

I. The artistic essay:
   A. Distinguished from:
      1. The article.
      2. The "familiar essay." For a discussion of types of pseudo-essay, see John P. Waters, "A Little Old Lady Passes Away," Forum, July, 1933.

   B. The creative essay as a form of modern art.
      1. Its functions.
      2. Language used for artistic communication.
         a. The logic of imagination vs. the logic of concept.
         b. Imaginative realization vs. factual, discursive, or conceptualized reasoning vs. canalized rhetoric.

II. The Emersonian Essay:

   A. A form of artistic Transcendentalism.
      1. Belief in the symbolic meaning (transcendental significance) of fact. The theory of correspondence. (See Nature, section on "Language: "Every natural fact is a symbol of some spiritual fact.")
      2. Use of "indirection." What the poet omits exalts every syllable that he writes." "God himself does not speak prose, but communicates with us by hints, omens, inference and dark resemblances in objects lying all around us."
      3. Reliance on reader's intuitive insight and perspective.
         See "The American Scholar": "There is, then, creative reading as well as creative writing."
         See "History" on experiencing history in terms of individual history: when read actively, "all history becomes subjective."
         Cf. "mind makes the senses to see with." "'Tis the good reader that maketh the good book." "All the thoughts of a turtle are turtle."

   B. Related to the Public Lecture as a form of oral essay:
      1. Emerson primarily a lecturer (the "man of lectures" more than the "man of letters" or belles lettres). He invented "a secular pulpit...and a secular 'wisdom literature'" and "he spoke as man to man, appealing from experience to experience." (See Schneider, History of Am. Philosophy, 284.)

         His effective oral focus: Unlike the sermon and the set oration. Flexible in form and style. The tone of spontaneous thinking aloud, of "Man Thinking." Cf. Lowell's description of Emerson lecturing in "Emerson the Lecturer."
      2. Different levels of audience-response recognized by:
         a. Emerson's treatment of same

idea on several levels of contextual reference--the practical, the social, the historical, the literary.
b. Emerson's attempt to set forth on every level some idea, homely metaphor, image, symbol, analogy, parable, aphorism, maxim, proverb, quotation, allusion, illustration.

C. The sentence as an art form: Emerson's use of:

1. Functional diction and style, as distinguished from "figurative diction" in the rhetorical tradition. E.g., "Hitch your wagon to a star." "If you do not quit the high chair, lie down, and roll on the ground a good deal, you become nervous and heavy-hearted. The dog that was fed on sugar died."
2. The vernacular.
3. Aphorism
4. Proverb
5. Specific example.
6. Symbol

D. The sentence related to its matrix paragraph by:

1. A constellation of referents on different levels. (See 2 a-b above.)
2. Distillation (from incubation to illumination). "There is a process in the mind very analogous to crystallization in the mineral kingdom. I think of a particular fact of singular beauty and interest. In thinking of it I am led to many more thoughts which show themselves, first partially, and afterwards more fully. But in the multitude of them I see no order. When I would present them to others they have no beginning. There is no method. Leave them now, and return to them again. Domesticate them in your mind, do not force them into arrangement too hastily, and presently you shall find they will take their own order. And the order they assume is divine. It is God's architecture." (Journals, II, 446).
3. Integration of context and paragraph idea. E.g., "I would write on the lintels of the door-post, Whim." "Hitch your wagon to a star."
4. Imaginative interpolation rather than logical coherence.
a. Emerson's distrust of "linear logic" and of argument as method.
b. Disbelief in obvious transition led to omission of connectives.

E. Method of essay development:
1. Gradual, cumulative psychological realization is characteristic.
2. "Succession" is a form of artistic accentuation: a focus on one idea at a time, along with its associations, omitting qualifications.

EMERSON IN GREECE

By JAMES A. NOTOPOULOS
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The reviewer hazards a guess that Emerson would have been more pleased with this book than with many a scholarly treatise written about him in these times. This volume introduces Emerson to the modern Greeks in the modern Greek language. Emerson would have been pleased to be introduced to the descendants of the Greeks, who meant so much to him; to read the parallels which Dr. Cavarnos finds in the Byzantine tradition. Scholars are aware of the Neoplatonic strains in Emerson. What is new in this book is the cognate kinship which Emerson has with Byzantium. It attests to the truth of what a Yankee farmer is said to have told Emerson, as he returned a copy of Plato to him: "That man has a good many of my own ideas." It is to be hoped that Dr. Cavarnos will give us in the future a more specialized study of the kinship of Emerson with Byzantine transcendental idealism.

Dr. Cavarnos, an American of Greek descent, was educated at Harvard where he also received his doctorate in philosophy. While in Greece in 1957-1958, as a Fulbright Research Scholar, he was asked by the Greeks, whose curiosity is still the same as Paul found it on his visit to the Areopagus, such questions as: "Is there an American philosophy, and, if so, what is it like?" To answer these questions he delivered a series of lectures to lay and university audiences. He finds the fons et origo of American philosophy in Emerson. The first chapter of his book deals with Emerson's life, the outlines of his philosophy and its kinship with Plato and the Byzantine tradition. In contrast to the other chapters--on William James, Whitehead, and contemporary philosophy in America--the chapter on Emerson did not require the author to strain the modern Greek language, for the Greek language already possessed traditional concepts and diction adequate for expressing the philosophy of a kindred spirit. Insofar as Dr. Cavarnos has extended the knowledge of Emerson, James, and Whitehead to Greece, he can be said to have rendered the highest form of aid that America can give to that country.

[Over for title page and translation.]

Κωνσταντίνου Καβαρνοῦ

ΤΟ ΣΥΜΠΑΝ ΚΑΙ Ο ΑΝΘΡΩΠΟΣ ΣΤΗΝ ΑΜΕΡΙΚΑΝΙΚΗ ΦΙΛΟΣΟΦΙΑ

Μαζὶ μὲ ἕνα δοκίμιο γιὰ τὶς σύγχρονες φιλοσοφικὲς τάσεις στὴν Ἀμερική

ΕΚΔΟΤΙΚΟΣ ΟΙΚΟΣ «ΑΣΤΗΡ»
ΑΛ. & Ε. ΠΑΠΑΔΗΜΗΤΡΙΟΥ
ΛΥΚΟΥΡΓΟΥ 10 — ΑΘΗΝΑΙ — 1959

Τὸ βιβλίο αὐτὸ περιλαμβάνει τέσσαρας ὁμιλίας διὰ τὴν ἀμερικανικὴν φιλοσοφίαν, τὰς ὁποίας ἔδωσε προσφάτως ὁ καθηγητὴς κ. Κ. Καβαρνός, κατὰ τὸ δεύτερον ἔτος τῆς παραμονῆς του εἰς τὴν Ἑλλάδα, ὅπου ἦλθεν μετέχων τοῦ προγράμματος Φούλμπραϊτ.

Αἱ διαλέξεις αὐταὶ ἔχουν γραφεῖ εἰς γλῶσσαν ἁπλῆν, ἄνετον καὶ ζωηράν, καὶ ἐκδιδόμεναι τώρα εἰς βιβλίον, δίδουν εἰς ὅσους δὲν τὰς παρηκολούθησαν, μοναδικὴν εὐκαιρίαν διὰ νὰ γνωρίσουν τὴν Ἀμερικανικὴν φιλοσοφίαν.

Αἱ πρῶται τρεῖς πραγματεύονται τὸ θέμα: «Τὸ Σύμπαν καὶ ὁ Ἄνθρωπος στὴν Ἀμερικανικὴ Φιλοσοφία» διὰ τῆς συστηματικῆς ἐκθέσεως καὶ ἑρμηνείας τῆς φιλοσοφίας τριῶν κορυφαίων ἀμερικανῶν φιλοσόφων: τοῦ Ράλφ Οὐάλντο Ἔμερσον, τοῦ Οὐίλλιαμ Τζαίημς καὶ τοῦ Α. Ν. Οὐάϊτχεντ. Ἡ τετάρτη διάλεξις ἔχει θέμα τὰς συγχρόνους φιλοσοφικὰς τάσεις εἰς τὴν Ἀμερικήν. Εἰς αὐτὴν ὁ κ. Καβαρνὸς δίδει ἀντικειμενικὴν εἰκόνα τῆς ἀμερικανικῆς φιλοσοφίας εἰς τοὺς διαφόρους τομεῖς, καὶ ὁμιλεῖ διὰ τὸ ἐνδιαφέρον τὸ ὁποῖον ὑπάρχει εἰς τὴν Ἀμερικὴν διὰ τὴν φιλοσοφίαν τῆς Εὐρώπης καὶ τῆς ἀρχαίας Ἑλλάδος.

Ὁ κ. Καβαρνὸς δὲν ἀρκεῖται νὰ παρουσιάσῃ τὴν ἀμερικανικὴν φιλοσοφίαν κατὰ τρόπον πρωτότυπον· κάμνει ταυτοχρόνως πολλὰς ἐξαιρετικῶς ἐνδιαφερούσας παρατηρήσεις, ἰδίως διὰ τὰς σχέσεις τῆς ἀμερικανικῆς φιλοσοφίας πρὸς τὴν ἀρχαίαν ἑλληνικὴν καὶ τὴν θρησκείαν.

Τὸ ἔργον εἶναι τὸ πρῶτον καὶ μοναδικὸν βιβλίον εἰς ἑλληνικὴν γλῶσσαν τὸ ὁποῖον πραγματεύεται ἀποκλειστικῶς τὴν ἀμερικανικὴν φιλοσοφίαν.

Κοσμεῖται ἀπὸ τρεῖς εἰκόνας χαραγμένας ἀπὸ συγχρόνους Ἕλληνας καλλιτέχνας.

Constantine Cavarnos, To Sympan kai o Anthropos stên Amerikanikê Philosophia [The Universe and Man in American Philosophy]. Athens ("Aster" Publishing Co.), 1959. Pp. 116. Cloth and paper editions are available.

Ὁ Κωνσταντῖνος Π. Καβαρνὸς ἐγεννήθη εἰς τὴν Βοστώνην ἀπὸ γονεῖς καταγομένους ἐκ Μυτιλήνης. Ἐσπούδασε φιλοσοφίαν εἰς τὸ Πανεπιστήμιον τοῦ Χάρβαρντ, ἀπὸ τὸ ὁποῖον ἔλαβε τὰ πτυχία A.B., A.M., καὶ Ph.D. Διετέλεσε ὑφηγητὴς τῆς φιλοσοφίας εἰς τὸ Πανεπιστήμιον αὐτὸ καὶ ἐχρημάτισεν καθηγητὴς τῆς φιλοσοφίας εἰς τὸ Πανεπιστήμιο τῆς Βορείου Καρολίνας.

Πρὸ δεκαετίας τοῦ ἀνετέθη, δυνάμει τοῦ Κληροδοτήματος Σέλντον (Sheldon Traveling Fellowship), ἡ ἀποστολὴ νὰ μελετήσῃ τὴν φιλοσοφικὴν κίνησιν εἰς τὴν Ἀγγλίαν, τὴν Γαλλίαν καὶ τὴν Ἑλλάδα. Κατὰ δὲ τὰ δύο τελευταῖα ἀκαδημαϊκὰ ἔτη ἀπεσπάσθη εἰς τὸ Πανεπιστήμιον Ἀθηνῶν, ἵνα, ὑπὸ τὴν αἰγίδα τοῦ Ἀμερικανικοῦ Ἐκπαιδευτικοῦ Ἱδρύματος Ἑλλάδος (Πρόγραμμα Φούλμπραϊτ), προβῇ εἰς μελέτας γύρω ἀπὸ τὴν Νεοελληνικὴν διανόησιν.

Ὁ καθηγητὴς κ. Καβαρνὸς εἶναι συγγραφεὺς πολλῶν ἔργων εἰς τὴν ἀγγλικὴν καὶ τὴν ἑλληνικὴν γλῶσσαν. Ἐσχάτως συνέγραψε βιβλίον περὶ τῆς ζωῆς, τέχνης καὶ σκέψεως τοῦ Ἁγίου Ὄρους, ὑπὸ τὸν τίτλον «Anchored in God,» τὸ ὁποῖον ἐξεδόθη παρ' ἡμῶν.

ΕΚΔΟΤΙΚΟΣ ΟΙΚΟΣ «ΑΣΤΗΡ»
ΑΛ. & Ε. ΠΑΠΑΔΗΜΗΤΡΙΟΥ
ΛΥΚΟΥΡΓΟΥ 10 — ΑΘΗΝΑΙ

EMERSON'S GIANT SEQUOIA

By ROBERT H. WOODWARD
San Jose State College

When Emerson was in California in the spring of 1871, he was afforded the opportunity to name one of the giant redwoods in what is now Yosemite National Park. He records the experience in his Journals under the date of May 12, 1871:

> At the request of Galen Clark, our host at Mariposa, and who is, by State appointment, the protector of the trees, and who went with us to the Mammoth Groves, I selected a Sequoia Gigantea, near Galen's Hospice, in the presence of our party, and named it Samoset, in memory of the first Indian ally of the Plymouth Colony, and I gave Mr. Clark directions to procure a tin plate, and have the inscription painted thereon in the usual form of the named trees: and paid him its cost....[1]

Whatever plate was placed on the tree has long since weathered away or been removed, for only a few trees in the grove, now known as the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees, are identified by name. In fact, according to Coyt H. Hackett, Acting Park Naturalist:

> Almost all of the names have been removed from the trees in the Mariposa Grove because it is the feeling of the National Park Service that since the trees have been standing for so many centuries it is inappropriate to give them modern names.[2]

Dr. Richard J. Hartesveldt, formerly a ranger-naturalist at the park and now of the Biological Science Department of San Jose State College, has informed me that the park keeps no record of who names the trees, since tourists are likely to damage the marked redwoods by removing pieces of bark from those with familiar associations.

The location of Samoset, however, is identified on a blue-print map of the grove prepared in May, 1935. The name is misspelled (i.e., Sanoset), but it is shown to be the most southerly of a group of three trees southeast of the museum and almost due east of the Fallen Giant, which is marked. None of the published maps of the grove identifies the tree. It still stands proudly, its bark scarred by fire, but otherwise undamaged.

Mariposa Grove is only a short distance east from the south entrance of the park, about thirty-six miles from the Yosemite Valley area. The accommodation which Emerson identified as Galen's Hospice is better known as Clark's Station or Clark's Ranch, in the Wawona area, now the site of the Wawona Hotel, about eight miles from the grove.

Galen Clark (1814-1910), who came from New Hampshire to California in 1853, engaged in mining for a time, moved to the High Sierras for his health in 1857, and built Clark's Station as a stage stop. A few months later he discovered the grove of big trees. In 1864, when the gove and Yosemite Valley became a California state park, Clark was appointed "Guardian of the Valley."[3]

Since the trees in the grove are for the most part named after states, cities, presidents, governors, famous generals, statesmen, and writers (e.g., Longfellow, Whittier, Twain, Harte, Key), or after their geographical location or peculiarity of arrangement, it is interesting to conjecture why Emerson chose the name "Samoset" for his tree. Possibly the color of the tree suggested the association with an Indian, and Samoset is surely one of Massachusett's most famous redmen. Another possibility, however, is that Emerson was familiar with the origin of the name of the big trees. Steven Endlicher, a German botanist and linguist, is generally believed to have named the trees in honor of the Cherokee Indian Sequoyah, famous for his alphabet of the Cherokee language.[4] Aware of the Indian origin of the name of the trees, Emerson may have felt it appropriate to name his tree after another Indian, one dear to his own local heritage.

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1 Journals, X, 354.
2 Letter to the author, dated Feb. 3, 1960. I wish to thank Mr. Hackett for allowing me to use the map referred to below.
3 For the few biographical details available about Clark, see James W. McFarland, "A Guide to the Giant Sequoias of Yosemite National Park," Yosemite Nature Notes, XXVIII (June, 1949), pp. 47-48; and Ben C. Truman, "Introduction and Sketch of the Author," The Yosemite Valley, by Galen Clark, Yosemite Valley, 1910, pp. xiii-xix.
4 Lawrence F. Cook, The Giant Sequoias of California, Washington, D.C., 1955, p. 8.

[The snapshots enlarged on the following page were taken by Dr. Woodward in April, 1960. "Samoset" is in the center of each.]

EMERSON AND PARKER LETTERS IN THE JACKSON PAPERS

By EMIL A. FRENIERE
University of South Florida

On March 20, 1851, Ralph Waldo Emerson arrived in Pittsburgh to deliver a series of six lectures on "Conduct of Life." The next day he complained in a letter to Lidian Emerson that although Pittsburgh was "a most busy place black with coalsmoke, black houses black air black faces & clothes of men & women" he had found "a very good hotel, and, presently, some agreeable people."[1] That one of the "agreeable people" was Dr. R. M. S. Jackson is evident from the following previously unpublished letter[2] to the elder Henry James:

Pittsburgh, Pa.
29 March 1851

My dear James,
Here is Dr Robert Jackson of Blairsville, a good man, whose society has been a great comfort to me in the Iron City and we have talked much of you, & I have bid him go & find you when he goes to New York.

Yours affectionately,

R W Emerson

Henry James, Esq.

There is no evidence that Dr. Robert Montgomery Smith Jackson ever called on James. Emerson, who had known the latter since 1842, was, perhaps, surprised to find anyone in Pittsburgh able to talk at any length about him, but Jackson—physician, geologist, botanist, member of learned societies, Transcendentalist, and writer—was an ardent Swedenborgian[3] who was, doubtless, aware of James' early writings. If, as a commentator on Jackson's only published book remarked, it was "written as the doctor talks,"[4] Jackson's conversation with Emerson must have been extensive indeed, for The Mountain (632 pages) is as varied, pyrotechnic, enthusiastic, and scattered a work as one might wish to read.

After graduating from the Jefferson Medical College in 1838, at the age of twenty-three, Jackson spent the next five years as a member of the first Pennsylvania Geological Survey before settling into practice in Blairsville, Pa.[5] When Emerson met him in Pittsburgh, he was already deep in the affairs of the Allegheny Mountain Health Institute, located high in the hills at Cresson. Founded by Jackson, the institute was well known during the latter half of the nineteenth century as a watering place and rest home, but Jackson's connection with its administration brought him but little rest. "Six times he formed corporations and battled charter fights and title litigations, only to end in financial failure each time. Finally, in 1856, he sacrificed his own interests to those of the institution, turning over all his rights to a corporation headed by President Edgar Thompson of the Pennsylvania Railroad."[6] After seeing his book through two editions, he became Medical Inspector of the 23rd Army Corps and Acting Medical Director of the Department of the Ohio during the War of the Rebellion. He died of pneumonia on April 28, 1865, in Chattanooga, Tennessee, while on active duty, and was buried in Alexandria, Pa.

Cresson was literally, if not figuratively, the high point of the portage railroad-canal system that connected Philadelphia with Pittsburgh—over which Emerson had come west. Robert Peary, the arctic explorer, was born there on May 6, 1856; Dr. Jackson lost control of his Institute there in the same year; and on August 3, 1856, Charles Sumner, Senator from Massachusetts, arrived there to recuperate from wounds received when attacked in the Senate chamber by Preston Brooks, Congressman from South Carolina, on May 22, following Sumner's strong speech on the Kansas-Nebraska Bill. Theodore Parker had written to Sumner on the preceding day: "God bless you for the brave words you spoke the other day, and have always spoken!" Upon hearing of the assault, he wrote hurriedly to a friend: "How much is the noble fellow wounded? Give him my most sympathizing regards and love. I wish I could have taken the blows on my head!"[7]

Sumner stayed in and about Washington under the care of several physicians until he left the capital on July 7 to become the guest of William H. Furness, Emerson's friend, in Philadelphia, where he was looked after by Dr. Caspar Wister.[8] From Philadelphia, the feeble and bed-ridden Sumner went to Cape May to try the sea air, but his condition remained the same. Then, on August 3, he travelled to Cresson to become the patient of Dr. Jackson, under whom his condition improved slightly. Though unable to walk far, he did take frequent rides on horseback and received visitors. He left Cresson early in September, and, after a month's sojourn in Philadelphia, arrived at his home in Boston sometime after October 12.

Emerson, meanwhile, had delivered a vigorous speech in Concord on May 26, denouncing the assault on Sumner. On August 28, 1856, he wrote the invalid in Cresson:

Concord, 26 Aug.t 1856

My dear Sumner,

I read with joy the good news you sent me[9] of your better health, & hastened to impart it to Mr Hoar, Senior,[10] who received it, with his piety, like a good providence, and then to some younger friends who deserved to know it. Deeply as I grieve that Massachusetts should be crippled in these days in the Senate, I trust that your physician will not suffer any haste or impatience to risk the permanent cure of his patient. Your suffering has been a strange manifest benefit to the country; your health, I confide, will be a pure & splendid benefit to it. Bad times are bitter when passing; but, if well used, how glorious forever afterward! The approach & fusion of sensible & forcible people of all shades of party was never so swift as now. And many good signs appear. Who is your physician & friend? Is it Dr Robert Jackson, once of Blairsville? I infer so much from what you say. If so, I desire the kindest remembrances to him, as to an old friend. The love of all good men & all good spirits keep you!

R. W. Emerson

One day later, Theodore Parker, "who kept a scrap book in which he posted everything relating to the assult on Sumner,"[11] wrote to the physician as follows:

Boston 27 Aug. 1856.

Dr Jackson,

My dear Sir,

I went to N.Y. last week to put some friends on board a ship for Europe, & intended to visit Mr Sumner immediately. But at N.Y. I was told he was almost well; nay the story at the Independent Office was [th]at he would be in N.Y. on Saturday or Monday— So I came back to Boston. Had I got the intelligence which your letter contains I should have been in Cresson on Tuesday, but now it is too late. Let me thank you for all the kind (as well as skilful) things you do for this noble man. I hope you will soon restore him to us safe & sound.

Please accept a little parcel of Sermons &c & beli[e]ve me

Yours truly

Theo Parker.

After Sumner had arrived back in Philadelphia, Furness wrote Jackson on September 10, telling him of the progress of his former patient. Three days later, Sumner wrote an appreciatory letter to Jackson, saying, among other things, that he was "still on medical embargo." On the twenty-first, Sumner wrote again, this time asking Jackson to accept a box of "princely Tokay," the gift to Sumner from Massachusetts friends. He added: "Fremont will surely be elected."

Sumner's case became an important side issue in the 1856 elections. Some, in the Democratic Party, under Buchanan, felt that the reports of Sumner's injuries had been exaggerated in order that the Republicans, by stresing his martyrdom, might win votes. They suggested that Sumner had been spirited away to the mountain fastness of Pennsylvania so that the extent of his injuries could not be ascertained. When physicians who had attended Sumner issued a statement certifying that his injuries were indeed incapacitating, Jackson apparently protested that his name had not been included. On October 11, Sumner wrote his benefactor explaining the omission. The committee had made an effort to secure his signature, but since it could not be obtained for at least a week, had acted on short notice— the situation demanding immediate publicity. On December 20, Sumner again wrote, this time from Boston, thanking Jackson for an excellent report on the case. "It seems to me that nothing could be said better than you have said it to render my case intelligible."

One sidelight of Buchanan's victory was that the Cresson physician lost the postmaster's position which he had held in that town. In a clipping sent to Jackson by Fred William Thayer from Boston early in January, we read: "Dr. Jackson, who is thus displaced, is the physician with whom Mr. Sumner stayed during the month of August in the Alleghany Mountains. Thus early is he called upon to pay the penalty of his hospitality."

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1 See The Letters of Ralph Waldo Emerson, (6 vols.) N.Y., 1939, IV, 246.

2 All the letters reproduced or referred to in this article are unpublished unless otherwise designated. They are portions of a family scrapbook now in the possession of the Pennsylvania Historical Collections of the Pennsylvania State University Pattee Library. The Jackson materials were given to the University by Dr. Jackson's grandchildren, Mrs. Mary Wigton Reeve, of Clearfield, Pa., and Mr. Robert J. Wigton, of Spruce Creek, Pa. I am indebted to Mr. Wendell S. MacRae, Curator of the Collections, for making them available to me. I also wish to acknowledge with thanks the permission to publish the Emerson letters, received

from the Ralph Waldo Emerson Memorial Association through Prof. William A. Jackson, of the Houghton Library, Harvard University.

3 Jackson calls Swedenborg the "one grand man of inspiration who has appeared on the planet since the days of cloven tongues." See his The Mountain, Philadelphia, 1860, p. 514.

4 See the Pittsburgh Daily Journal, Aug. 13, 1860.

5 Though not related, R. M. S. Jackson and Charles T. Jackson (Emerson's brother-in-law) were both physicians and geologists. The latter is mentioned in The Mountain, p. 138.

6 See George Swetnam in the Pittsburgh Press of Dec. 26, 1954, page 10.

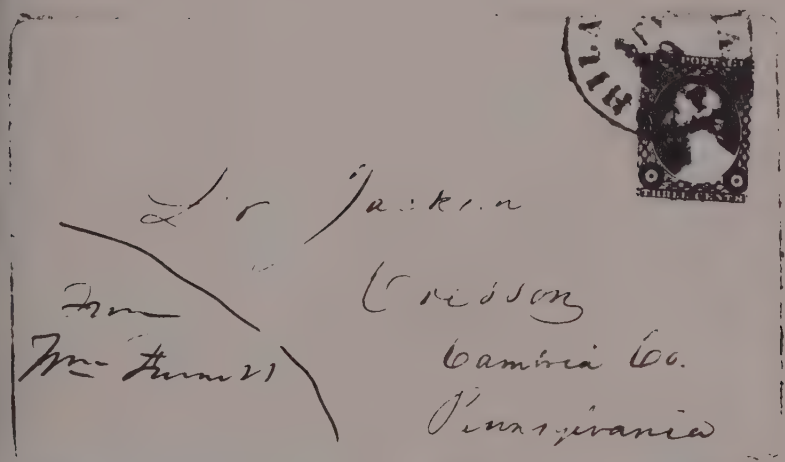
7 See Edward L. Pierce, Memoirs and Letters of Charles Sumner, London, 1893, III, 501.

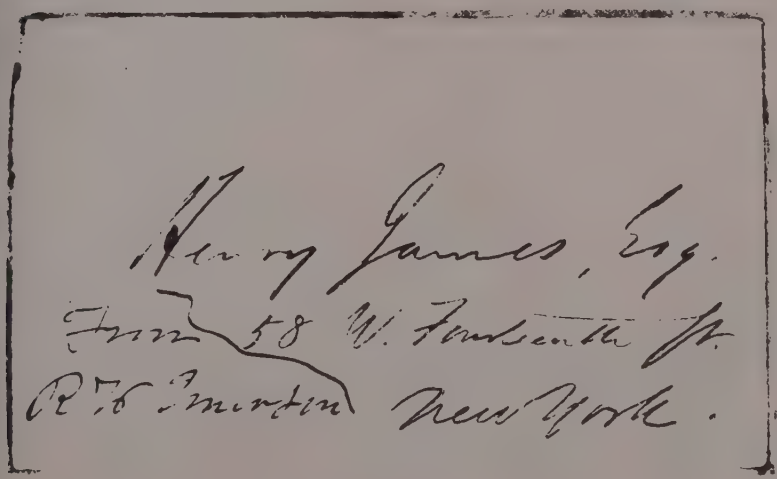
8 Dr. Wister, a distant relative of Owen Wister, married Furness' daughter, Annis Lee, in 1854. She and her father were both noted translators of German literature, and both, along with Frederick Henry Hedge, published volumes of German translations. Emerson's fondness for this family is well known, and Thoreau visited them in 1854.

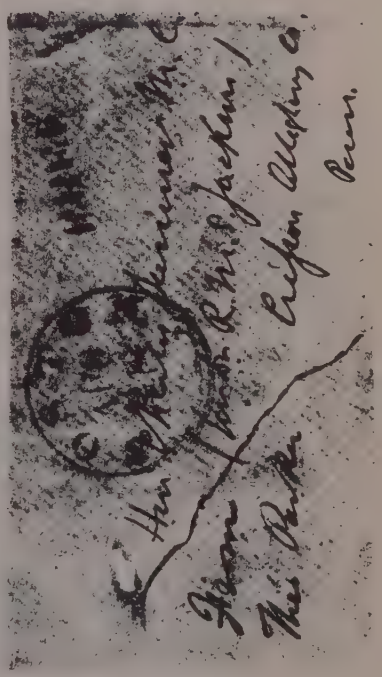
9 Sumner wrote to Emerson from Cresson on Aug. 16, mentioning his riding and commenting on Emerson's English Traits which had been published in that month. (See Letters, ed. Rusk, V, 32.) Later Furness wrote to Emerson: "I bought a copy of your last vol. & gave it to Dr. Jackson on the Allegheny Mts." (Records of a Lifelong Friendship, ed. H. H. Furness, Boston, 1910, p. 110.

10 Judge Samuel Hoar, of Concord, had already met with violence in South Carolina when he visited Charlestown in 1844 as an official agent of Massachusetts.

11 See John Chadwick, Theodore Parker, Boston & N.Y., 1901, p. 333.







NOTES FOR EMERSON'S COMMEMORATION DAY SPEECH (1865)

By FRANK DAVIDSON
Indiana University.

The New York Times of July 25, 1865, provided excellent coverage of the Commemoration Day exercises at Harvard University four days earlier. The reporting was done by an "R. R.," whose account fills six long columns of the entire front page of the issue, and a column and a half of the last page. "R. R." seems to have been supplied with manuscripts by all the participants of note except Phillips Brooks, whose prayer won acclaim, and James Russell Lowell, whose ode has been the subject of much discussion since. Emerson's speech, for example, appears in its entirely, with interruptions of applause indicated, and differs but slightly from the versions in the collected works.[1]

Since the Lowell ode has been reprinted many times, generally with a note about the occasion, and Emerson's address but seldom, except in the collected works, Lowell has all but usurped, in the minds of readers, the literary honors of the day. Biographers have given the speech but slight notice, considering the occasion, perhaps, of relative unimportance in Emerson's career. James E. Cabot has a brief statement, most of it quoted from Lowell.[2] Professor R. L. Rusk gives a two-sentence summary of the address[3] and, in his edition of the correspondence, only a note in explanation of Emerson's statement to Lowell that he had not heard the ode when it was read.[4] Emerson makes no mention of the occasion in his journals or letters, or of his part in it, though two of his journal entries of July, 1865, he wove into the address.[5] In recent years, Mr. H. V. Bail has published two excellent accounts of the day,[6] but in one of these he stresses primarily the activities and atmosphere; in the other, Lowell's ode.

I shall confine my remarks to the occasion as reported in the Times, to Emerson's address, and to some hitherto-unpublished notes jotted down for that address. [See the reproduction.]

The Commemoration Day exercises, falling upon a Friday, might be thought of as an extension of those of Commencement of the preceding Wednesday, linked as they were by the ceremonies of Phi Beta Kappa Day and participated in by much the same gathering of faculty, alumni, students, and guests. Emerson had been appointed in early May to a committee to plan events, but had been shifted soon after to one that would deliberate on a permanent memorial. Arrangements for the commemoration were announced in the Boston Daily Advertiser of May 12.

According to the Times reporter, activity began at nine-thirty on the morning of the twenty-first with a breakfast, and scarcely slackened until seven in the evening. The forenoon program, a memorial service, took place in Dr. Newell's Unitarian Church and continued until one in the afternoon. By two o'clock a line of soldiers and other alumni and students had assembled for luncheon and the remainder of the program. Tables had been spread under a pavilion that covered the rectangle defined by Holden Chapel, Hollis and Harvard Halls, and the street. Diners were seated by classes, Emerson with that of '21. After luncheon there were addresses, short and long, by the President of the Assembly, Dr. Loring; by Generals Barlow, Devens, Force, William F. Bartlett, and Meade, the victor of Gettysburg, who had "been hooded Doctor of Laws two days before."[7] Governor Andrew spoke at length. Rear Admiral Charles H. Davis was brief. A representative of Yale made a few remarks. The oratory was interspersed with poetry readings by Charles T. Brooks, Samuel Eliot, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, and with music by Gilmore's Band of Boston, and by the Harvard choir. Immediately after Eliot's recitation of the poem, "Return," by Julia Ward Howe, and just before the playing of "America," the President, says the Times reporter, "felicitously introduced Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, who sat at his class table and who was received with great applause."

Following his own theory about communication, that "The art of the writer is to speak his fact and have done"[8] and that the thought "will control the sentence and the style, strive against it as you may,[9] Emerson spoke briefly on a thought he had enunciated in 1838, when he addressed an American peace society on the subject of "Peace," the title changed later to "War."[10] He had said then that war, representative of the lower instincts of man and useful to him in his primitive state, though it had gradually lost caste in a social, political, and moral world through man's developing mentally, still retained virtues of its own, the primary one being its realistically training man in "self-help" and so becoming a factor in the evolution of human culture.[11] During the course of the Civil War Emerson wrote passages in his journals and in his addresses that revealed his continuing interest in the subject.[12] He was still convinced in 1865 that war is "organized brute force,"[13] but just as sure of its

value to men. "When our young men come back from the war," he said, "how fortified and self-reliant they will be for having passed through fire...."[14] In his Commemoration Day address he was but emphasizing again, in six paragraphs, what he had carried in mind since 1838 as a justifiable aspect of war.

The brief address was but one of many that Emerson delivered between 1859 and 1869, a decade in which, according to Lowell, he was "the most steadily attractive lecturer in America."[15] All these occasional speeches, including that of Commemoration Day, are marked by spontaneity, ease, dignified informality, depth of thought and feeling, and, sometimes, intimacy. But they are never of the ordinary occasional variety and, perhaps, never impromptu. Back of each, though at times (as Lowell observed) "ambushed behind a dish of fruit and seen only by the nearest neighbor,"[16] was a manuscript. Once, it seems, the manuscript was not in evidence at all until after the address had been spoken.[17] Having a manuscript, however, whether with him or not, seems to have been with Emerson a principle. In "The Assault upon Mr. Sumner" (1856) he answered those critics who charged Sumner with always writing his speeches to be made in the Senate: "When the same reproach was cast on the first orator of ancient times by some caviller of his day, he said, 'I should be ashamed to come with one unconsidered word before such an assembly.'"[18]

In front of Emerson as he spoke on July 21 were the warriors whose day it was. Among them was the twenty-five-year-old Brigadier General William F. Bartlett, on crutches, a leg and an arm missing, whose sacrifice, much more than physical, Melville dramatized in "The College Colonel." Ninety-four Harvard men had been killed, among them three nephews of James Russell Lowell, and Robert Gould Shaw, who was engaged to marry the sister of two of the nephews. A kinsman of Emerson's had been spared. James Russell Lowell's observation helps one to understand the situation of Emerson with reference to the occasion: "To him more than to all other causes together did the young martyrs of the civil war owe the sustaining strength of thoughtful heroism that is so touching in every record of their lives."[19] A reporter for the New York Tribune, who covered the events of the day, pointed to Emerson's address and Holmes's lyric as those features of the ceremonies outside of which "there was scarcely anything worthy of the fame of Harvard."[20] And Mrs. W. W. Story, on native soil for a brief spell after a long residence in Europe, wrote to her daughter in Rome, "I wish you could have been with us...as Emerson's well-remembered tones fell upon my ear I found it hard to be comforted by your absence. I should so much have liked you to hear my old favorite."[21]

The unpublished notes related to this address are on part of a sheet of faintly ruled paper and appear to have been hastily set down in ink. They consist of single words and phrases, arranged in two columns, and separated at intervals by short horizontal lines. They apply sequentially to what, in The Complete Works, constitute paragraphs two through five of the address. I am transcribing here the unparagraphed corresponding portion of the speech as reported in the Times and placing the notes opposite the passages to which they refer.[22]

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1 "Harvard Commemoration Speech," The Complete Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Centenary ed. (Boston, 1903-1904), XI, 339-345. Subsequent references to Emerson's works are to this edition. The speech, as reported in the Times, is not paragraphed and, in several instances, differs slightly in punctuation and phrasing from that of The Complete Works, without, however, any noticeable dissimilarity in thought.

2 A Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson (Boston, 1887), II, 627-628.

3 The Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson (N.Y., 1949), p. 429.

4 The Letters of Ralph Waldo Emerson (N.Y., 1939), V, 417n.

5 The Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson, ed. Edward Waldo Emerson and Waldo Emerson Forbes (Boston, 1909-1914), X, 105.

6 "Harvard's Commemoration Day, July 21, 1865," N E Q, XV (June, 1942), 256-279, and "James Russell Lowell's Ode Recited at the Commemoration of the Living and Dead Soldiers of Harvard University, July 21, 1865," P B S A, XXXVII, 169ff.

7 Ferris Greenslet, The Lowells and Their Seven Worlds (Cambridge, Mass., 1946), p. 307.

8 Journals, IX, 436. 9 Journals, IX, 540.

10 The address appears in Complete Works, XI, 151-176. For an analysis, see W. A. Huggard, Emerson and the Problem of War and Peace, University of Iowa Humanistic Studies, V, no. 5 (1938), 22ff.

11 Complete Works, XI, 154-155.

12 Journals, IX, 335, 352, 353, 359, 411, 461, 493-494, 519, 557, 573, 575-577; X, 66, 105. All these references contain material that went into the memorial address. See also Complete Works, XI, 268.

13 Uncollected Lectures of Ralph Waldo Emerson, ed. Clarence Gohdes (N.Y., 1932), p. 44.

14 Ibid., p. 46. Cf. Journals, IX, 325: "The war is a great teacher, still opening our eyes wider to some larger consideration;" and IX, 461: "War is a realist, shatters everything flimsy and shifty, sets aside all false issues and breaks through all that is not as real as itself."

Heroclitus

best Solvent

~~with Scott~~ at War appointed Gens.

Div. Prod by military necessity

Cards Revolutions

Proof of Wars is right, Morale

Gave integrity to nations,

– power to amiable men.

Experience uniform

Easy to recall ye mood of those

Peaceful

Infusion of culture & tender

humanity

It was found yt Entente a more

potent ally

Principe de guerre

Entente the thunderbolt

Here is little Mapleton & R

When I considers

Scholars exchanged Class

I comp.d 44 Mass

You all know the story

of ye men.

which fathers & M.

One mother.

They were in front

vikings

and in how many cases

Heraclitus

The old Greek Heraclitus, said, "War is the father of all things." He said it, no doubt, as science, but we of this day can repeat it as a political and social truth. War passes the power of all chemical solvents, breaking up the old cohesions, and allowing the atoms of society to take a new order.

best solvents

Net-Govt-but War appointed Genls.

It is not the government but the war that has appointed the great Generals, sifted out the pedants, put in the new and vigorous blood. /Great applause./ The war has lifted many other people, beside Grant and Sherman, into their true place. Even Divine Providence, we may say, always seems to work after a certain military necessity. Every nation punishes the General who is not victorious. It is a rule in games of chance that "the cards beat all the players," and revolutions disconcert and outwit all the insurgents. The revolutions carry their own points, sometimes to the ruin of those who set them on foot. The proof that war also is within the highest right, is a marked benefactor in the hands of Divine Providence, is its morale. The war gave back integrity to this erring and immoral nation. It charged with power, peaceful, amiable men, to whose life war and discord were abhorrent. What an infusion of character went out from this and the other colleges! What an infusion of character down to the ranks! The experience has been uniform, that it is the gentle soul that makes the firm hero after all.

Div. Prov. by military necessy

cards Revolutions

Proof that War is right, morale

Gave integrity to nation, --power to amiable men.

Easy to recall the mood of those peaceful

It is easy to recall the mood in which our young men, snatched from every peaceful pursuit, went to the war. Many of them had never handled a gun. They said: "It is not in me to resist. I go because I must. It is a duty which I shall never forgive myself if I decline it. I do not know that I can make a soldier. I may be very clumsy; perhaps I shall be timid; but you can rely on me. Only one thing is certain--I can well die, but I cannot afford to misbehave." /Loud applause./ In fact, the infusion of culture and tender humanity from these scholars and idealists who

Infusion of culture & tender humanity

It was found that Entm a more potent ally

Principe de guerre

Entm the thunderbolt
Here in little Masstes & R I

When I consider

Scholars exchanged black 1 compy 44 Mass

You all know the story of these men.

whose fathers & M

One mother

They were in front

Vikings

And in how many cases

went to the war, in their own despite--God knows they had no fury for killing their old friends and countrymen--had its signal and lasting effect. It was found that enthusiasm was a more potent ally than science and munitions of war without it. "'Tis a principle of war," said Napoleon, principe de guerre, "that when you can use the thunderbolt, you must prefer it to the cannon." Enthusiasm was the thunderbolt. Here in this little Massachusetts, in smaller Rhode Island, in this little nest of New-England republics, it flamed out when that guilty gun was aimed at Sumter. Mr. Chairman, standing here in Harvard College, the parent of all the colleges, in Massachusetts, the mother of all the North, when I consider her influence on the country as a principal planter of the Western States, and now by her teachers, preachers, journalists and books, as well as by traffic and production, the diffuser of religious, literary and political opinion, and when I see how irresistible the convictions of Massachusetts are on those swarming populations, I think the little State bigger than I knew; and when her blood is up she has a fist that could knock down an empire. And her blood was roused. [Great applause.] Scholars exchanged the black coat for the blue. A single company in the Forty-fourth Massachusetts contained thirty-five sons of Harvard. You all know as well as I the story of these dedicated men, who knew well on what duty they went--whose fathers and mothers said to each slaughtered son, "We gave him up when he enlisted." One mother said, when her son was offered the command of the first negro regiment, "If he accepts it I shall be as proud as if I had heard that he was shot." [Applause.] These men thus tender, thus high-bred, thus peaceable, were always in the front, and always employed. They might say, with their forefathers, the old Norse Vikings, "We sung the mass of lances from morning until evening;" and in how many cases it chanced, when the hero had fallen, they who came by night to the funeral, on the morrow returned to his war-path, to show his slayers the way to death!

One cannot be absolutely certain whether Emerson used the notes as a rough sketch in planning his speech or as an aid to memory, should he be in need while delivering it. There is some reason to believe the latter. The speech was brief, fewer than a thousand words. The occasion was one of considerable emotional tension: his own nephew had been in the war; his friend Lowell must have been in his mind along with many others in the audience whom he knew, when he said at the close of his first paragraph some words about "dim eyes that in vain explore for some" not present. Though he could handle a manuscript unobtrusively, it is doubtful that he would have thought reading quite appropriate for the moment—doubtful, too, that he would have needed a manuscript. His basic theme must have been grooved in his mind: that peaceful, idealistic scholars are sometimes instruments by means of which war operates to the progressive evolution of human culture. If he should feel the need of a fortified base on which to fall back, the hastily scribbled notes would serve.

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15 "Emerson the Lecturer," The Writings of James Russell Lowell, Riverside ed. (Boston, 1890), I, 349. 16 Ibid., I, 359.
17 M. A. DeWolfe Howe, "Did Anything Happen to Emerson's Memory?" Saturday Review of Literature, XXVI (Jan. 2, 1943), pp. 5-6.
18 Complete Works, XI, 251.
19 Writings, I, 358.
20 Bail, "Harvard's Commemoration Day," 276.
21 Henry James, Henry Wetmore Story and his Friends, Grove ed. (N.Y., n.d.), II, 176.
22 One cannot, in type, give an absolutely correct impression of these notes. One should compare my typescript with the facsimile on page 51. The "One mother" of the fourth note from the close refers to the mother of Robert Gould Shaw. The phrase "Principe de guerre" does not appear in the version of the address printed in The Complete Works.

[Permission has been kindly granted by Edward W. Forbes, Esq., President of the Ralph Waldo Emerson Memorial Association, to publish the notes, which are the property of the author of this article.]

HENRY THOREAU'S STEPGRANDMOTHER

By KENNETH WALTER CAMERON

Henry Seidel Canby in his biography of Thoreau furnishes no details concerning Henry's stepgrandmother, Rebecca (Kettelle) Thoreau, who reared Henry's father (John) and Henry's aunts (Sarah, Elizabeth, Nancy, Jane, and Maria), and who died while approaching fifty-one on May 29, 1814, a little less than three years before Henry's birth. To round out the family picture, I reproduce below an extensive obituary notice of her, published sixteen months after her death.[1] I have edited elsewhere the records of the Evangelical Missionary Society of Concord (dated 1810), wherein she and her daughters (Thoreau's aunts) appeared as active members.[2]

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1 See "Sketches of the Life of Mrs. Rebecca Thoreau," The Christian Disciple, III, no. 10 (Boston, Oct., 1815), pp. 289-294.
2 See my "Thoreaus in the Evangelical Missionary Society of Concord," E S Q, no. 7 (2 Quarter 1957), pp. 52-53.

THE

CHRISTIAN DISCIPLE.

No. 10. OCTOBER, 1815. Vol. III.

SKETCHES OF THE LIFE OF MRS. REBECCA THOREAU.

Mrs. Thoreau, late of Concord, Massachusetts, was the youngest child of Deacon William Kettelle, late of Charlestown. Her childhood was distinguished from that of other very amiable, docile and dutiful children only by a manifest preference of sobriety to mirth, and of things virtuous to vanity and needless play. She discovered nothing like ill humor and perverseness of disposition. A serious regard to things of a religious nature evidently grew with her growth; and in the same proportion increased a disinclination to all childish amusements that savored of levity and thoughtlessness. At the age of about fourteen, she was so fond of religious conversation and reading, as to seek retirement, when her companions were pursuing their amusements; and yet her manners were so engaging, that some of her companions preferred her society, on seasons of relaxation from stated employment, to that of others, enjoying themselves in customary pleasures.

As she advanced in youth, she gradually acquired an unusual share of influence in her family, not by vainly assuming it, but by the superior wisdom and propriety of her conduct. Nature was bountiful to her in mental endowments, and she obtained wisdom to use her powers in such a manner as to command both approbation and respect. When she was about eighteen years of age, her mind was more than ordinarily impressed by religious subjects. The particular occasion appeared to be this, *viz.* She could not perceive in herself that moral change, or regeneration, which she believed every person must experience in order to salvation. In this state of mind her concern and distress were extreme. She was conscious that religion had been her choice, practice, and delight; but she could see no change that answered her views of the new birth. She was desirous of making a public profession of christianity and of joining the church of Christ, but supposing herself unregenerate, she judged herself unfit both for communion with the church and for the happiness of heaven. Under these impressions her religious exercises were interesting, ardent and persevering. Her belief in the holy scriptures and in Jesus Christ, her repentance for sin, with abhorrence of it, and her resolutions to follow Christ seemed to be scriptural; but yet she could not be easily convinced that she had experienced such a reformation from sin to holiness, as was necessary to acceptance with God and final salvation.

The truth probably was, she had been early and imperceptibly led into the love and practice of religion, under the combined influence of a religious education, christian examples, and the divine spirit of truth and grace, and was renewed and sanctified before she was conscious of it. Hence she could

not perceive the deep depravity of human nature, as many do, nor the deceitfulness of a heart practically corrupted, which she did not possess, nor the power of sin, the influence of which she had never felt. She had no prevailing wicked dispositions to overcome, no vicious practices to renounce, no new exercises of piety to commence, nor acts of benevolence to render, to which she had not been accustomed. To her, wisdom's ways had already become pleasant and vicious practices odious. If any thing was wanting to render her a real christian, it was something in principle of action or motive to duty. We say not that even in this point there was an essential defect. We are inclined to think that the call of public duties and privileges, when her mind and years had become mature, arrested her attention with more than usual force—that she had early imbibed the opinion that none ought to approach the Lord's supper without clear evidence of regeneration—that she looked for *such* evidence as is professed and visible in the reformation of the habitual and long impenitent sinner—and not finding *this* in herself, hastily inferred that she was destitute of true religion, and in a state of condemnation. In the course of some few months her mind was enlightened on the doctrine of regeneration and the special ordinances of the gospel; a comfortable hope was inspired, tranquillity was restored, and she devoted herself to God with increased fervor and affection. Her mind being calm, and public duty more plain, she joined the congregational church in Charlestown, where she frequently passed weeks and months with her relatives, and never afterwards manifested any painful doubts of her good estate, nor any coldness in the cause of religion.

At the age of thirty two, she was married to Mr. John Thoreau of Boston, and took the maternal charge of eight young children, whom she cordially adopted and ever treated as her own. She had herself one child only, and that lived but a few hours. Mr. Thoreau lost his health, moved to Concord, and there finished his course like a christian, piously committing his children to the protection of their Father in heaven, and with great satisfaction, to the affectionate care of his afflicted wife.

The charge of so many young children, had been undertaken with much diffidence and with earnest prayer for wisdom and grace. Being left to bear alone the weight of obligations and cares, she had recourse, the most humble and persevering, to the throne of grace, and trusted in the promises of God. She obtained grace to be faithful, and was one of the best of mothers. Her children were wont to speak of her as without fault. The filial affection and duteous behavior of the children, rewarded her solicitous attention and greatly lightened her cares. So entire and perfectly satisfactory was reciprocal affection, between parent and children, that they never felt, nor heard suggested without pain, the idea of mother-in-law, and children-in-law.

Mrs. Thoreau continued, as usual, the practice of worship, with reading daily the holy scriptures, and adopted the reading of forms of prayer, either in person or by the older children. An example this, highly worthy of imitation. Though she was a woman of great diffidence, and had a very low opinion of herself, yet she never appeared to want courage in religious duty.

Mrs. Thoreau was left in easy circumstances, and she used her means of living in the most prudent, charitable and religious manner. All her powers were devoted to God and duty, without the least appearance of ostentation. She was active in the proper business of her station, and cheerful in social intercourse, but spent a large portion of her time in reading religious books, and in the exercises of devotion. This employment for years was often protracted to late hours at night, when she was free from the cares and interruptions of the world. In her diet she was rigidly temperate, and carefully refrained from unnecessary sleep. A friend suggested to her his fears, that she was drawing too hardly on her health and constitution. Her reply was, that she was in perfect health and found no inconvenience from her manner of life. The truth was, as she had expressed to some friends, that she felt her need of being diligent and earnest in her endeavors to make religious improvement, and to be more holy and useful. Her state of mind, her religious desires and exertions are, perhaps, best described by what St. Paul says of himself, "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect; but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which I also am apprehended of Christ Jesus. Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things that are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." No person without particular acquaintance with her could justly estimate the earnestness with which she sought heavenly-mindedness and to be more and more holy in heart and life. Her walk with God was close, constant, humble, and cheerful. Like her blessed Lord and Master, whom she followed with profound reverence and ardent affection, she acknowledged God in all she did, enjoyed, and suffered. In times of rejoicing her altar was warm with incense of praise; in times of doubt and trouble she asked of God wisdom to direct, consolation to support, and grace to help. In one point she was particular, *viz.* in declining to read controversial publications on religious subjects, lest her mind should be perplexed more than edified, and the acquisition of holiness, which was with her a primary object, should be impeded rather than promoted. Her religion induced her to instil, as far as possible, the principles of religion into the minds of her children, and to "train them up

in the way they should go."

Mrs. Thoreau excelled many christians in meekness, charity, and patient submission to the will of God. Meekness in her appeared to be the genuine fruit of the spirit of Christ, which she had largely imbibed, and not the effect of native diffidence, for her mind and passions were naturally susceptible, active and vigorous. She constantly exhibited a bright resemblance to Him who was most emphatically "meek and lowly in heart."

The various expressions of her charity proved it to be *that* without which we are nothing in religion. In alms-giving she was conscientious and liberal, and sought for proper objects with tenderness and delicacy. God had given her a benevolence and largeness of heart, that far exceeded her ability. Candor was an amiable and conspicuous trait in her character. She loved and respected all christians who exhibited the disposition and the example of Christ. Of several clergymen, whom she knew to differ in opinion on some points in theology, she repeatedly said, she could hear them preach with equal satisfaction. She appeared to delight in visiting the chamber of sickness and the house of mourning, as well as the cottage of poverty. She was remarkable for her sympathy both with people in prosperity and in adversity. At once she seemed to enter into the feelings of her friends, and always had something pertinent to offer, both to chasten the excess of joy, and to comfort the afflicted, and encourage the desponding.

But the virtue which shone the brightest in the constellation that adorned her was patient submission to the will of God, and especially in her last, long, and distressing sickness. This sickness was a kind of rheumatism, that deprived her of the use of her limbs, and for nearly three years rendered her entirely helpless. At first the disorder was not attended with acute pain; but distress increased till it became extreme, and nature was exhausted. Her mind, however, was not in the least impaired, but rather brightened and strengthened. To be suddenly reduced in the midst of life, from perfect health, social enjoyments, delightful progress in practical piety, active benevolence, and distinguished usefulness, to a state of debility, inaction, pain, and anguish, without the hope of recovery or speedy termination, was no ordinary trial. It was a furnace uncommonly heated. And this state she long endured with a patience and submission, a faith and hope, a calmness and fortitude, rarely to be met with—such as exhibit in a high degree and an impressive manner the power and consolations both of christianity and the spirit and grace of God. Not a word of complaint or repining was uttered by her; and whenever the subject of her trials was mentioned, she would bring to view the goodness and mercy of God to her, which, she said, far exceeded her sufferings and her powers of thankfulness.

Until the last year of her life she took an interest in the ordinary affairs of her family, asking information and giving directions. The reason she assigned for this attention was, it appeared to gratify her children and to keep a little out of their view her approaching dissolution, which they could not realize without extreme affliction. In tenderness to them she did not express her own despair of recovery for more than two years.

It is but justice to mention, that Mrs. Thoreau possessed a happy faculty of self-command. She was indeed very sensible to causes of joy and grief, to kindness and injury, yet she was always apparently composed and never, perhaps, "spake unadvisedly with her lips." The nearer she approached the solemn hour of dying, the stronger was her faith and the brighter were her future prospects. She pretended to no triumph of faith, but her hope was "as an anchor to her soul, both sure and stedfast," which diffused through her whole mind inexpressible peace and tranquillity, and to observing friends, seemed in a wonderful manner to bring heaven down to earth. Her hope was founded on the mercy of God through the mediation and atonement of Jesus Christ, and she was not only willing, but desirous to depart and to be with her Lord. On the last Sabbath in May, 1814, in the fifty first year of her age, she quietly fell asleep in full expectation of a glorious resurrection to life eternal. Thus lived and thus died one of the most excellent, beloved and lamented of women.

It is natural to remark, that christianity exemplified in the extremes of prosperity and adversity, seldom fails to arrest attention, to encourage the hearts and excite the admiration of the virtuous; and it often commands the approbation and respect of the vicious. Being exhibited in its own native simplicity and beauty, it must appear lovely, for its origin is heavenly and its fruit beneficent and useful. Christianity is frequently to be seen in a very engaging manner in persons placed in retired conditions of life, whose peculiar trials call for the exercise of every christian grace and virtue, and give them favorable opportunities to manifest the power of godliness and the supports and consolations of religion. Sketches of the lives of such christians may be encouraging and quickening to many readers who had no personal acquaintance with them. The charms of the portrait may animate to an imitation of the original. With hopes of such happy effects, we have offered some leading features in the character of Mrs. Thoreau, whose religion was uncommonly enlightened, pure and effectual. Let us imitate her heavenly life, that we may resemble her in a peaceful death.

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Editors Critic — Briefly to answer impromptu your request of ~~Oct.~~ Oct. 10 — to answer the question whether I think any American poet now living deserves a place among the thirteen "English inheritors of unassailed renown" (Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspere, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Burns, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley and Keats) — and which ~~&~~ American poets would be truly worthy, &c. Though to me the deep of the matter goes down, down beneath. I remember the London Times at the time, in opportune, profound and friendly articles on Bryant's and Longfellow's death, spoke of the embarrassment, perplexity and confusion on America (her poets and poetic students) coming in possession of a great estate they had never lifted a hand to form or earn"; — and the further contingency of the English language ever having annexed to it a lot of first-class Poetry that would be American, not European" — proving then something precious over all, and beyond value. But perhaps all that is venturing out of the question. Of the thirteen British immortals mentioned — after placing Shakspere on a sort of pre-eminence not to be invaded yet — the names of Bryant, Emerson, Whittier and Longfellow (with even added names, sometimes Southerners, sometimes Western or other writers of only one or two pieces) deserve in my opinion an equally high niche of renown as lying on the baker's dozen of that glorious list.

Walt Whitman

[From the University of Texas Rare Books Collection]

LONGFELLOW AND MELVILLE: THE SHIP AND THE WHALE

By ROBERT S. WARD

University of Miami

Although recent scholarship has made much of the effect upon Melville's work of his friendship

with Hawthorne and of the way Longfellow and his classmate Hawthorne gave each other encouragement, little has appeared to show any ties between Longfellow and Melville. It is, therefore, the purpose of this essay to bring together evidence bearing on this last subject and to draw such reasonable inferences therefrom as may seem justified. To begin with, there are some rather well-known entries in Longfellow's journal for 1846:

> Came home and Fanny read to us "Typee" —very curious and interesting.[1]

> "Typee" to close the day. The Nukahera dialect constantly reminds us of Charley's [his two-year-old son's] modes of speech.[2]

> In the evening we finished the first volume of "Typee"; a curious and interesting book with such glowing descriptions of Life in the Marquesas as to inspire a fancy for trying it.[3]

These journal entries were made during a brief summer visit to Longfellow's parents in Portland, Maine, during which the poet and his wife kept up their habit of devoting the evenings to reading, the beautiful Fanny providing eyes for both because of the serious eye trouble he was having. It is not surprising that Longfellow, who criticized Jane Austen for giving so much detail that too little was left for the reader's imagination, should enjoy the highly imaginative quality of Melville's work.[4] From the pleasure they had in reading Typee the Longfellows, expecting as much from Omoo, took it up the following summer while again vacationing in Portland; apparently they were not disappointed, for on July 21 Longfellow made this journal entry:

> Began Melville's Omoo, a series of sketches of wild adventures in the South Sea Islands...and in the evening continued Melville.

Up to that time there is no evidence that Longfellow had ever met Melville, but in the summer of 1848 an episode occurred that seems to have escaped the attention even of scholars. Somehow none of them has been willing to give full credit to the following statement of J. E. A. Smith in his The Poet Among the Hills:

> In 1848, shortly after his marriage, and the brilliant success of his first books, "Omoo" and "Typee," he [Melville] passed the summer in the same old broad-halled mansion, which was then a boarding house, where, among other agreeable fellow-boarders, he found the poet Longfellow with his wife and children.[5]

Nevertheless, it appears that Smith was right, for reference to the manuscript of Longfellow's journal supports the statement. Apparently those investigators who looked into the matter were misled by Samuel Longfellow, who edited his brother's journal so as to conceal the incident, for a typical comment is Leon Howard's:

> Although a later report is certainly false in saying that he spent the summer at Pittsfield, where the poet Longfellow and his family were boarding with Robert Melville, he may possibly have taken the August vacation he promised Elizabeth by running up to the Berkshires....[6]

Samuel Longfellow did, however, let his readers known that the Longfellows spent the summer of 1848 in the Berkshires and at the Melville farm:

> [The summer vacation of this year was spent at Pittsfield, in Berkshire.]
>
> [July] 17th. We reached Pittsfield at four, and drove over to the Melville farm at once. A fine old house, with broad echoing hall; built by a Dutchman, Henry Van Schaick of Kinderhook, some seventy or eighty years ago. There is a quaint portico in front, and elms and sycamores; and in the rear a kind of stoop, or verandah, with blinds, for smoking.[7]

Fanny Longfellow's sister Mary had arrived from St. Kitt's in the British West Indies, where her husband, Robert Mackintosh, was governor. The sisters planned to pass the summer together, and part of it in Pittsfield where their father, Nathan Appleton, was avoiding the heat of Boston. In a letter written June 27, 1848, to her brother, Thomas Gold Appleton, Mrs. Longfellow described their arrangements:

> Father has kindly engaged for us at P. the Melville house on the Lenox road, which takes boarders, & we hope to pass the vacation there comfortably.[8]

On the twentieth, Fanny Longfellow wrote to Henry's brother Sam:

> We have a grand old mansion here, in the style of ours, with immense halls, a porch in front & a stoop with blinds behind, built by a wealthy Dutchman of Kinderhook. It is very spacious and comfortable, and very well kept by Typee's cousin, an intelligent farmer.[9]

So much is well known to Melville scholars,

but what seems to have escaped their notice is the following passage from Longfellow's manuscript journal, which Samuel Longfellow omitted from the Life:

> Wednesday. 16. [August] Sultry and insufferable. Wrote letters in the morning. In the afternoon lay under the trees. Then drove to Pittsfield to take Mary; who disgusted at Melville's taking in some additional boarders, contrary to agreement determines to go away, but returns not find[ing] "Aunt Dorothea" ready for her. We must make the best of it. The poor little pale woman who came with her robust husband is ill, and cannot bear the heat of the hotel. And now we must forego Fanny Butler's visit and all privacy; luckily it is for a day or two only.[10]

Doubtless, Mary Mackintosh had provocation for her ill-tempered outburst; the old house, big as it was, had enough people in it, for she had her three children, as well as their governess, and the Longfellows with their three children made ten in all; yet doubtless it was the need to cancel Fanny Butler's visit that provoked her most, for Fanny Kemble Butler was an old friend of the Appleton sisters, and not the least of the summer's pleasures had been the renewal of their intimacy. On the third day of their Berkshire holiday the Longfellow party had gone to

> ...tea at Mrs. Charles Sedgwick's. There we found Catherine Sedgwick and Mrs. Fanny Butler. What a perpetual contrast between these two women! The one so mild, so subdued, so self-possessed; the other so wild, so untameable so gipsy-like![11]

On the next day Mrs. Butler returned the visit, stopping off after dinner while on a trip to Pittsfield [in a wagon].[12]

Just one week later Longfellow drove his wife and her sister "to Lenox, to see Fanny Butler and Miss Sedgwick.[13] Again, on the first of August, they

> ...drove to Lenox to pass an afternoon with the Sedgwicks.... Mrs. Butler in full force. After tea she sang a German song, and a Scotch and we had some pleasant chat.[14]

Another such visit took place on the evening of the eighth of August, this time at Sam Ward's, where

> Mrs. Butler sang a ballad, Mrs. W. talked sentiment, and her brother said everything seemed to be Sedgwick in this region; the very grasshoppers in the fields chirped "Sedgwick! Sedgwick!"[15]

The next day's journal entry reads: "Fanny Butler called." And on the fifteenth she called again; this time the Sedgwicks were with her, and it is likely that then it was when she accepted the invitation to visit which had later to be "foregone." No wonder then that Mary Mackintosh was disappointed, even though her behavior seems somewhat uncharitable toward "the poor little pale woman." In any event her unpleasantness would be sufficient reason for all concerned to avoid mentioning the fact, if fact it was, that Longfellow and Melville boarded together at Melville Hall. There is, of course, no certainty that the "additional boarders" were Herman and Elizabeth Melville, but Jay Leyda is authority for the fact that the Melvilles vacationed at Broadhall that summer:

> ...in the spring of 1850 Lizzie Melville, Herman's wife, looked around for a country escape from the city fevers for her year old Malcolm.... Two years before, he [Herman] and Lizzie had spent their first married vacation on a Pittsfield farm that, at the age of Fourteen, he had helped harvest when his beloved Uncle Thomas Melvil (it was so spelled by his branch) was short handed.[16]

If Leyda is accurate, then it is certain that the Longfellows and the Melvilles lived in the same house for five days until the poet took his family back to Cambridge and wrote in his journal:

> 21st Left Pittsfield for Cambridge. Farewell to Melville Hall, the Lake, the piny mountain, the breezy orchard! Farewell Fayaway, and the playful Major![17]

Major was Robert Melville's dog, with whom the Longfellow and Mackintosh children delighted to play; whether "Fayaway" was Lizzie Melville or (as H. W. L. Dana has suggested without documentation) another dog, it seems strange that the farewell to "Fayaway" did not set Melville scholars to searching in the manuscript journal.[18]

Such an episode is interesting from the standpoint of biography, but may also have literary significance; for Longfellow was working on a novel at the time, and the hero—Kavanagh—after marrying Cecilia,

> ...departed on their journey to Italy and the East,—a sacred mission, a visit

> like the Apostle's to the Seven Churches, nay to all the Churches of Christendom; he hoping by some means to sow in many devout hearts the desire and prophecy that filled his own....[19]

Whether or not it was Longfellow's Kavanagh that first suggested to Melville his own pilgrimage to the Holy Land, to which we owe Clarel, R. S. Forsythe, in his introduction to Pierre, pointed out that Kavanagh, like Plinlimmon,

> Has a study in a church tower, whence alone and aloof he views the scene below him, and where he is secure from molestation.[20]

Another of Forsythe's suggestions is that Plinlimmon is a remote cousin of "the philosophical professor whom Longfellow introduces at Heidelberg in his Hyperion...."[21] Moreover, he finds:

> ...the description of the mood wherein Pierre has his vision of the Titans has its original in Sartor (and, interestingly enough, a parallel in Longfellow's Hyperion.... But one must not forget that Longfellow wanders, in his Hyperion, into polyphonic prose.[22]

One might add that the hero of Hyperion, like Pierre, walked on high; that is, he was actuated by the highest of moral motives. Like Pierre, Paul Flemming had to suffer and be strong.

Melville may, or may not, have been influenced by reading Longfellow's romances; certainly their circulation was wide enough so that one need not postulate the episode at Pittsfield to account for Melville's reading them, but certainly he would have read Kavanagh with more interest knowing that it had been written in part under the same roof that had sheltered him and his bride. These parallels seem somewhat tenuous, but there is nothing tenuous about the similarity between Longfellow's lines in "The Building of the Ship":

> Like unto ships far off at sea,
> Outward or homeward bound are we.[23]

and the epilogue to White Jacket:

> As a man-of-war that sails through the sea, so this earth that sails through the air, we mortals are all on board a fast-sailing, never-sinking world-frigate, of which God was the shipwright; ...yet, shipmates and world-mates! let us never forget, that,
>
> Whoever afflict us, whatever surround,
> Life is a voyage homeward bound.[24]

Both the poem and the novel were written during the spring and summer of 1849, but the poem went to press first, and Melville could possibly have seen "The Building of the Ship" in the British edition of the Seaside and the Fireside, published by J. Walker of Liverpool in December of that year. It is, therefore, possible that Melville did see "The Ship" before correcting the last proofs of White Jacket.[25]

Whatever the facts may have been about White Jacket, Melville most certainly had seen "The Ship" before Moby-Dick went to press, and in "The Whale" are much more obvious echoes of Longfellow's poem. To begin with, there is Father Mapple, of whom Melville wrote:

> He had been a sailor and a harpooner in his youth, but for many years had dedicated his life to the ministry.[26]

As he wrote these lines the author certainly knew that there was in Boston one Edward Taylor, missionary to the Seamen's Bethel, commonly called "Father Taylor," who in his sermons made free use of nautical terms; and he must also have known that, in "The Ship," Longfellow had written of:[27]

> The worthy pastor—
> The Shepherd of that wandering flock,
> That has the vessel for its fold,
> . . .
> He knew the chart
> Of the sailor's heart,
> All its pleasures and its griefs,
> All its shallows and rocky reefs,
> All those secret currents that flow
> With such resistless undertow,
> And lift and drift, with terrible force,
> The will from its moorings and its course.

It is also apparent that Melville had Longfellow's rhythms running through his subconscious ear as he wrote, "...beat on, beat on, thou noble ship..." as part of Ishmael's feeling as he watched Father Mapple climb into his ship's prow pulpit.[28] As we read it we are forced to recall Longfellow's "...sail on, O Ship of State! Sail on, O Union, strong and great!"[29] This impression deepens as we read:

> Nor was the pulpit itself without trace of the same sea-taste that had achieved the ladder and the picture. Its panelled front was in the likeness of a ship's bluff brows, and the Holy Bible rested on a projecting piece of scroll work, fashioned after a ship's fiddle-headed beak.
>
> What could be more full of meaning? —for the pulpit is ever this earth's

> foremost part; all the rest comes in its rear; the pulpit leads the world. From thence it is the storm of God's quick wrath is first descried, and the bow must bear the earliest brunt. From thence it is the God of breezes fair or foul is first invoked for favorable winds. Yes, the world's a ship on its passage out, and not a voyage complete; and the pulpit is its prow.[30]

This last reminds us of the epilogue to White Jacket. This time, however, the voyage is outward, not homeward bound. It reminds us of Longfellow's lines:

> And at the bow an image stood,
> By a cunning artist carved in wood,
> With robes of white, that far behind
> Seemed to be fluttering in the wind.
> It was not shaped in the classic mold
> Not like a nymph or Goddess of old,
> Or Naiad rising from the water,
> But modelled from the Master's daughter!
> On many a dreary and misty night,
> It will be seen by the rays of the signal light,
> Like a ghost in its snow-white sark,
> The pilot of some phantom bark,
> Guiding the vessel in its flight,
> By a path none other knows aright![31]

Like Melville, Longfellow here expresses his faith that the voyage of life follows a charted course; in "The Whale" the pulpit shows the way; in "The Ship" the Master's daughter, symbol of beauty and purity.

Likewise significant is the sermon of "The Ship:"

> Before, behind, and all around,
> Floats and swings the horizon's bound,
> Seems at its distant rim to rise
> And climb the crystal wall of the skies,
> And then again to turn and sink,
> As if we could slide from its outer brink.
> Ah! it is not the sea,
> It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,
> But ourselves that rock and rise
> With endless and uneasy motion,
> Now touching the very skies,
> Now sinking into depths of ocean.
> Ah! if our souls but poise and swing
> Like the compass in its brazen ring,
> Ever level and ever true
> To the toil and the task we have to do,
> We shall sail securely, and safely reach
> The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach
> The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,
> Will be those of joy and not of fear![32]

The same basic image appears in Father Mapple's discourse:

> Screwed at its axis against the side, a swinging lamp slightly oscillates in Jonah's room; and the ship, heeling over towards the wharf with the weight of the last bales received; the lamp, flame and all, though in slight motion, still maintains a permanent obliquity with reference to the room; though in truth, infallibly straight itself, it but made obvious the false, lying levels among which it hung. The lamp alarms and frightens Jonah; as lying in his berth his tormented eyes roll around the place, and this thus far successful fugitive finds no refuge for his restless glance. But that contradiction in the lamp more and more appals him. The floor, the ceiling, and side are all awry. "Oh! so my conscience hangs in me!" he groans, "straight upward so it burns; but the chambers of my soul are all in crookedness.[33]

George Arms, in an article about that chapter of Moby-Dick entitled "The Blacksmith," has pointed out:

> For the reader of the 1850's this title alone could have raised up the image of another man of like vocation. After it had been published in 1840, Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith" became the universally accepted fable of the model working-man. If the title of Melville's Chapter does not today make us aware that Melville is writing a new version, a major allusion in the first paragraph should jog our memory!

[Melville:] "he toiled away, as if toil were life itself."
[Longfellow:] "Thus at the flaming forge of life / Our fortunes must be wrought."

Other allusions follow:

[Melville:] "every Sunday [he] went to a cheerful-looking church...."
[Longfellow:] "He goes on Sunday to the Church."[34]

There is also the fact that both "The Ship" and the "Pequod" are built of American wood, and finally the conclusion of The Whale reads:

> ...the flag of Ahab...would not sink to hell till she had dragged a living part of heaven along with her, and helmeted herself with it.[35]

Compare "The Ship:"

> And in the wreck of noble lives
> Something immortal still survives![36]

Taken all together these parallels suggest

that Longfellow's poem played a part in suggesting symbolic meanings that found embodiment in Moby-Dick.

Much more significant than all this is the fact that two major American writers, at almost the same time, took ships to symbolize their views of life, and not fanciful or ancient ships with an aura of the romantic, but contemporaneous ships, commercial ships, as prosaic then as Masefield's "dirty British freighter" is now. Longfellow took the clipper ship

> Built for freight and built for speed,
> A beautiful and gallant craft....[37]

and Melville the whaling ship, in his day as commonplace as oil tankers are today. Both men were concerned with wringing beauty out of the ordinary aspects of democratic living. No wonder that, having launched "The Ship," Longfellow should welcome "The Whale":

> Dined at 39 and out to read all the evening in Melville's new book: "Moby Dick or The Whale." Very wild, strange and interesting.[38]

Nearly ten years after Kavanagh had appeared Melville passed through Liverpool on his way to the Holy Land, as Hawthorne put it, unable to

> ...rest until he gets hold of a definite belief. It is strange how he persists—and has persisted ever since I knew him, and probably long before—in wandering to-and-fro over these deserts....[39]

In all probability Melville had completely forgotten that Longfellow's Kavanagh had undertaken just such a journey in search of new light to unite the warring religious sects. But if he did remember it, then he would have remembered it over a decade later when he wrote Clarel, and there are some significant analogies to be drawn between Clarel and "The Ship." Both are philosophical poems in which their authors seek to express the values of human living. In a way Longfellow expressed those values which Melville doubted; to see this it is necessary to examine "The Ship" a little closely:

> Build me straight, O worthy Master!
> Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,
> That shall laugh at all disaster,
> And with wave and whirlwind wrestle![40]

Thus exhorted by the merchant, Longfellow's master builder begins to think about a model for the new ship and in the process recalls great ships of the past, particularly "The Great Harry," Henry VIII's flagship:

> With bows and stern raised high in air,
> And balconies hanging here and there,
> And signal lanterns and flags afloat,
> And eight round towers, like those that frown
> From some old castle, looking down
> Upon the drawbridge and the moat.[41]

It is apparent that the medievalism permeating British society, with its stratified levels, is hereby symbolized. The symbol of American society was to be

> ...of another form, indeed...
> Built for freight, and yet for speed,
> A beautiful and gallant craft....[42]

In the clipper Longfellow symbolizes the inherent beauty of all things that are perfectly functional, commonplace though they may be:

> Broad in the beam, that the stress of the blast,
> Pressing down upon sail and mast,
> Might not the sharp bows overwhelm;
> Broad in the beam, but sloping aft
> With graceful curve and slow degrees,
> That she might be docile to the helm,
> And that the currents of the parted seas,
> Closing behind with mighty force,
> Might aid and not impede her course.[43]

Melville, in Moby-Dick, also gave beauty to an industry which many considered prosaic.

In Moby-Dick, Benito Cerino, Billy Budd and, in fact, in all his work, Melville shows great concern over the apparent opposition of the head and the heart. To him the "head meant intelligent self interest, the iron law of wages, and the other grim doctrines of the Manchester School by which the industrial revolution sought to justify itself philosophically. The "heart" on the other hand stood for the older tradition which identified virtue with altruistic devotion to the welfare of the group. Were the old values such than no one with "more than ordinary quickness and accuracy of intellectual perception" could adhere to them?[44] Melville posed the question implicitly in Moby-Dick and explicitly in Benito Cerino. Hawthorne had given his unequivocal answer to the claims of the Utilitarians in Ethan Brand—an everlasting Nay! Longfellow adds his voice with equal certainty in "The Ship":

> It is the heart and not the brain,
> That to the highest doth attain.[45]
>
> For gentleness and love and trust
> Prevail o'er angry wave and gust....[46]

Only with some such belief could one face up to the really great question of the mid-century, the fate of America's great democratic experiment. George Ticknor viewed it without

much hope; some of his British friends were skeptical. The situation, Longfellow knew, was a desperate one, but there was nothing ambiguous about it: the Union must follow the course set by her figurehead, the course of the Higher Law, and if "The Ship" went down, humanity would go down with her.

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1 MS. in the Houghton Library, Harvard University, dated July 25. 2 July 27 (Houghton MS.). 3 July 29 (Houghton). 4 May 23, 1839 (Houghton). 5 Quoted in Jay Leyda, The Melville Log, N.Y., [1951], I, 280.
6 Herman Melville, Berkeley & Los Angeles, [1951], 127.
7 Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Boston & N.Y., [1886], II, 124. Referred to hereafter as Life. 8 MS. (Longfellow House).
9 MS. (Longfellow House).
10 MS. (Houghton). 11 July 19, 1848. (Houghton). 12 July 20, 1848 (Houghton).
13 July 27, 1848 (Houghton). 14 Ibid.
15 Ibid.
16 "White Elephant vs. White Whale," Town and Country, Aug., 1947, p. 68.
17 MS. (Houghton). 18 Life, II, 129.
19 The Works of Henry W. Longfellow, Boston & N.Y., [1886], VIII, 405. Referred to hereafter as Works. 20 New York, 1930, XXVI.
21 Ibid., XXVI. 22 Ibid., XXXVII.
23 Works, I, 255. 24 London, 1850, II, 315.
25 If one is not to adopt an obvious possibility (coincidence) to explain this parallel, the question arises whether either author saw the other's lines before writing his own, a question of considerable complexity, although most of the facts are ascertainable. The manuscript of "the Building of the Ship" has at its beginning the date, May 23, 1849, and Longfellow's journal for June of the same year reads: "Monday. 18.... Sat and wrote 'The Building of the Ship.'" The work thus begun was interrupted when a letter arrived from Portland on the second of July with the news that his father, long an invalid, was dying. Plans for a vacation in Newport were hastily abandoned and his family settled in a Portland hotel to wait the inevitable. Stephen Longfellow lingered on until the third of August so that it was the twenty-fifth before the poet could bring his family back to Cambridge. The manuscript of "The Ship" bears the date, Sept. 5, 1849, in the middle; and there is a journal entry: "Thursday. 20. 'The Building of the Ship' goes on. It will be rather long. Will it be good?" Then on Saturday the twenty-second: "Finished this morning 'The Building of the Ship.'" On the following Monday morning, Longfellow read the completed poem to Fields and Whipple. Except for a revision of the ending—dated Nov. 11, 1849, in the manuscript—there is no further evidence of work on "The Ship."

Melville began acquiring background materials for White Jacket during June, 1849, had begun Chapter LXXXV by July 23, and sometime in August completed the manuscript. (Jay Leyda, The Melville Log, 307, 309, 311.) Both manuscripts, therefore, were completed before either went into print, and the only possibility of influence lies in an alteration after seeing the other in print. It is just possible, though highly improbable, that Melville saw Walker's Liverpool edition of The Seaside and the Fireside containing "The Building of the Ship" before he left the proofs of White Jacket with Bentley and sailed for New York late in December, 1849.
26 Ed. Willard Thorp, N.Y., 1947, p. 36.
27 Works, I, 254-255. 28 Moby Dick, 38.
29 Works, I, 257. 30 Moby Dick, 38.
31 Works, I, 251-252. 32 Ibid., 255-256.
33 Moby Dick, 42, 43
34 George Arms, "'Moby-Dick' and 'The Village Blacksmith,'" Notes & Queries, CLXXXXII, p. 187 (May 3, 1947). 35 Moby Dick, 531.
36 Works, I, 257. 37 Ibid., 246.
38 MS. dated Sat., Nov. 15, 1851 [Journal in Houghton Library].
39 The English Notebooks, ed. Randall Stewart, N.Y., p. 432. 40 Works, I, 245.
41 Ibid.,I, 248. 42 Ibid. 43 Ibid.
44 The Works of Herman Melville, London, 1923, IX, p. 67. 45 Works, I, 249.
46 Works, I, 257.

[MSS. quoted with permission.]

ANCIENT EPICS AS PROOFS OF GENIUS

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL*

An aged blind man wanders about from city to city, and from house to house, begging bread; in return for the hospitality of the charitable, he has nothing to offer but his own rude and artless minstrelsy. In the humble wanderer there was nothing to invite a particular attention. But see him now, as the strains of untutored minstrelsy pour from his lips, and his whole appearance is changed. A moment ago you felt pity for the mendicant, now, you are filled with an admiration, not unmixed with awe, for the poet.

His form forgets its years, and seems, like Virgil's Sybil, to have swelled to a more majestic stature. That face, which before expressed nought but the humble thank-

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* Edited by Kenneth Walter Cameron from MS. HUC 6837.9 in the Archives, Harvard University Library, with the permission of Dr. Clifford Shipton, Curator and Custodian. This is an Exhibition Part performed by Lowell on October 17, 1837.

fulness of the beggar, beams with the full dignity of inspiration; and that eye which, but now, was cold and dead in the night of blindness, flashes, as if, like Prometheus, it had called down fire from heaven.

At length the old man is missed from his accustomed round; He had long enough endured the neglect of a cold and selfish world, and had gone where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."[1]

The beggar died, but the poet lives. Perhaps this anticipation illuminated his careworn features as they stiffened beneath the freezing touch of death. Yes, the poet lived. Every line from his inspired lips was garnered in mens' [sic] memories; and cities, which had barely saved the beggar from starvation, disputed for the honor of having given birth to the poet.

Such was the fate of Homer; such is too often the fate of Genius. There needs no farther proof of his genius than the fact that his poems have, in so remarkable a manner, "conquered time and fate."[2] Why did not his Iliad and Odyssey sink into the same nameless, and impenetrable oblivion which has swallowed up the poems of all who preceded him? For that there were poems before his day cannot be doubted, since it is absurd to suppose that a perfect epic should be the first production of the muse of any country.

The best proof of Genius is, to Create, and this is peculiarly the attribute of Homer. Living at a period when there could have been scarcely any models at all, and no perfect ones, he formed himself. Those who went before him had, perhaps, chiselled out the statue, but it was left for him to breathe into it the breath of life.

The offspring of a savage age, his poetry is refined. Under his magic touch, the barbarous mythology of his countrymen, springs, like Minerva from the head of Jove, into the full maturity of romance and beauty. Homer could not die, he inspired the immortal vitality of Genius.

In many cases, it has been with poets, as with wine, age alone has been considered a sufficient guarantee of merit. Such are more talked about than read, and serve rather for a display of pedantic affectation, than for any real gratification or advantage. After having been dragged into notoriety by the labors of some enthusiastic antiquary, they are generally allowed to slumber quietly in their allotted shelves. But such is not the case with Homer. He has been read and admired in all ages & countries that have made any pretensions to refinement. Even now, in spite of the abundance of poetry & rhyme, he is still cherished.

Most poets who have sprung, like wild flowers, from the body of the people, have been indebted mostly to nature for their power of charming, as is the case with Burns & many others. But in Homer there is abundance of Art. He seems to have gone entirely beyond his age, and to have created a world of his own.

Any one may read him without fear of meeting aught that can offend the ear of delicacy or taste. Yet in a later, & far more refined age, how often do we find the pages of the polished Virgil, and the witty, and no less polished Horace, deformed by instances of coarseness & obscenity.

The poetry of the ancients is deficient, perhaps, in the ease of modern versification, and often wants the modern polish. But for the sublime— look at the sacred poets, there is nothing in modern times that approaches them. Milton, it is true, went far, very far, but even he never could have conceived that "still, small voice"[3] which so magnificently expresses the immediate presence of Omnipotence.

In fine, the ancient epics need no defence: they speak for themselves. They may be attacked indeed, but they will bear up against it. They stand like some huge mountain, around whose peak the storm may gather and the lightnings play, but the storm melts away, and there still stands the mountain smiling serenely in the sunshine which is always sure to follow.

Jas Russell Lowell. Oct 10. 1837.

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1 [See the last line of Tennyson's The May Queen, which is a modification of Job 3:21.]
2 [Not located.]

3 [See I Kings 19:12.]

HENRY THOREAU'S "NIGHT AND MOONLIGHT"

By VICTOR ANGELESCU

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"Night and Moonlight," which is usually viewed only as a characteristic example of Thoreau's nature writing, has received little attention from critics, who have concentrated on other aspects of Thoreau's genius. That one will find in it sentences and phrases of surpassing beauty is indeed true, but to in-

terpret the essay merely as an example of effective nature writing fails to take into account its symbolic meaning. My purpose in this study is to suggest that "Night and Moonlight" deserves wider popularity among students of Thoreau, and also to review what is presently known of the history of the essay.

The reader of Walden is immediately aware of the frequent use of the morning image and the extent to which Thoreau uses the contrast between night and morning.[1] But there is a gradual shift of emphasis in Thoreau's thought as it is reflected in his Journal entries beginning in the 1850's. Previously the dawn had always reminded him of morning, with its vigor and purity, but now more and more he seems to associate dawn with night. When he walked abroad at night he seemed to be "nearer to the origin of things" (VIII, 237).[2] Once he saw the moonlight shining on Fair Haven Pond and exclaimed: "this is my world now.... This light and this hour take the civilization out of the landscape" (VIII, 464). Several times Thoreau speaks of moonlight as the "best restorer of antiquity" (VII, 281). When the moonlight shines it seems as if "the life of men is like a dream. It is three thousand years since night had possession" (VIII, 482).

For Thoreau, night is infused with a mystical quality. He writes of the night as being "oracular" (IX, 82), and that "the intimations of the night are divine" (VIII, 286). Usually the moonlight is "silent, spiritual, contemplative" (VIII, 284), and at night man "is more spiritual, less animal or vegetable" (IX, 340). But what particularly impresses Thoreau is that "moonlight is peculiarly favorable to reflection" (IX, 7). He makes a sharp contrast between moonlight and sunlight on this point. The sun with its bright light had earlier been a symbol of the oversoul for Thoreau.[3] Now, however, he deprecates the sun when he compares it to the moon. "None of your sunshine!" he writes in "Night and Moonlight" (V, 324); but even here Thoreau gives a clue that he is using the words sunshine and moonshine not merely as descriptive terms, but with a deeper symbolic meaning. He says of sunshine that "this word commonly means merely something which they [i.e., men] do not understand,—which they are abed and asleep to, however much it may be worth their while to be up and awake to it" (V, 324-325).

Thoreau also distinguishes night from day in other ways. Day is trivial and profaned. Night, however, is more novel and "less prophaned than the day" (VIII, 306). The reason for the profanation of the day is not difficult to discern. The world's business affairs are conducted during the day, and "there is no glory so bright but the veil of business can hide it effectually" (VIII, 328). Morning is "unfallen day;" it is joyous and youthful, but "its blush is soon gone" (VIII, 503). Thoreau's depiction of night and day in such moral terms is relevant to a proper understanding of "Night and Moonlight." That he attaches moral significance to night and day is not surprising, for in the "Higher Laws" chapter of Walden he had written that "our whole life is startlingly moral. There is never an instant's truce between virtue and vice" (II, 241). It is in "Higher Laws" that he also said that "Chastity is the flowering of man, and what are called Genius, Heroism, Holiness, and the like, are but various fruits which succeed it" (II, 243). It is never quite clear what Thoreau means by chastity. First, he appears to refer to the form of chastity, and then in the very next paragraph he emphasizes the spirit of chastity: "All sensuality is one, though it takes many forms; all purity is one" (II, 243). It is in the latter sense that day is more sensual and profane than night, and it is also in this sense that Thoreau frequently refers to evening as "chaste eve" (VIII, 435). Eve is the prelude to the less sensual night, the period when man can recover his sanity from the assaults of day.

Viewed in the context of these Journal references, it is not likely that Thoreau's concern with moonlight was merely an interest in one aspect of nature. Leo Stoller points out that "Thoreau's moonlight world...satisfied the prerequisites for that highest life of the senses which was involved when he asked if we could not see God. For a concentrated moment it allowed him to feel free of the debasing effect of the economy, seemed to place him, alone, in immediate contact with a primitive and undefiled nature, and so appeared to grant his higher instincts unobstructed access to the spiritual order which he believed to be enclosed within inert and living matter."[4] In this period of Thoreau's life, night has achieved symbolic significance, and the realization of this fact must necessarily increase the importance of "Night and Moonlight" in the canon of Thoreau's work.

"Night and Moonlight" was first published in November, 1863, (Atlantic Monthly), eighteen months after Thoreau's death. Yet the essay had been presented as a lecture as early as October 8, 1854. The latter part of that year is an interesting period for Thoreau scholars. After Walden had been published on August 9, Thoreau continued to journalize, to take daily walks about Concord, and to spend much time in the moonlight, as he had between 1851 and 1854. For instance, on September 7, 1854, Thoreau and his companion Channing "paddled to Baker Farm just after sundown, by full moon" (XIII,19). They tramped

through the woods, and after listening to every sound from the meadows and the village, Thoreau concluded that "night is the time to hear" (XIII, 21). This particular night was remarkably clear, and after watching the lights in the sky, Thoreau recorded Channing's observation that the view "surpassed any scene the earth could show" (XIII, 22). This latter phrase would eventually be used in "Night and Moonlight."

In addition to his other activities during this period, Thoreau was concerned about the coming lecture season, and he was evidently engaged in preparing lectures for future use. This is indicated by a passage in his Journal entry for August 29, 1854, where he asks: "Have you commenced to thresh your grain? The lecturer must commence his threshing as early as August, that his fine flour may be ready for his winter customers" (XII, 486). The complete passage gives one the feeling that Thoreau is eager for the lecture season to arrive, and the reason for this eagerness may, perhaps, be found in the reception given his lecture on July 4, 1854. Thoreau had spoken on the topic "Slavery in Massachusetts" (IV, 388-408) at an anti-slavery meeting in Framingham, and reports indicate that his listeners were pleased with what they heard.[5] Whatever the reason for his enthusiasm, the coming lecture season would prove to be the most fruitful and busiest of Thoreau's career—with the possible exception of that of 1859. Soon he received a letter (dated September 17, 1854) from his friend Marston Watson, who inquired whether Thoreau would come to Plymouth some Sunday to lecture.[6] During Thoreau's correspondence with Watson no mention was made of a possible subject, but there is evidence in the Journal entry for September 28, 1854, less than two weeks before the lecture date, that Thoreau had in mind the topic of moonlight. He complains that "he whose theme is moonlight will find it difficult to illustrate it with the light of the moon alone" (XIII, 59). This passage would be used later in the published version of "Night and Moonlight" (cf. V, 328), and also in some of the earlier manuscript versions now in the Berg collection of the New York Public Library.

When Thoreau finally left for "Hillside," Watson's estate in Plymouth, on Saturday, October 7, it was to be another week before he returned to his home in Concord. For the events that transpired before and after his lecture on Sunday evening we are indebted to the comments in Bronson Alcott's Journal.[7] Alcott, who was visiting Watson at this time, writes that Thoreau arrived at "Hillside" in time for supper, and that he and Thoreau shared the same bedroom that night. Sunday was spent relaxing, and in the evening Thoreau delivered the lecture about which Alcott makes the following brief comment: "Evening—Thoreau reads an admirable paper on 'Moonlight' to a small circle at Leyden Hall." This appears to be all that is presently known about the circumstances surrounding it. For the next three days, with Alcott's help, he surveyed "Hillside" for Marston Watson, and he returned to Concord on October 15. On November 20 or 21, he lectured in Philadelphia; on December 6, in Providence; on December 26, in New Bedford; on December 28, in Nantucket; on January 4, in Worcester; and on February 14, at the Concord Lyceum.[8] At none of these lectures did he repeat his talk on "Moonlight." Indeed, there is nothing to indicate that this particular essay was ever given again—though we cannot yet be certain. Several of Thoreau's later lectures have not yet been identified.

Although Thoreau may not have given "Moonlight" again as a lecture, evidence in the Berk Collection shows that he later worked on the notes, attempting to form a finished essay. Part of this evidence is related to Thoreau's interest in John Brown, whose cause he championed. Brown was executed at Charlestown, Virginia [now West Virginia], on the morning of Dec. 2, 1859. A memorial service was held that afternoon in the Town Hall at Concord where Thoreau delivered a short address, the published version of which has been entitled "After the Death of John Brown" (IV, 451-454). Programs had been printed for the memorial service, and Thoreau used the back of one of them to jot notes pertaining to "the saying common among sailors 'The Moon is eating up the clouds.'"[9] Thoreau inserted this phrase above the line in one of the Berg manuscripts, and the change was subsequently incorporated into the published version of "Night and Moonlight" (V, 330). Although this proves that Thoreau made some revisions in this manuscript after December 2, 1859, it does not prove, of course, when the manuscript itself may have been written. A persistent tradition maintains that Thoreau prepared "Night and Moonlight" for publication shortly before his death, and some writers who mention the essay suggest this possibility.[10] An examination of all the known correspondence of Thoreau's last few months of life, however, gives no hint that he might have been working on the essay. But we do know from his correspondence that Thoreau, with his sister's help, revised and put into essay form at this time such other lectures as "Autumnal Tints," "Life Without Principle," "Walking," and "Wild Apples."[11]

Another theory about the composition of the essay has been suggested by Francis H. Allen who, in the preface to the Moon, states that Thoreau's "Night and Moonlight" was "probably sent to the Atlantic by his sister, Sophia Thoreau, who compiled the Excursions, but may have been edited by his friend, Wil-

liam Ellery Channing (the younger)."[12] Added credence is lent to Allen's view when we learn that Channing had spent much time during this period in seeing Thoreau's posthumous works through the press.[13] Although there is yet no conclusive evidence as to whether Sophia Thoreau, W. E. Channing, or Henry Thoreau himself prepared the published version of "Night and Moonlight," there can be no doubt that the essay is Thoreau's. It is written in his words, his thoughts are expressed, and the essay bears the impress of his inimitable literary style.

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1 See John G. Broderick, "Imagery in Walden," Univ. of Texas Studies in English, XXXIII (1954), pp. 80-89.

2 The Writings of Henry David Thoreau, (20 vols.) Boston & N.Y., 1906. The Journal is printed as Vols. VII-XX, and this numbering system is used in all my references to it. "Night and Moonlight" is printed in Vol. V of the Writings, pp. 323-333.

3 Leo Stoller, After Walden, Stanford, 1957, p. 64.

4 Ibid., p. 65.

5 Walter Harding, "A Check List of Thoreau's Lectures," Bulletin of the New York Public Library, LII (1948), pp. 78-87.

6 Walter Harding and Carl Bode, eds., The Correspondence of Henry David Thoreau, N.Y., 1958, p. 337ff.

7 Portions of Bronson Alcott's Journal which pertain to the events leading up to Thoreau's lecture have been printed by F. B. Sanborn and William T. Harris, A. Bronson Alcott: His Life and Philosophy, (2 vols.), Boston, 1893, II, 478-485.

8 Walter Harding, "A Check List of Thoreau's Lectures," loc. cit., p. 84.

9 This material from the Berg Collection is quoted with the permission of the New York Public Library.

10 Correspondence, p. 631. See also Walter Harding, A Thoreau Handbook, N.Y., 1959, p. 73.

11 Correspondence, p. 636ff.

12 H. D. Thoreau, The Moon, ed. F. H. A., Boston, 1927, pp. v-vi.

13 Kenneth W. Cameron, "Thoreau and Emerson in Channing's Letters to the Watsons," E S Q, no. 14 (I Quarter 1959), p. 80.

EMERSON'S WALDEN WOODLOTS AND THE FITCHBURG RAILROAD

By KENNETH WALTER CAMERON

On November 29, 1845, while plaster was drying on Thoreau's recently completed hut at Walden Pond on Emerson's land,[1] Emerson purchased an additional tract—this one of forty-one acres and fifty-one rods—bordering on Walden and on the land of the Fitchburg Railroad.[2] On April 30, 1849, he sold to the railroad from this woodlot a small strip of one acre and 104 rods, retaining for himself approximately thirty-nine acres and 108 rods. The evidence is to be found in the Middlesex County Registry of Deeds, Book 568, pages 31-32:

"Know all men by these presents, that I, Ralph Waldo Emerson, of Concord in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Gentleman, in consideration of thirty one dollars paid by the Fitchburg Railroad Company, a Corporation established by law within said Commonwealth, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, do hereby give, grant, bargain, sell and convey unto the said Fitchburg Railroad Company, their successors and assigns, a certain piece of woodland, situated and lying a little southerly of Walden Pond (so called) in Concord, aforesaid, containing one acre and one hundred and four rods, and is bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at a stone monument on the northeasterly side of said Company's road, thence running northerly sixty and one half degrees easterly, eight rods and twenty links to a stone post, thence running northerly twenty two degrees easterly, eleven rods and twenty two links to a stone post, thence running northerly eighty two, and a quarter degrees westerly, twelve rods and four links to a stone post—thence running northerly forty three degrees westerly—twenty one rods and eighteen links to said Company's road; thence running on said road to the bound first mentioned. To Have and to Hold The above granted premises, with all the privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging, to the said Fitchburg Railroad Company, their successors and assigns, to their use and behoof forever. And I, the said Ralph Waldo Emerson, for myself and my heirs, executors and administrators, do covenant with the said Fitchburg Railroad Company, their Successors and assigns, that I am lawfully seized in fee simple of the aforegranted premises; that they are free from all incumbrances; that I have good right to sell and convey the same to the said Fitchburg Railroad Company, their successors and assigns forever, as aforesaid; and that I will, and my heirs executors and administrators shall Warrant and defend the same to the said Fitchburg Railroad Company their successors and assigns forever, against the lawful claims and demands of all persons. In Witness whereof I, the said Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Lidian my wife in token of the relinquishment of her right of dower in the above granted premises, have hereunto set our hand and seals this thirtieth day of April in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty nine.

R. Waldo Emerson, Seal.
Lidian Emerson, Seal.

Signed, sealed, and delivered in presence of N. Brooks.

Middlesex ss. Then personally appeared the above named Ralph Waldo Emerson and acknowledged the above instrument to be his free act and deed: before me Nathan Brooks Justice of the Peace.

Middlesex ss. July 18th. 1849 Recd & Recorded by Caleb Hayden Reg."

There is evidence that, from time to time, the Fitchburg Railroad desired more of this land—portions adjacent to its current holdings—but Emerson would sell no more, unless, as it seems, the Railroad would buy up all his tracts, thereby preserving the Pond. Emerson's letter to John Murray Forbes, dated September 27, 1870, points to a family agreement twelve years before his death:[3]

> For the Walden Pond tis fine of you who have dazzled my country eyes with your fine estimates now to inquire them of me. If another had asked me I should have told him, as you bade me, that I would sell all mine on both sides of the pond at $100. per acre: but that we proposed to sell together, & he must consult you. I am willing to let my land lie, in spite of the Fitchburg R. R. so long as it continues to give me 40 cords of wood every winter. R W E

Having one's winter supply of wood near a railroad, constantly threatened with sparks from smoke stacks, was, doubtless, in Emerson's mind, for, on August 31, 1848, he had secured from the Company $50.00 in damages because a part of one lot had been set afire by the two-o'clock train.[4]

Providentially for Massachusetts and for the world, neither the railroad nor a private investor decided to buy all the land about the Pond, the Emerson and Forbes families continuing to hold most of it until their heirs gave it to the Commonwealth to be maintained as a memorial forever. The recent "Battle of Walden" in the Massachusetts Courts was won largely because of the terms of the gift.

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1 See Thoreau's Journal, I, 387: "Left house on account of plastering, Wednesday, November 12th, at night; returned Saturday, December 6th."

2 See Kenneth W. Cameron, "Thoreau Witnesses Emerson Purchase Land at Walden," E S Q, no. 11 (II Quarter 1958), pp. 15-16.

3 Emerson's Letters, VI, 133.

4 Ibid., IV, 109-110.

THOREAU'S NOTES FROM DUBUAT'S *PRINCIPES*

By KENNETH WALTER CAMERON

Laid inside Thoreau's manuscript Journal for April 8—September 21, 1859 (numbered XXXIV in the Pierpont Morgan Library's collection) is a letterfold containing his translations from

> Comte Louis Gabriel Dubuat Nançay: Principes d'hydraulique et de pyrodynamique, vérifiées par un grand nombre d'Expériences faites par ordre du gouvernement. (Nouv. éd., 3 tomes) Paris, 1816,

volume one of which he borrowed from the Harvard College Library on August 15, 1859.* I edit and reproduce it here with the permission of the Trustees of the Pierpont Morgan Library, prefacing it with the original French text which Thoreau used. Its significance in the life of a practical and philosophical surveyor of farms and woodlots will be easily apparent.

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* See Emerson the Essayist, II, 198 and 201.

sait qu'entre tous les lits rectangulaires, celui dont la largeur est double de la hauteur, ou qui fait la moitié d'un quarré, est celui qui donne le plus grand rayon moyen; d'où il suit que le trapeze ABEC, qui a même surface et même périmetre que le demi-quarré, est aussi, entre tous les trapezes de son espece, celui qui donne, à même surface, le plus grand rayon moyen. Or, la vîtesse étant, toutes choses égales d'ailleurs, sensiblement proportionnelle à la racine quarrée du rayon moyen du lit, il faut conclure que le lit de figure trapeze, dans lequel la largeur au fond est les $\frac{2}{3}$ de la hauteur de l'eau, et où les talus sont les $\frac{1}{4}$ de cette profondeur, est de tous les lits trapezes d'égale section, et possibles dans la pratique, celui qui se prête à la plus grande vîtesse, quand la pente est constante, ou qui exige le moins de pente, si la vîtesse est donnée : aussi voit-on dans la pratique que les torrents qui creusent un terrain susceptible d'être attaqué par leur impétuosité, prennent un lit à-peu-près semblable à celui-ci ; pourvu néanmoins que ce terrain soit homogene, et que le fond du lit ne se remplisse pas de pierres et de galets délavés, dont la résistance oblige la section à s'élargir, faute de pouvoir s'approfondir. Cette réflexion nous laisse déja entrevoir que la figure du lit des rivieres n'est point fortuite, mais qu'elle a des rapports nécessaires avec la ténacité de la terre dont le lit est formé, et la vîtesse de l'eau qui y coule ; c'est ce qui deviendra beaucoup plus sen-

sible par la suite, quand nous parlerons du régime du lit.

61. Un lit rectangulaire, dont la largeur est les $\frac{4}{5}$ de la profondeur, a donc même rayon moyen qu'un lit triangulaire, dont la largeur est les $\frac{4}{2}$ de sa profondeur verticale ; et on peut toujours rapporter l'un à l'autre, et prendre l'un pour l'autre les rayons moyens d'un lit rectangulaire ou d'un lit trapeze, dans lequel le talus sera dans la proportion de quatre parties de base pour trois parties de hauteur : et, comme dans les lits de figures semblables, le rayon moyen a un rapport constant avec l'une ou l'autre de leurs dimensions, on peut former la table suivante, dans laquelle le rayon moyen est exprimé en fonctions de la largeur ou de la profondeur, et convient aux lits rectangulaires comme aux lits trapezes qui leur répondent ; l exprime la largeur réelle du lit rectangulaire, ou moyenne du lit trapeze ; et h la profondeur.

	1 : 1	$r = \frac{1}{4} l$	$\frac{1}{4} h$
	2 : 1	$r = \frac{1}{6} l$	$\frac{1}{3} h$
	3 : 1	$r = \frac{3}{10} l$	$\frac{3}{5} h$
Si $l : h ::$	4 : 1 on aura	$r = \frac{1}{8} l$ ou	$\frac{2}{3} h$
	5 : 1	$r = \frac{1}{7} l$	$\frac{5}{7} h$
	6 : 1	$r = \frac{1}{8} l$	$\frac{3}{4} h$
	7 : 1	$r = \frac{1}{9} l$	$\frac{7}{9} h$

En général, si on nomme q le rapport de la largeur à la profondeur du lit, on aura, dans tous les cas, $r = \frac{l}{q+2}$ et $r = \frac{q\,h}{q+2}$.

la stabilité ; et l'eau, fidele aux lois qu'on lui aurait prescrites, renfermée dans les bornes qu'on lui aurait marquées, ne pourrait ni diminuer ni agrandir l'aire de sa section : c'est tout au plus ce que l'art peut se promettre dans les conduites artificielles qu'on pratique pour mener des eaux claires et vives, en les renfermant dans des tuyaux solides ; mais les fleuves, les rivieres, les canaux, et les ruisseaux, sont sujets à rouler des eaux troubles et chargées de parties hétérogenes, qui ont de la disposition à se précipiter par leur pesanteur spécifique ; et le sol dans lequel ils coulent n'a pas assez de consistance ordinairement, pour résister au frottement continuel du fluide en mouvement. Il est vrai que la nature, qui tend en toutes choses à l'équilibre, travaille sans relâche à perpétuer ses ouvrages, en établissant l'égalité entre l'action et la réaction, et en proportionnant les formes et la direction des mouvements à l'espece des agents, et aux circonstances locales qui modifient les efforts. Son action le plus souvent est lente, quoique continuelle ; et ce qu'elle n'a pas fait en un siecle, elle l'acheve en

plusieurs. Si les lits de nos fleuves ont actuellement quelque stabilité, si l'impétuosité de leur cours ne confond plus nos possessions, nous en sommes redevables au temps qui a creusé de profondes vallées pour les contenir, qui a consolidé et presque pétrifié leurs lits, ou qui leur a permis d'adoucir leur pente, autrefois beaucoup plus rapide. Si l'art peut parvenir en cela à imiter la

nature, ou à hâter l'effet de ses opérations, toujours lentes pour la courte durée de la vie de l'homme, ce n'est que par l'étude de ses lois, et par une juste application des principes aux travaux hydrauliques que nous entreprenons. Continuons donc d'étudier le lit des fleuves, pour apprendre à les appliquer à notre usage, ou à prévenir les accidents dont ils nous menacent.

CHAPITRE II.

De différentes vîtesses de l'eau dans un courant uniforme. Comparaison de celles de la surface et du fond.

64. Quand un courant est bien réglé, l'eau y coule uniformément, sans former de rides à sa surface, ni de tourbillons dans son intérieur ; et chaque filet a une vîtesse propre, qui est constante, et avec laquelle il glisse entre les filets supérieurs et les inférieurs. La vîtesse moyenne de ce courant est celle qui, multipliée par chaque point de la section, donne un produit égal à la somme des produits de chaque point par sa vîtesse particulière ; c'est celle que nous avons considérée jusqu'à présent comme la plus importante à connaître, et la seule peut-être à laquelle le calcul puisse s'appliquer avec exactitude. Cette vîtesse existe en quelque lieu du lit ; mais elle est con-

le sol qui compose le lit soit de nature à céder à son action : dans le cas contraire, c'est-à-dire si la vîtesse est trop petite, et que l'eau du fleuve se trouve, habituellement ou par intervalles, chargée de limon et d'autres matieres hétérogenes, spécifiquement plus pesantes que l'eau, ces matieres forment dans le lit un dépôt qui le releve, et qui tend à en diminuer la section. Il y a une variété infinie dans la nature des terrains qui forment le lit des rivieres : tantôt c'est de l'argile, dont la qualité varie beaucoup, selon les pays ; tantôt c'est de la glaise ; ici c'est un gros sable anguleux et rude ; là c'est un sable arrondi ou

plus fin : beaucoup de rivieres coulent sur du gravier, dont les petites masses varient par la grosseur, la pesanteur et la figure ; d'autres roulent sur des galets et des pierres à fusil ; il y en a enfin dont le lit paraît avoir été originairement creusé dans un sol argileux ou calcaire, qui s'est pétrifié à la longue, et qui a aujourd'hui toute la dureté du rocher.

A chaque nature de terrain répond une inertie plus ou moins grande, qui peut résister à une vîtesse de courant donnée, qui céderait à une plus grande, et qui l'emporterait sur une plus petite. Si la vîtesse est trop grande, le lit se creusera et s'élargira ; si elle est exacte, il aura de la stabilité ; si enfin elle est trop petite, l'eau trouble y déposera son limon.

71. Nous avons fait plusieurs expériences, pour déterminer à quelles vîtesses sont capables de

résister ou de céder différentes natures de terrain, dont nous avons fixé la pesanteur spécifique. On trouvera ces expériences ci-dessous (399). Il en résulte, 1° que l'argile brune, propre à la poterie, quoique spécifiquement plus pesante que toutes les autres matieres, ne commence à résister à l'action du courant que quand la vîtesse du fond est d'environ 3 pouces par seconde, ou celle de la surface de 8 pouces. La facilité avec laquelle l'eau l'attaque, vient sans doute de la grande ténuité de ses parties, qui offrent plus de surface à proportion que de masse. 2° Le sable fin commence à résister à une vîtesse de 6 pouces au fond, ou de 12 pouces à la surface. 3° Le gros sable anguleux a de la stabilité, quand la vîtesse au fond est moindre que 8 pouces. 4° Le gravier de la Seine, séparé en trois classes, de fin, moyen et gros, a de la stabilité aux vîtesses correspondantes de 4 pouces, 7 pouces, et 12 pouces. 5° Les galets arrondis, d'un pouce de diametre, résistent à une vîtesse de 24 pouces ; et enfin, 6° le silex anguleux, du volume d'un œuf, résiste à une vîtesse de 36 pouces.

72. La maniere dont l'eau courante travaille le fond de son lit, quand il est de nature à lui céder, et dont se fait le transport du sable qu'elle charie avec elle, est tout-à-fait admirable, et mérite d'être rapportée. Tantôt c'est un tourbillon qui emporte la terre et le sable fin, comme le vent emporte la fumée ; et cet effet a lieu quand la vîtesse est assez grande pour que le choc du fluide

soit pleinement victorieux de l'inertie des molécules solides ; tantôt c'est un travail réglé, plus paisible, et pour ainsi dire méthodique, qu'on peut admirer comme un chef-d'œuvre de dynamique. Je vais essayer d'en donner une idée.

Lorsque la vîtesse au fond du lit est assez grande pour faire glisser ou rouler des corps spécifiquement plus pesants que l'eau, ces corps ne sont point entraînés d'une maniere uniforme, mais ils cheminent, pour ainsi dire, par relais. Prenons le sable pour exemple. Quand le fond du lit est de sable un peu gros et bien visible, et que la vîtesse s'y trouve de 10 à 12 pouces par seconde, il offre aux yeux le dessein de ces tapisseries, connues sous le nom de point de Hongrie, en présentant des sillons irréguliers, dont la direction est perpendiculaire au cours de l'eau. Chacun de ces sillons est composé de deux glacis à pente opposée ; celui qui regarde le côté d'où vient l'eau est une pente fort allongée, dont le sommet est commun à l'autre pente plus roide, qui regarde le côté d'aval. Le profil d'un sillon est assez ressemblant à celui du glacis et du chemin couvert d'une place de guerre. A peu de distance du pied du talus le plus roide, commence la rampe douce d'un autre sillon, et ainsi de suite en descendant. Un grain de sable, poussé par le courant, monte la pente douce du premier talus, et étant arrivé au sommet, il roule par son propre poids du haut en bas du talus opposé ; là il demeure en repos, à l'abri de l'action du fluide, et il est recouvert

par d'autres grains, qui viennent à leur tour. Ce travail ressemble assez à celui des terrassiers qui roulent la brouette, en montant avec leur charge la rampe du remblai, pour la verser au sommet, et en faire rouler les terres du haut en bas : ces grains de sable, ainsi enterrés, restent en repos, chargés et recouverts par les derniers venus, jusqu'à ce que toute la masse du sillon, qu'ils avaient laissé en arriere, ait passé en détail au-dessus d'eux. C'est ainsi que le sillon tout entier se déplace en détail, en avançant peu-à-peu d'un espace égal à sa largeur : alors le grain dont je parle se trouve au pied du nouveau glacis qui s'est formé en avant de lui ; et comme il s'y trouve de nouveau exposé à l'action de l'eau, il monte ce glacis, et se précipite de nouveau, comme la premiere fois en bas du remblai. Tandis qu'un sillon chemine ainsi fort lentement, tous les autres en font autant, et si la vîtesse de l'eau est modérée, il ne faut pas moins d'une demi-heure, pour que chacun fasse ce pas progressif, qui est de 4 à 5 pouces. Si la vîtesse de l'eau augmente, l'ouvrage se fait avec plus de diligence, et il se ralentit au contraire quand elle diminue. Ainsi, dans un travail moyen, il faut environ deux ans pour qu'un grain de sable parcourre une lieue de deux mille quatre cents toises.

73. Les molécules les plus déliées du sable fin et de l'argile étant emportées avec moins de ménagement par le courant, le fond du lit se trouve garni du sable le plus gros, des petits cailloux,

des pierres et des masses les plus volumineuses, qui tombent et s'arrêtent dans le le fond du lit, et y forment souvent une couche solide, dont la résistance oblige le courant à élargir son lit, ou même à se déplacer tout-à-fait, s'il trouve moins de résistance de droite et de gauche. C'est presque toujours de ce principe, c'est-à-dire de l'amas des graviers ou de pierres dans le fond du lit, que naissent ses déplacements; et cela est inévitable, lorsque le terrain n'est pas parfaitement homogène.

74. Il nous reste à examiner comment on peut évaluer en poids la résistance que l'eau éprouve de la part de son lit, ou l'effort que fait un courant contre son lit, dans le sens du mouvement, pour l'entraîner avec lui, s'il ne résistait pas à cet effort par son inertie.

Il suit du principe fondamental (80), que quand l'eau se meut uniformément dans un lit, la résistance totale qu'elle y éprouve est égale à sa force accélératrice : or, cette force accélératrice est égale au poids de toute la masse en mouvement, multiplié par la fraction qui exprime la pente du lit; la masse est représentée par la section, multipliée par le dénominateur de la fraction qui exprime la pente. Or, le rayon moyen étant égal à la section divisée par la paroi, il est clair que la section est égale au produit du rayon moyen par la paroi; ainsi, nommant p la paroi, et r le rayon moyen, la section est exprimée par rp; la masse en mouvement est exprimée par rpb; et

la force accélératrice, ou la résistance, est exprimée par $\frac{rpb}{b} = rp$. Telle est l'expression de la résistance sur toute la longueur b. Mais si l'on ne considère cette résistance que sur une longueur égale à l'unité, pour avoir sa nouvelle valeur, il faudra diviser par b la quantité rp, ce qui donne l'expression de la résistance $\frac{rp}{b}$. Enfin, si on ne considère la résistance que sur une largeur de paroi égale à l'unité, il faudra diviser par p l'expression $\frac{rp}{b}$; ainsi, cette résistance, en prenant le pouce pour l'unité, sera exprimée pour un pouce quarré, par le poids d'un volume d'eau qui aurait pour base un pouce quarré, et une hauteur égale à $\frac{r}{b}$; et si on nomme S une surface quelconque de paroi, exprimée en pouces quarrés, et F le frottement improprement dit, on aura $F = \frac{Sr}{b}$.

Je dis que telle est la valeur du frottement improprement dit, parce que la résistance totale, représentée par ce poids, est composée du frottement, de l'attraction des parois, et de l'effet de la viscosité du fluide; d'où il arrive que, dans les grandes vîtesses, la résistance dans les grands lits est moindre que dans les petits, à même vîtesse et même surface de paroi; et qu'au contraire, dans les petites vîtesses, la résistance dans les grands lits est plus grande que dans les petits, pour une surface de parois et une vîtesse égales : c'est ce qu'on peut remarquer, en comparant deux à

forme demi-circulaire. La forme trapeze, composée de trois lignes droites, offrant des taluds suffisants, sympathise davantage avec la nature des terres; mais l'eau n'aime point les lignes droites; si l'art les emploie, elles sont bientôt attaquées par ce fluide, dont elles gênent l'indépendance, ou recouvertes et ensevelies sous des dépôts de limon qui reproche à l'artiste l'inutilité de son travail. Le fond du lit, formé par la nature, est une courbe qui, à partir du milieu du courant, se relève insensiblement et de plus en plus vers les bords, en proportionnant la roideur de ses pentes à la diminution des vîtesses des filets d'eau, et à l'énergie des molécules du lit qui doivent leur résister.

Si la section du lit était un demi-cercle BCD, la vîtesse en C serait, avec celle en A, dans un rapport qui dépend, comme nous l'avons vu, de l'intensité de la vîtesse même; mais cette vîtesse à la paroi serait la même dans toute la circonférence BCD : or, la rive verticale aux bords D et B, ne peut subsister sans éboulement, d'où il suit que le lit prendra la figure GCEF. Le rapport de la vîtesse aux points A et C pourra demeurer conforme a la loi, mais la vîtesse au point F sera plus petite qu'elle n'était auparavant en D et en C, et celle au point E sera moindre que celle en C, mais plus grande que celle en F. Les vîtesses à la paroi vont donc en décroissant par degrés depuis C jusqu'en F, tandis que la roideur des plans exprimés par la courbe, sur lesquels sont

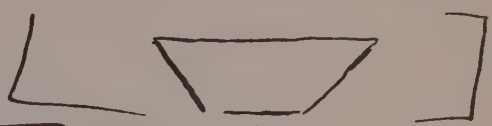
situées les molécules terreuses qui font le lit, va en augmentant; la vîtesse en F reste finie, et l'obliquité du talud qui convient à la nature du terrain reste finie aussi. Ainsi, au point C, c'est-à-dire sur un plan horizontal, les molécules ont plus d'énergie pour résister au choc de l'eau et à ses tournoiements, qui les attaquent quelquefois dans tous les sens; mais aussi la vîtesse à la paroi est plus grande qu'ailleurs. Au point E, la pente du

"Principes d'Hydraulique" &c

par M. Dubuat

A Paris 1806

Vol I

p 82 "We must conclude that the bed, the figure of a trapezium 

in which the breadth at the bottom is 2/3 the depth of the water, & the slopes (taken) are 4/3 of this depth, is that trapezoidal bed of equal section, in which water, the friction of which causes the greatest resistance, has the inclination & constant, or which requires the least inclination of the surface & given: also one sees in practice that the canals which dig in earth (excepting in certain) resemble those attacked of the same impetuosity, take a bed nearly like this;—

86 - "If the beds of rivers have actually some stability, if the impetuosity of their courses exchanges compounds our phenomena, we are indebted for it to those which have dug deep valleys & contain them, which has consolidated & almost petrified their beds, & which has permitted them to moderate (adoucir) their descent (pente) formerly much more rapid."

99 "1er Argile brune, propre pour poterie, beaucoup plus pesante que toutes les autres matières (matières) lors qu'elle commence à sentir l'action de l'eau, la rapidité de la chute est environ de 3 pouces (pouces) par seconde, et l'espace parcouru 8 pouces. La pesanteur spécifique de cette matière est environ, suivant Dubuat, pour la grosseur moyenne de ses particules, quatre fois plus grande que celle de l'eau. 2e Fine sand begins to resist a rapidity of 6 inches at the bottom, or of 12 inches at the surface. 3e Gravel with angular pebbles, requires a rapidity, when the rapidity at the bottom is less than 8 inches. 4e Le gravier de la Seine, separated into 3 sizes, fine, medium & large, has stability at rapidities corresponding to 4, 7, & 12 inches. 5e The galets arrondis, or rounded pebbles, resist a rapidity of 24 inches; especially, 6e le silex angulaire, of the size of an egg, resists a rapidity of 36 inches."

100 "When the rapidity at the bottom of the bed is sufficiently great to make sticky (glaises) or soft bodies specifically heavier than the water, these bodies are not dragged along (entraînés) in a uniform manner, but they travel, so to speak, by relays. Let us take sand, for example. When the bottom of the bed is ground rather large and quite visible, and the rapidity there is 10 or 12 inches per second, it often happens that the design of these cavities known under the name de points

de Hongrie, presenting ~~the~~ singular
pressure (pitons) whose direction is perpendicular
to the course of the water. Each of these pressures
is composed of 2 glaciers (glaciers) with steps
opposed (à pente opposée); that one which
faces (regarde) the side whence the water comes
is a slope very much longitudinal, whose
summit is common to the other steep slope,
which faces down stream. The people give
pressure (à very much), like that of the glaciers
in the contrary way. In a pressure (place de
pression) at a little distance from the foot of
the steepest slope (talus) begins the gentle
slope (rampe ascent.) of another pressure, and so
on as in a mountain descent. A grain of sand, hurled
by the current mounts the gentle slope of the
1st talus, and having arrived at the summit,
rolls by its own weight from the top to the
bottom of the steep-talus; there it re-
mains at rest, sheltered from the action
of the fluid, and is covered by other grains
which come in their turn. This work marches
considerably (assez) ~~by~~ the terrace-makers
who trouble the water, mounting with the
head the slope (rampe) of the heap (monticule)
in order to precipitate with the tail to make
the earth slide down on the bottom.
These grains of sand thus buried, remain
at rest, locked (chargés), and covered by the

last come, till at the rear the portion which they had left behind, has passed over them. Thus the entire portion is displaced in detail, advancing little by little (a degree!) a space equal to the width of the grain which breaks off from the foot of the new glacier which is formed before it; and as this foundation exposed to the action of the water, it mounts this glacier, and precipitates itself anew, as the first time, to the bottom of the trough (canal) While one portion travels thus very slowly, all the others of the same, and by the rapidity of the water is moderate, it needs rather than half an hour for each to make this progressive step, which is 4 or 5 inches. If the rapidity of the water augments, the work is done with more diligence, & it slackens as the energy, when it diminishes. Thus, in an ordinary water (un torrent moyen - a rolling stream ordinary rate) it takes about 2 years for a grain of sand to march over a league of 2 thousand 400 fathoms (toises)."

102 "If one should change from this principle, i.e. from the cohesion of gravel or stones in the bottom of the bed, that arises its displacement."

118 "The bed of the river formed of matter is a curve (courbe) which, on departing from the middle of the current, rises insensibly more & more towards the shores, in proportion to the steepness of the slope (pente) & the diminution of the intensity of the rapidity of water, & the energy of the molecules of the bed which are resist it."

"Principes D'Hydraulique" &c
par M. Dubuat
A Paris 1816

vol 1

p 82 "We must conclude that the bed, of the figure of a trapezium [See Thoreau's sketch.] in which the breadth at the bottom is 2/3 the depth of the water, & the slopes (talus) are 4/3 of this depth, is of all trapezic beds of equal section, & possible in practice, that which secures the greatest swiftness when the inclination is constant, or which requires the least inclination if the swiftness is given: also one sees in practice that the torrents which dig an earth (creusent un terrain) susceptible of being attracted by their impetuosity, take a bed nearly like this;—"

86 — "If the beds of our rivers have actually some stability, if the impetuosity of their cours no longer confounds our possessions, we are indebted for it to time which has consolidated & almost petrified their beds, or which has permitted them to moderate (adoucir) their descent, (pente) formerly much more rapid."

p. 99 "1st argile brune, proper for pottery, though specifically heavier than all the other materials, (matieres) does not begin to resist the action of the current, till the swiftness at the bottom is about 3 inches (pouces) per second, or that of the surface 8 inches. The facility with which water attacks it arises, without doubt, from the great tenacity of its particles, which offer more of surface in proportion than of mass. 2d Fine sand begins to resist a swiftness of 6 inches at the bottom, or of 12 inches at the surface. 3d Great sable anguleux has de la stability, when the swiftness at the bottom is less than 8 inches. 4th Le gravier de la Seine, separated into 3 classes, fine, medium & large, has stability at swiftnesses corresponding to 4, 7, & 12 inches. 5th The galets arrondis, an inch in diameter, resist a swiftness of 24 inches; & finally, 6th le silex anguleux, of the size of an egg, resists a swiftness of 36 inches."

100 "When the swiftness at the bottom of the bed is sufficiently great to make slide (glisser) or roll bodies specifically heavier than the water, these bodies are not dragged along (entrainés) in a uniform manner, but they travel, so to speak, by relays. Let us take sand, for example. When the bottom of the bed is of sand rather large and quite visible, and the swiftness there is 10 or 12 inches per second, it offers to the eyes the design of those tapistries known under the name de point de Hongrie, presenting irregular furrows (sillons) whose direction is perpendicular to the course of the water. Each of these furrows is composed of 2 glacises (glacis) with slopes opposed (à pente opposée); that one which faces (regarde) the side whence the water comes is a slope very much lengthened, whose summit is common to the other steeper slope, which faces down stream. The profile of a furrow is very much (assez) like that of the glacis of the covert way of a fortress (place de guerre) At a little distance from the foot of the steepest slope (talus) begins the gentle slope (rampe or ascent) of another furrow, and so on as you descend. A grain of sand, pushed by the current mounts the gentle slope of the 1st talus, and having arrived at the summit, it rolls by its own weight from the top to the bottom of the opposite talus; there it remains at rest, sheltered from the action of the fluid, and is covered by other grains which come in their turn. This work resembles considerably (assez) that of the terrace-makers who trundle the barrow, mounting with their load the slope (rampe) of the heap (remblai) in order to upset it at the top & make the earth slide down from top to bottom: these grains of sand thus buried, remain at rest, loaded (chargés) and covered by the last come, till all the mass of the furrow, which they had left behind, has passed in detail over them. It is thus that the entire furrow is displaced in detail, advancing by little & little (or degrees?) a space equal to its breadth: then the grain of which I speak, is found at the foot of the new glacis which is formed before it; and as it is found anew exposed to the action of the water, it mounts this glacis, and precipitates itself anew, as the first time, to the bottom of the heap (remblai) While one furrow travels thus very slowly, all the others do the same, and if the swiftness of the water is moderate, it needs not less than half an hour for each to make this progressive step, which is 4 or 5 inches. If the swiftness of the water augments, the work is done with more diligence, & it slackens on the contrary, when it diminishes. Thus, in an ordinary work (un travail moyen—or working at an ordinary rate) it takes about 2 years for a grain of sand to travel over a league of 2 thousand 400 fathoms (toises)."

102 "It is almost always from this principle, i.e. from the collection of gravel or stones in the bottom of the bed, that arise its displacements."—

118 "The bed of the river formed by nature is a curve (courbe) which, on departing from the middle of the current, rises insensibly & more & more towards the shores, in proportion to the steepness of its slopes (pentes) the diminution of the swiftnesses velocities of the strands of water, & to the energy of the molecules of the bed which are to resist it."

Walden Pond—'A Literary Shrine'

Newsweek, May 16, 1960.

"I went to the woods," Henry David Thoreau wrote in 1854, "because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life . . . and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived."

The woods of which Thoreau spoke were those surrounding Walden Pond, a sky-blue expanse 2 miles from historic Concord, Mass., where the young bachelor built himself a shack (below) and communed with nature and his muse for about two years. What is sometimes forgotten, as the legend of Thoreau's hermithood has grown, is that he could, and did, walk frequently to town for a comfortable meal with friends like Ralph Waldo Emerson.

To what extent, then, can Walden Pond be considered a sacrosanct shrine? The actual cabin where Thoreau lived has long since been reduced to the weed-grown outlines of a foundation. It would be hard to find except for the cairn started there in the late 1870s by Thoreau's friend Bronson Alcott, the father of "Little Women" author Louisa May.

But Walden Pond itself is by no means hard to find. It covers 64 acres of a 144-acre reserve—and therein lies the rub.

As Boston's population spills over for miles around, more and more people would like to enjoy this beautiful lake's recreational facilities. Are they to be thwarted for the sentimental sake of the relative few who wish to share the tranquillity that Thoreau knew?

Cushing

In Thoreau's time, the area was private property, held by the Emerson family among others. These families, in 1922, deeded it to the state; the state, in turn, handed it over to Middlesex County, with the proviso that the public should enjoy "bathing, boating, fishing, and picnicking," but that there should be no commercial concessions. The terms were flexible enough to permit establishing a bathing beach.

Too Much: More recently, the county commissioners started bulldozing a bigger beach. For one group of local Thoreauphiles, that was too much; they organized the "Save Walden Committee" and filed suit to stop further improvements, if that was what they were.

Last week, after almost three years of legal meditating, the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts handed down its final word, and seemed to give the "Save Walden" forces a victory. Recreational facilities might be maintained "so long as the physical aspect . . . [is] not essentially changed." But Justice R. Ammi Cutler's decision went on to note: "The reputation of the pond grows out of Thoreau's book, of which we take judicial notice . . . Walden Pond is an American literary shrine."

Reprieve for Walden Pond

There are many bodies of water in the United States just as beautiful as Walden Pond, just as there are many townships just as attractive as Concord, Mass., in which Walden Pond lies. The man who unwittingly made Walden Pond a shrine was a gangling and eccentric genius named—yes, gentle reader, you knew it already—Henry David Thoreau. Thoreau went to Walden because it was handy and because he could have the use of a little land for nothing. He lived there about a year at a total expense of about $28, not counting his own labor.

He was a mile away from the nearest neighbor, and some persons asked him if he wasn't frightened to be there all alone. The answer was no. He was surrounded by friends in the living things of the woods, animals, birds, trees, flowers, which he loved as fellow creatures but did not sentimentalize. He was no hermit. People came to call on him, and he went calling.

Emerson once said, in a moment of impatience, "I love Henry but I cannot like him." Today Thoreau may be loved or he may be liked but he is less forgotten than he was the day "Walden" was published. He lives indefinitely as a sort of refuge, a cabin on a lonesome pond, for those who like to get at the fundamentals of life.

So it is good news to learn that the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts has ordered the Commonwealth to remove or conceal the bathhouse, parking lot and truck ramps with which Walden Pond was defaced four years ago. Walden won't ever be as quiet as it was in Thoreau's time but it doesn't have to be made a standing insult to his memory. N.Y. Times

CLOCK SET BACK AT WALDEN POND

Officials Plan Restoration of Park's Beauty Under High Court Mandate

5/8/60

Special to The New York Times.

CONCORD, Mass., May 7 — The commissioners of Middlesex County have come to grips with the sweeping Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court decision ordering the restoration of Walden Pond to a state approximating the sylvan beauty known to Emerson and Thoreau.

The court ruling actually turns the clock back four years, not a century. The court was asked to order that physical changes made since 1956 be erased. A slope has been stripped of trees and leveled to widen a bathing beach and a road has been constructed.

The court ruled that these changes had violated the deed of gift under which the Emerson and Heywood families conveyed the Walden Pond area to the Commonwealth in 1922.

The pond then was "a beautiful forest lake," the court decision noted, and the documents transferring the land stated that the sole purpose of the conveyance was "to aid the Commonwealth in preserving the Walden of Emerson and Thoreau."

New Trees Needed

The decision, written by Justice R. Ammi Cutter, ordered the commissioners to replant the trees that were destroyed. The new road and truck ramps must be removed, or so modified as to restore the natural appearance of the area.

The County Commissioners are allowed to build a new bathhouse only if it is concealed by trees. Parking facilities may be expanded, if they are given a similar screening of trees.

Also, the court ordered the commissioners to refrain from further violations of the provisions of the deed of gifts and to carry out a program of tree planting, landscaping and soil conservation.

The three County Commissioners, William G. Andrews, Thomas B. Brennan and Edward L. Buckley, met yesterday to discuss the court ruling.

Victory for Residents

The court decision was a victory for Concord residents and others who had fought for preservation of the Walden Pond area. They worked through the "Save Walden Committee," organized under the leadership of John E. Nickols and the Thoreau Society.

"It is a very good decision," said Mr. Nickols, "because it is wide in its scope. It not only achieves what we set out to achieve in the legal action against the County Commissioners but it also establishes a very important precedent.

"The decision will be useful in the future in cases where the public feels impelled to hold elected officials to account for their stewardship."

Mr. Nickols, an architect, engineer, conservationist and admirer of Thoreau, lives a short distance from Walden Pond.

He said the damage done to the Walden Pond shores could be corrected, but was doubtful whether the County Commissioners were "technically, financially or emotionally capable of doing it."

Mr. Nickols said that his group was willing to give the commissioners technical and financial assistance in complying with the court order. The committee received considerable financial support during its long court fight against the Walden changes.

County Commission funds are appropriated by the Legislature. If the court decision involves extensive work it is assumed that legislative help will be needed.

Walden Ruling Applauded By Antiquarians

May 4,, 1960

By Albert D. Hughes

Staff Writer of The Christian Science Monitor

Preservation, conservation, and antiquarian groups in Greater Boston today applaud the sweeping decision of the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court, which has ruled that changes made in Walden Pond are in violation of the deed of trust conveying it to public use.

The decision, delivered yesterday and written by Justice R. Ammi Cutter, ruled that the Middlesex County commissioners have no right to alter or destroy the shore and woodlands of the pond. The suit had been brought against the Middlesex commissioners by four residents of Concord, including members of the Save Walden Committee and of the Thoreau Society.

The county commissioners had stripped a slope and felled trees on the eastern shore of the pond to make an addition to the present beach area. The project also included a new road down to the shore of the pond.

The full bench of the court ruled that the use of fill taken from the slopes above the pond and the cutting down of trees on these slopes "caused damage to the sylvan beauty of the pond." The decision, furthermore, ordered that roadway ramps leading down to the new beach section "must be removed or modified."

William G. Andrews, of Cambridge, Middlesex County commissioner, said the commission is meeting on Thursday to make plans to comply with the court order. The other commissioners are Thomas B. Brennan of Medford, and Edward L. Buckley of Somerville.

Commissioner Andrews has indicated that the commission will not appeal the supreme court ruling.

The Walden area, which was given to the state in 1922 by the owners, the Emerson and Heywood families of Concord, was turned over to the county for management a short time later. This was done in the belief that a political group closer to the area would be better qualified to manage the Walden tract.

The court decision, however, may spark a move to transfer Walden Pond management from the county back to the state. Legislation last year that would have permitted turning over the Walden area to the State Department of Natural Resources was defeated.

Loring Conant, executive director of the Trustees of Reservations, a private organization which holds such areas as Crane's Beach, Ipswich, and the Old Manse in Concord, for public use, stated his group's "delight that this natural area and historic shrine will be preserved." This group holds and manages 35 areas in Massachusetts which are either natural or historic sites and buildings and which have been deeded over to the trustees for maintenance.

Representative James DeNormandie (R) of Lincoln, in whose district the Walden area is lo-

cated, congratulated the Concord group for pushing the preservation question in the court.

The Lincoln representative pointed out that a number of private groups are in formation in various communities to hold

and otherwise maintain land and buildings for public use. Mr. DeNormandie stated that the position of such groups is strengthened by the court decision.

Miss Marjorie Hurd, chairman of the conservation committee of the Appalachian Mountain Club, which holds and maintains a number of buildings and tracts in the New England area, said: "We feel that this court decision strengthens the hands of all preservation forces."

SCIENCE MONITOR, BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, MAY 4, 1960

Gordon N. Converse, Chief Photographer

Disputed Walden Pond Area Ordered Modified by Supreme Court Order

This view shows the new beach area (left) which was constructed by the Middlesex County commissioners and which the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court has declared in violation of the deed of trust of the pond gift to the state. This area must be restored and its roadway must be removed or modified under the terms of the court decision. In the background is the old bathhouse erected some years ago on the eastern pond shore, lying alongside Route 126 in Lincoln-Concord. The court has ruled that a new planned bathhouse can be built, but that it must be concealed by trees.

CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS, THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1960
The Concord Journal

Walden in June 1957. Natural beauty won a victory in the Supreme Court with the ruling that this unique literary shrine must be preserved as a wooded lake. (Photo by Keith Martin)

Walden Pond Case In Supreme Court

Judge R. Ammi Cutter for the full bench of the Supreme Court handed down on Tuesday the 18 page decision of the court declaring that the Middlesex County Commissioners had no right to alter or destroy the shores of Walden Pond. This unprecedented decision granted all points of the writ of mandamus brought by the Save Walden Committee of the Thoreau Society.

Since June 20, 1957, when the CONCORD JOURNAL published an editorial describing the work of the bulldozers, the question of whether the county commissioners were within their rights in destroying the beauty of the pond and forgetting the express wish of the donors "to preserve the Walden of Emerson and Thoreau" in order to enlarge the bathing facilities, has been under discussion. Mrs. Herbert Hosmer, Miss Dorothea Harrison, Mr. John Nickols and Mrs. Caleb Wheeler worked tirelessly for weeks to try to get the county authorities to stop work until authorities in park management could be consulted. When all efforts to secure their cooperation failed, they secured the backing of the Thoreau Society, engaged a lawyer, Frederick Fisher of the firm of Hale and Dorr, secured an injunction to stop further work and started the case through the courts.

Publicity, almost wholly in support of their efforts, came from all over the world and finally contributions for legal expenses came in from all quarters. The Christian Science MONITOR, the Boston HERALD and the Boston GLOBE all ran feature stories; the New York papers supported their efforts and the London TIMES published a front page editorial in their behalf and a story showing that Hawthorne as well as Emerson and Thoreau got inspiration at the pond. Descendants of the donors also rallied to their aid.

The law suit was the first in history of Massachusetts brought by private citizens to enforce the terms of a deed of gift to a public authority and Tuesday's decision was the first time the High Court has ever taken judicial notice of a literary figure.

Judge Cutter declared that Walden Pond is an American literary shrine because of Thoreau's WALDEN and Emerson's prose and poetry -- a unique piece of real estate in the history of Concord and of American letters. Replanting of trees must be undertaken, no bath house can be built unless concealed by trees, ramps must be removed or modified to a natural contour and the use of material from the slopes to fill in the pond is improper.

In the general rejoicing the committee regrets the deaths of A. Warren Stearns and Russell Kettell who joined in filing the suit and regrets the local misunderstanding on the part of some Concord people interested in swimming classes who did not realize that the Save Walden Committee never wanted to stop swimming but simply to see to it that the beauty of the shores of the pond was not spoiled.

MORE NOTES ON ORIENTALISM IN EMERSON'S HARVARD

By KENNETH WALTER CAMERON

In a dissertation prefixed to Emerson's Indian Superstition[1] I made a preliminary exploration of oriental literature available to him during his college days, extending that research in two subsequent studies: "Emerson and Southey's Oriental Books"[2] and "More Remarks on Indian Superstition and Emerson's Oriental Resources while at Harvard."[3] The present article will call attention to other Orientalia which Emerson knew or might have known, and will bear further witness to the considerable body of Indian lore contributing to America's enlarging awareness of the antipodes long before the Romantic writers exploited the Eastern scriptures.

I

William Enfield:
The History of Philosophy, from the Earliest Times to the Beginning of the Present Century; drawn up from Brucker's Historia Critica Philosophiae, (2 vols.) London, 1791.

Book I, chap. V: "Of the Philosophy of the Indians."

Appendix: "Progress and Present State of the Philosophy in the Indies and Among the Chinese."

This work was in Emerson's father's library and accessible to R. W. E. up until it was sold at auction on August 27, 1822,[4] in which year he borrowed it from the Boston Library Society.[5] As an undergraduate at Harvard he made use of the College copy which had been donated by Thomas Hollis. It had the call number 14.2.2.5, later changed to 12.4.3.12, and still later Phil 804.2.

II

Joseph Priestley:
A Comparison of the Institutions of Moses with those of the Hindoos and other Ancient Nations; with Remarks on Mr. Dupuis's Origin of all Religions, The Laws and Institutions of Moses Methodized..., Northumberland, 1799.

This work was also owned by Emerson's father and was available to R. W. E. until the auction of August 27, 1822.[6] Priestley listed his principal sources on pages xvii-xix, thereby providing his readers with a good working bibliography for the decade 1790-1799. I expand it here as follows:

[Asia]
Dissertations and Miscellaneous Pieces relating to the History and Antiquities, the Arts, Sciences, and Literature, of Asia. By Sir W[illiam] Jones, W[illiam] Chambers, W. Hastings...and others. (3 vols.) [Dublin?] 1792-1793. [Selections are drawn from vols. 1 and 2 of Asiatic Researches issued by the Asiatic Society of Bengal, and from the Asiatic Miscellany.]

Boulanger, Nicolas Antoine:
"L'Antiquite dévoilée par ses Usages, ou Examen critique des principales opinions, cérémonies, et institutions religieuses et politiques des différens peuples de la terre," OEuvres, (8 tomes) Paris, 1778, Tome I.

Campbell, Donald:
A Journey over Land to India, partly by a Route never gone before by any European, by Donald Campbell, of Barbreck... In a series of Letters to his son. Comprehending his shipwreck and imprisonment with Hyder Alli, and his subsequent negotiations and transactions in the East, Philadelphia, 1797.

[Craufurd, Quintin:]
Sketches chiefly relating to the History, Religion, Learning, and Manners of the Hindoos, with a Concise Account of the Present State of the Native Powers of Hindostan, (2nd ed., 2 vols.) London, 1792.

[East Indians]
The Agreement of the Customs of the East Indians with those of the Jews, and other Ancient People [tr. from the French of ——De la Créquimère] To which are added, Instructions to Young Gentlemen that intend to travel, London, 1705.

Hamilton, Alexander:
A New Account of the East Indies, being the Observations and Remarks of Capt. Alexander Hamilton, who spent his time there from the year 1688 to 1723. Trading and travelling, by sea and land, to most of the countries and islands of commerce and navigation, between the Cape of Good-hope, and the island of Japon, (2 vols.) Edinburgh, 1727.

Hindu Laws:
A Code of Gentoo Laws, or Ordinations of the Pundits, from a Persian translation made from the original, written in the

Shanscrit Language, [tr. and ed. N. B. Halhed], London, 1777.

La Croze, Mathurin Veyssière de:
Histoire du christianisme des Indes, (2 tomes) A La Haye, 1758.

Lord, Henry:
Histoire de la Religion des Banians, contenant leurs loix, leur liturgie, leurs tribus, leurs coûtumes, & leurs ceremonies, tant anciennes que modernes; recueille de leurs Bramanes & tirée du livre de leur loy qu'ils apellent Shaster.... Traduit de l'Anglois [par P. Briot], Paris, 1667.

[Malabar]
An Account of the Religion, Manners, and Learning of the People of Malabar, in several Letters written by some of the most learned men of that country to the Danish Missionaries. Tr. from the High Dutch by T. Phillips, London, 1717.

Niebuhr, Carsten:
Voyage en Arabie et en autres pays circonvoisins...traduit de l'Allemande [par F. L. Mourier] Avec l'extrait de sa Description de l'Arabie, et des observations de M. Forskal. (2 tomes) En Suisse [Berne], 1780.

Picart, Bernard:
The Ceremonies and Religious Customs of the Various Nations of the Known World. (8 vols.) London, 1733. [Also: London, 1741].

Richardson, John:
A Dissertation on the Languages, Literature, and Manners of Eastern Nations. Originally prefixed to a Dictionary Persian, Arabic, and English.... Second edition. To which is added, Part II., containing...further remarks on a new analysis of Ancient Mythology: in answer to an Apology addressed to the author, by J. Bryant, Oxford, 1778.

[Tachard, Gui]
A Relation of the Voyage to Siam. Performed by six Jesuits, sent by the French King, to the Indies and China, in the year, 1685. With their astrological observations, and their remarks of natural philosophy, geography, hydrography, and history.... London, 1688.

[Vedas]
L'Ezour-Vedam, ou ancien Commentaire du Vedam [being in reality a suppositious work written in Sanskrit and French by a Jesuit Missionary, Calmette], contenant l'exposition des opinions religieuses & philosophiques des Indiens. Traduit du Samscretan par un Brame [or rather by the author himself]. Revu & publié avec des observations préliminaires, des notes, et des éclaircissemens [by G. E. J. Guilhem de Clermont-Lodève, Baron de Sainte-Croix] (2 tomes) Yverdon [Avignon], 1778.

Raphaël Dagsett Esqr

COMPARISON

OF THE

INSTITUTIONS OF MOSES

WITH THOSE OF

THE HINDOOS

AND

OTHER ANCIENT NATIONS;

WITH

REMARKS ON MR. DUPUIS'S ORIGIN of all RELIGIONS,

The LAWS and INSTITUTIONS of MOSES METHODIZED,

AND

An ADDRESS to the JEWS on the preſent ſtate of the WORLD and the PROPHECIES relating to it.

BY JOSEPH PRIESTLEY, L. L. D. F. R. S. &c.

Tractata ponantur eadem
Horace.

NORTHUMBERLAND:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY A. KENNEDY.
MDCCXCIX.

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III

I. B. S. Carwithen:
A View of the Brahminical Religion, in its confirmation of the Truth of the Sacred History, and in its Influence on the Moral Character; in a series of discourses, preached before the University of Oxford in the year 1809.... London, 1810.

This work, also in the Harvard College Library, contains rich oriental notes at the end. I give below a list of analyses of the nine discourses which comprise it:

Discourse I. GENERAL VIEW OF THE BRAHMINICAL SYSTEM. Introduction—Sketch of the History of Hindoostan as connected with religion—Authenticity of the Védas—Probable antiquity of the Védas—Of the Puránas and other sacred records of the Brahmins—Design of the following Discourses.

Discourse II. ON THE CHRONOLOGICAL SYSTEM OF THE BRAHMINS, IN ITS CONNECTION WITH THE SACRED CHRONOLOGY. Early Proficiency in Astronomical Science—Antiquity of Nations, or of the World not determinable by the gradual Progression of Knowledge—The Brahminical Chronology shewn to be of modern Invention—External Evidence—Internal Evidence—Origin of the Zodiacal Signs—Astronomy not an infallible Criterion when applied to Chronology.

Discourse III. ON THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THE BRAHMINICAL RECORDS, WITH THE MOSAICAL ACCOUNT OF THE DELUGE. The former subject resumed—Positive proofs of the agreement of the Brahminical records, with the Mosaical History—General proofs of the Deluge in India in common with other nations—In the Three first Avatára's—The History of Cashmire—Proofs of the Deluge in India as diversified from those of other Nations—Vindication of the Puránas from the charge of Interpolation by Christians.

Discourse IV. ON THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THE BRAHMINICAL RECORDS, WITH THE MOSAICAL ACCOUNT OF THE ORIGIN AND SETTLEMENT OF NATIONS. Accuracy of the Mosaical Geography—The following Discourse confined to the illustration of the Origin and Settlement of those Nations more immediately connected with India—Of India or the inner Continent of Cush—Of China—Of Egypt—Defence of those Writers who have illustrated the sacred Geography.

Discourse V. ON THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THE BRAHMINICAL SYSTEM, WITH THE PRIMEVAL RELIGION OF MANKIND. Preliminary cautions in judging concerning the traces of general traditions in Pagan Mythologies—What traces of primitive revelation discernable in the Brahminical system—The Unity of God—The Fall of Man—The Custom of sacrificial oblations—The oblation of a Divine Personage for the sins of mankind—Recapitulation.

Discourse VI. ON THE BRAHMINICAL REPRESENTATIONS OF THE DEITY OPERATING AS A PRESERVATIVE OF MORAL PURITY, AND AS A SOURCE OF HAPPINESS. Contradiction in the Hindoo character explained—Of the mystic Worship of the Hindoos and their licentious Rites—Of the Doctrine of the immortality of the Soul, how converted into a source of misery—Of the effects of a System of Metaphysics operating on the Superstition of the Vulgar—Of the Influence of Climate on national Character.

Discourse VII. ON THE BRAHMINICAL SYSTEM IN ITS OPERATION ON THE INTELLECTUAL FACULTIES. The Causes which contribute to depress the intellectual Faculties of the Hindoos derived from their Religion—The Division of Society into Castes—The comprehension of Science in their Scheme of Revelation—The Incorporation of their Civil Institutions with their Religious System. Their Chronological Scheme—Superiority of Europe over Asia, attributable to the Genius of the Christian Religion.

Discourse VIII. ON THE BRAHMINICAL SYSTEM IN ITS OPERATION ON THE SOCIAL AF-

FECTIONS. Difference between the exclusive Pretensions of Christianity to a Divine Origin, and the Indifference of Paganism to the speculative Opinions of other Nations—Peculiar Tenet in the Brahminical System—The Brahminical Religion intolerant—Defence of the Christian Tenet of universal extension, in its tendency to promote universal Benevolence.

Discourse IX. ON THE PRACTICABILITY OF INTRODUCING CHRISTIANITY INTO INDIA.

A VIEW

OF THE

BRAHMINICAL RELIGION,

IN ITS

CONFIRMATION OF THE TRUTH

OF THE

Sacred History,

AND IN ITS INFLUENCE ON THE

Moral Character;

IN A SERIES OF DISCOURSES,

PREACHED

BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN THE YEAR 1809,

AT THE LECTURE FOUNDED BY THE LATE

REV. JOHN BAMPTON, M. A. CANON OF SALISBURY.

By the Rev. I. B. S. CARWITHEN, M. A.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR CADELL AND DAVIES, STRAND; FOR J. M. GUTCH, BRISTOL; AND FOR I. PARKER, OXFORD.

1810.

IV

Claudius Buchanan:
Memoir of the Expediency of an Ecclesiastical Establishment for British India; both as the Means of Perpetuating the Christian Religion Among our own Countrymen; and as a Foundation for the Ultimate Civilization of the Natives. (1st American ed.) Cambridge, [Mass.], 1811.

MEMOIR

OF THE EXPEDIENCY OF AN

Ecclesiastical Establishment

FOR

BRITISH INDIA;

BOTH AS THE MEANS OF

PERPETUATING THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION AMONG OUR OWN COUNTRYMEN;

AND AS

A FOUNDATION FOR THE ULTIMATE CIVILIZATION OF THE NATIVES.

BY REV. CLAUDIUS BUCHANAN, M. A.

One of the Chaplains at the Presidency of Fort William in Bengal, Vice Provost of the College of Fort William, and Professor of Classics in the same; and member of the Asiatic Society.

THE FIRST AMERICAN EDITION.

CAMBRIDGE:

PRINTED BY HILLIARD AND METCALF.

1811.

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TO THE

MOST REVEREND FATHER IN GOD,

JOHN,

LORD ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.*

MY LORD,

I. IT is with propriety that a Work, embracing such objects as those professed by the following Memoir, should be inscribed to the Primate of the Church of England.

An appeal to the nation is certainly intended; but that appeal would not have been thus made with the sanction of your Grace's name, had we not been encouraged by the authority of your Grace's opinion. It has been communicated to us in India, that your Grace has already declared the expediency of giving an Ecclesiastical Establishment to the British Empire in the East. In support of such opinion, we here offer the evidence of facts which are incontrovertible; and which demonstrate that the measure proposed, while it is recommended by religion, is demanded by justice and humanity.

New sources of information on all Oriental sub-

PREFACE

TO THIS

FIRST AMERICAN EDITION.

THE title of this work might lead one to suppose, that it would contain nothing, but what should have an exclusive regard to an Ecclesiastical Establishment for British India. On examination, however, it will be found to contain such important and well authenticated facts, relating to the past history and present state of that country; to its population, manners, and customs; to its literature and laws; and to its religious rites and ceremonies; as furnish much entertainment and instruction. Separately from all consideration of the question respecting the expediency of the proposed Establishment, it is, both in a literary and religious point of view, a very estimable work. The arguments here adduced for a Church Establishment will, probably, be thought by many, if not most, readers conclusive. There seems an increasing conviction, in England, of the expediency of this measure. A late English writer, having quoted some interesting passages from a chapter of this Memoir of Dr. BUCHANAN—whom he styles "an excellent man," and "a pious, "beneficent, and most liberal churchman,"—observes, "Such an "appeal is unanswerable. The first step towards winning the "natives towards our religion is to show them that we have one. "This will hardly be done without a visible church."*

But we leave this question to the proper judges. The prospect of extending, by *some* means, the benefits of civilization, and the infinitely greater benefits of CHRISTIANITY, to the Natives of India, is what gives to the subject, at this time, an unusual importance. America is cooperating with Europe in this benevolent and pious design. Contributions have been forwarded from this country to India, towards procuring translations of the Scriptures into the languages of the East; and some of our young men have already devoted themselves to the Indian Mission. The present publication, it is believed, will be seasonable and useful.

This work is now printed, for the first time in America, from a splendid English copy, in quarto (the only one that is known to be in this country), which was sent by a gentleman in England to a worthy minister in this State, who obligingly lent it for republication. From this copy no alteration is made, excepting what will be found in the additional *Notes*, which are always distinguished by the signature of the

AMERICAN EDITOR.

Cambridge (Mass.) Feb. 1811.

* Quarterly Review.

APPENDIX.

A.

RECORD of the superstitious Practices of the Hindoos, now subsisting, which inflict immediate Death, or tend to Death; deducted from the Evidence of the Pundits and learned Brahmins in the College of Fort William.

I.

THE OFFERING OF CHILDREN TO GUNGA.*

THE natives of Hindoostan, particularly the inhabitants of Orissa, and of the eastern parts of Bengal, sometimes make offerings of their children to the goddess Gunga.

When a woman, who has been long married, has no child, she and her husband make a vow to the goddess Gunga, "That if she "will bestow on them the blessing of children, they will devote "to her their *first born*." If, after this vow, they have a child or children, the first born is preserved, till they have a convenient opportunity of returning to the river at the period of assembling at the holy places. They then take the child with them; and at the time of bathing, it is encouraged to walk into deep water, till it is carried away by the stream. If it be unwilling to go forward, it is pushed off by its parents. Sometimes a stranger attends, and catches the perishing infant, and brings it up as his own; but if no such person happen to be near, it is infallibly drowned, being deserted by the parents the moment it floats in the river.

This species of human sacrifice is publicly committed at Gunga Saugor, in the last day of Pous; and on the day of full moon in Kartic. At Bydyabatee, Trivenee, Nuddeea, Agradeep, and other places accounted holy, it is committed on the 13th day of the dark fortnight of the moon Chytra, and on the 10th of the bright fortnight in Jystha.

All the Pundits declare that this practice is not commanded in any Shaster.†

* The river Ganges.

† This practice is now abolished by regulation of government. See Appendix C.

II.

KAMYA MORON, OR VOLUNTARY DEATH.

1. When a person is in distress, or has incurred the contempt of his society; and often when there is no other cause than his belief that it is meritorious to die in the river Gunga, he forms the resolution of parting with life in the sacred stream.

2. Such persons, at the times mentioned in the preceding article, go to the holy places, where many thousands of people are assembled for the purpose of sacred ablution. Some of them abstain from food, that life may depart from them in the holy place: but the greater number drown themselves in the presence of the surrounding multitude. Their children and other relations generally attend them. It is not uncommon for a father to be pushed again into the river by his sons, if he attempt to swim back to land.

3. At Saugor it is accounted a propitious sign if the person be soon seized by a shark or a crocodile; but his future happiness is considered doubtful if he stay long in the water without being destroyed *

4. The only passage in the Shasters which has been submitted as countenancing this suicide is the following: "If a person be "afflicted with an incurable disease, so painful that it cannot be "borne, he is permitted to throw himself from a precipice, or to "drown himself in the river."

5. During the Pooja of the Rutt Jattra, some devote themselves to death by falling under the wheels of a heavy car or wooden tower, containing their gods. At Jaggernaut they sometimes lie down in the track of this machine a few hours before its arrival, and taking a soporiferous draught, hope to meet death asleep.

III.

EXPOSING OF CHILDREN.

This is a custom not commanded in any of the Shasters, and is wholly confined to the lower classes.

If a child refuse the mother's milk, whether from sickness or from any other cause, it is supposed to be under the influence of an evil spirit. In this case the babe is put into a basket and hung up in a tree for three days. It generally happens that before the expiration of that time the infant is dead; being destroyed by ants, or by birds of prey. If it be alive at the end of the three days, it is taken home, and means are used to preserve its life.

* The sharks and alligators are numerous at this place, particularly at the time of the annual festival, owing, it is supposed, to the human prey devoted to them from time immemorial.

IV.

DESTROYING FEMALE INFANTS.

This practice is common among a race of Hindoos called Rajpoots Without alleging any other reason than the difficulty of providing for daughters in marriage, the mothers *starve* their female infants to death. In some places not one half of the females are permitted to live.*

V.

IMMERSION OF SICK PERSONS IN THE RIVER.

When a sick person (particularly if he be aged) is supposed not to be likely to recover, he is conveyed to the river, in which the lower half of his body is immersed. Water is copiously poured into his mouth; and he seldom survives the operation many hours.

VI.

THE SAHAMORON, OR THE BURNING OF WIDOWS WITH THEIR DECEASED HUSBANDS.

1. This practice is common in all parts of Hindoostan, but it is more frequent on the banks of the Ganges.

It is usual for the woman to burn with her husband's corpse. But there is a cast called Jogees, who bury their dead. The women of this cast *bury* themselves alive with their husbands.

2. From the number of burnings and buryings in a given time, within the compass of a few districts, it was calculated by the late learned Mr. William Chambers, that the widows who perish by self-devotement in the northern provinces of Hindoostan alone, are not less than ten thousand annually. This calculation is countenanced by the number of burnings within thirty miles round Calcutta during the period of the last six months, which, by account taken, is one hundred and sixteen.†

3. The usual mode of performing the rite of burning is the following:

When the husband is dead, the widow, if she intend to burn, immediately declares her intention; and soon after goes to the river side, where the corpse of her husband is laid. The Brah-

* Lord Teignmouth relates, that this infanticide is practised on the frontiers of Juanpore, a district of the province of Benares; and at another place within the same province. Asiatic Res. Vol IV page 338
See also Memoirs of George Thomas, by Captain Franklin, page 100.

† See Appendix D.

mins and common people assemble. The pile being erected, the dead body is placed upon it. After a few ceremonies (differing in different districts) the widow lays herself dow by the side of the corpse. Combustible materials are thrown upon the pile, which is pressed down by bamboo levers. The heir at law then kindles the fire The surrounding multitude set up a shout, which is necessary to prevent her cry from being heard, if she should make any; and the life of the victim is soon ended.

4. The following circumstances contribute to the frequency of this act:

When a husband dies, the wife has the choice of burning with him, or of forsaking the comforts of life. She must put on no ornaments, must be clothed in sordid apparel, and must eat but one scanty meal in the day.

If she attempt to escape from the fire, any person of the very lowest cast may seize and carry her home as his own property. But in this case her relations generally bring her forcibly back to the fire, to prevent the disgrace of her being carried away.

5 The *laws* of the Hindoos concerning the female sacrifice, are collected in a book called Sooddhee Sungraha.

The passages in that book which relate to the principle or act of burning, are here subjoined, with the names of the original Shasters from which they are collected.

Angeera. "The virtuous wife who burns herself with her "husband is like to Aroondhutee. If she be within a day's jour-"ney of the place where he dies, the burning of the corpse shall "be deferred a day, to wait for her arrival."

Brahma Pooran. "If the husband die in a distant country, "the wife may take any of his effects; for instance a sandal, and "binding it on her thigh, burn with it on a separate fire."

Reek Ved. "If a woman thus burn with her husband it is not "suicide, and the relations shall be unclean three days on account "of her death; after which the Shraddhee must be performed."

Vishnoo Pooran. "If a person be poteet, (fallen or sinful,) all "his sins will be blotted out by his wife's dying with him in the "fire, after a proper atonement has been made"

"A pregnant woman is forbidden to burn, and also the woman "who is in her times; or who has a young child, unless some "proper person undertake the education of the child.

"If a woman ascend the pile and should afterwards decline to "burn through love of life or earthly things, she must perform "the penance Prazapotyo,* and will then be free from her sin."

Goutam. "A Brahmanee can only die with her husband, and "not in a separate fire. The eldest son or near relation must set "fire to the pile."

On comparing these passages with the present practice of burning women in Hindoostan, little similarity will be found

* A rigid fast for some days.

either in principle, or in ceremonial. In many particulars of the existing custom, the Hindoos directly violate the laws of their religion.

NOTE BY THE PUNDITS.

"There may be some circumstantial differences of a local na-"ture in the above mentioned customs; but the general practice "corresponds with what is here written."

B.

NOTES on the Practicability of abolishing those Practices of the Hindoos, which inflict immediate Death, or tend to produce Death; collated from the Information and Suggestions of the Pundits and learned Brahmins in the College of Fort William.

1. It is an attribute of the British government in India that it tolerates all religious opinions, and forms of worship, and protects those who profess them, as long as they conduct themselves in an orderly and peaceable manner.

2. If murder, robbery, or adultery be committed under the name of religion, the persons guilty of such actions may be prosecuted for civil crimes. No sanction of religion can save the offender from the punishment due for his violation of the laws, and for his offence against humanity and social happiness.

"The principle asserted in the foregoing paragraphs is acknow-"ledged by the Pundits."

3. Death is inflicted, and sanguinary rites are practised, by the Hindoos under the name of an ancient custom, or of a religious duty.

I. Children are sacrificed by their parents to Gunga;

II. They are hung up on trees in baskets and devoured by birds of prey.

III. Female infants among the Rajpoot Hindoos, are destroyed by starving.

IV. Men and women drown themselves in the Ganges, at the places reputed holy.

V. They devote themselves to death by falling under the wheels of the machine which carries their gods.*

VI. Widows are burned alive with their deceased husbands.

VII. Widows are buried alive with their deceased husbands.

VIII. Persons supposed to be dying, are immersed in the river.

IX. The inhuman practice of swinging with hooks passed through the integuments of the back, called Peet Phooron.

* This is practised chiefly at Jaggernaut, at the Pooja of the Rutt Jattra.

V

Jean Antoine Dubois, abbé:
Description of the Character, Manners, and Customs of the People of India; and of their Institutions, religious and civil. Translated from the French Manuscript. (2 vols.) Philadelphia (M. Carey & Son), 1818. [This work has rich appendices.]

VI

[Occasional articles on oriental subjects in:]

The Atheneum; or, Spirit of the English Magazines. (14 vols.) Boston, 1817-1824. For example,

Abbé J. A. Dubois, "Character, Manners and Customs of the People of India," Atheneum, II, no. 9 (Feb. 1, 1818), pp. 333-335. [Includes an account of the Suttee.]

"Fanaticism: Account of a Suttee by an Eye Witness," Atheneum, VIII, no. 7 (Jan. 1, 1821), pp. 248-249.

VII

Jean Antoine Dubois, abbé:
Letters on the State of Christianity in India; in which the conversion of the Hindoos is considered as impracticable. To which is added, A vindication of the Hindoos, male and female, in answer to a severe attack made upon both by the Reverend [Claudius Buchanan]. London, 1823.

VIII

[The Harvard faculty's interest in the Orient is partly indicated by the choice of a question for the Bowdoin Prize Dissertations for the year 1826. (See the Harvard Catalogue of October, 1825, p. 24.)

1. The Connexion between the doctrines of the Immateriality and the Immortality of the Soul.
2. The Nature of the Grecian Oracles.
3. The History of the British Possessions in the East.

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1 See Ralph Waldo Emerson, Indian Superstition, ed. with A Dissertation on Emerson's Orientalism at Harvard by Kenneth Walter Cameron, Hanover, N.H., 1954, pp. 13-47.

2 See my The Transcendentalists and Minerva, (3 vols.) Hartford, 1958, II, 433-437.
3 Ibid., III, 829-854.
4 See my Emerson the Essayist, (2 vols.) Raleigh, N.C., 1945, II, 135.
5 Ibid., II, 159.
6 Ibid., II, 136.

EMERSON'S FIGHT FOR HIS WALDEN WOODLOTS

By KENNETH WALTER CAMERON

One phase of the "Battle of Walden" has been largely forgotten—a court battle of the 1850's in which Emerson himself sought protection for land near the Pond against the apparent encroachments of a none-too-scrupulous neighbor, Charles Bartlett. Thoreau stood by him as surveyor and counsellor. I shall set forth the facts in strictly chronological order.

Emerson purchased his second woodlot on November 29, 1845, while the plaster was drying in Thoreau's recently completed hut on the first. Henry signed his name to the deed as principal witness of the transaction.[1]

Five years later, Emerson expressed subdued irritation in a letter to Henry now in the Pierpont Morgan Library:[2]

Concord, 11 March 1850

Mr Henry D. Thoreau,
My dear Sir,
I leave town tomorrow & must beg you, if any question arises between Mr [Charles] Bartlett & me, in regard to boundary lines, to act as my attorney, & I will be bound by any agreement you shall make. Will you also, if you have opportunity, warn Mr Bartlett, on my part, against burning his woodlot, without having there present a sufficient number of hands to prevent the fire from spreading into my wood,—which, I think, will be greatly endangered, unless much care is used.
Show him too, if you can, where his cutting & his post-holes trench on our line, by plan and, so doing, oblige as ever,

Yours faithfully,

R. W. Emerson.

After five more years had passed, Emerson was summoned before the Court of Common Pleas

Middlesex ss C. C. Pleas. June Term 1855

Charles Bartlett v Ralph Waldo Emerson

And now the Defendant Emerson comes and says that he verily believes he has a substantial defence to said action upon its merits and intends to bring the same to trial –

R. Waldo Emerson.

Middlesex ss. June 11. 1855. Subscribed and sworn to before me

Charles W. Goodnow Justice of the Peace

Middlesex ss C. C. Pleas June T. – 1855

Charles H Bartlett v Ralph W. Emerson.

And now the Defendant comes and says that he verily believes that he has a substantial defence to said action and intends to bring the same to trial.

R. Waldo Emerson

in Cambridge to reply to Bartlett's countercharges.[3] The accusation and the reply appear in the records as follows:

Middlesex ss. June T[erm]. C. C. Pleas
1856. 840.
Charles Bartlett vs. Ralph W. Emerson.

And now the plaintiff moves for leave to amend his said declaration by adding thereto the following additional count, to wit: And the plantiff says that whereas on the first day of December in the year 1854 and long before he was, since that time has been and still is, lawfully possessed of a certain lot of meadow and woodland situated in Lincoln in said county, bounded as follows to wit: Beginning at a stake and stones at land of George Heywood, about thirteen rods from Walding Pond: thence running on land formerly of heirs of Jonas Heywood in a South westerly direction, by the remains of an old wall to Rocky Hill: thence substantially in the same direction by and over said Rocky Hill, in a South-Westerly direction, by a line of marked trees to a pinnacle of a rock on said Rocky Hill to a corner, at three small stones: thence turning in a South easterly direction by the foundation of an old wall twelve rods and two links: to a white oak tree marked: thence substantially in same southeasterly direction six rods, to a stake and stones the same being a corner bound; in a valley, near the remains of said old wall: thence turning and running down said valley in a South westerly direction fifteen rods and ten links to a stake and stones at the edge of the narrowest part of the meadow: thence substantially in same southwesterly direction about five rods, across said brook and the said narrowest part of said meadow to a stake and stones at the edge of the meadow on the Westerly side of said meadow: thence in a Southwesterly direction on the woodland, formerly belonging to the heirs of said Jonas Heywood, on the line between the meadow and upland, to the Northwest end of the old dam, at land of James Baker, near a large rock: the said Northmost end of said dam, being a corner bound: thence turning in a Southeasterly direction by said dam, to the south east end of said dam: thence straight from the said South east end of said dam, in the same Southeasterly direction of said dam to land formerly of Joseph Billings to a corner: thence turning in a Northeasterly direction on land formerly of Joseph Billings and of land of Samuel Billings to a corner: thence in a North-Westerly direction to said first stake and stones, being the point of beginning:

Yet the said defendant well knowing the premises, but contriving and intending to injure and aggrieve the said plaintiff in his possession of said lot of land as aforesaid, to wit: on the said first day of December, and on divers other days and times between said first day of December and the date of plaintiff's writ, forcibly entered the aforesaid lot of land of the plaintiff, and with his servants and his horses teams and wagons tore up and damaged the earth and soil of the said close and trampled down the grass therein being and growing: and the said defendant did then and there cut down the trees and underwood standing and being and growing then and there, upon a part of said lot of land, to wit: two acres thereof: the said trees and underwood being of great value to wit: of the value of five hundred dollars, and the same then and there did take and carry away and convert it to his own use, without and against the consent of said plaintiff—

Charles Bartlett
per his attorney
G. A. Somerby.

[Filed June 28, 1856.]

Middlesex ss. C. C. P. Sept. Term 1855.
840. Charles Bartlett v Ralph Waldo Emerson.

And now Ralph Waldo Emerson the D.ft comes and answering denies that he entered the Plaintiffs close and damag[d] the Soil Earth and grass and cut down the trees & underwood of the Plaintiff as set forth in his Declaration. And the said Dft answering further says that he owns the Soil and freehold within the Town of Concord & Lincoln within said County, Bounded and Described as follows To Wit, beginning at a Stake and Stones near the end of the fence of the Fitchburg Rail Road on Walden Pond, thence Easterly by the various angles on said Pond to a Stake & Stones at land of the Heirs of Abiel Heywood, thence by the following courses and angles by land of said Heirs & by land of the Heirs of Mary Heywood, by Stakes and Stones and large rocks placed as bounds and marked trees, South, Seven degrees West, thirty five and a half rods, thence South thirty Eight Degrees West Two Rods and Eighteen links. Thence due South Eight rods thence South forty nine Degrees West Fourteen Rods and ten links. Thence South Seventy Degrees West, Five Rods and Ten links to a Yellow Oak Tree mark[d], thence South Forty and a half Degrees West nine Rods to a Maple tree mark[d], thence South Fifty nine Degrees West Eight and a half Rods to the pinacle of a

ledge of Rocks, where three small stones are placed. Thence South Sixteen & a half Degrees East, Seven Rods and Eight links, thence South Twenty four Degrees East, Six and a half Rods, thence due South Ten & a half rods. Thence South thirty six degrees West, Six rods to the end of an old stone wall. Thence South about Fifty nine Degrees West to a granite post under the fence on the Fitchburg Rail Road, thence by the line of the Fitchburg Rail Road about one Hundred and Eighteen rods to the bound first mentioned.

Ralph Waldo Emerson by his Attorney
Charles W. Goodnow

On June 23, 1856, Emerson wrote to his brother William:[4] "I am to be sure, at court, yesterday & today, defending me a piece of woodland against a claimant under an old deed new found; but my warrantors defend me. Still I do not wish to be beat, & the boys in town reciting at second hand the legal complaint, say, 'Mr E is to be tried for stealing Charles Bartlett's wood.' Tis a strange turn of the tables, for I am always complaining that he steals mine, which he does, tree by tree, the rogue. So you see my plight is bad."

At one point, during this early stage of the proceedings, the jury found for Bartlett:

MIDDLESEX ss. C. C. Pleas, June Term, 1856.

Bartlett vs. Emerson

The Jury find for the Plaintiff, and assess the damage in the sum of Fifty dollars.

F. L. Adams Foreman.

Of principal interest to us is Emerson's summary of the case on June 17, 1857, in his Journal △ (Delta), which I am permitted to edit here with the permission of Edward W. Forbes, Esq., President of the Ralph Waldo Emerson Memorial Association.[5] It illuminates the characters of all concerned, gives us an interesting glimpse of Thoreau, and preserves a memorable picture of Charles Bartlett. Reference is made to Thoreau's surveys of the lot, still happily preserved.[6] We see something of the complexity of life in the capital of Transcendentalism and are assured that Emerson was no escapist as a citizen and landowner. Walden Pond and Walden Woods also appear in the record.

1857, June 17

Yesterday, the Jury who heard the evidence on the Walden woodlot case reported that they could not agree on a verdict, & were discharged. I bought the lot in Nov. 1845, of Abel Moore & John Hosmer, 41 acres, 52 roods, at $30. per acre, for $1239.56— I was carefully shewn all the bounds by Moore & Hosmer. I saw the pinnacle, the blazed trees below it, & fragments of the stonewall to & past the stake & stones, and, as I believe, one or two blazed trees before coming to the pinetree-with-the-stone-against-it, which was a principal mark, and, below that, the remains of the old stone wall, down to the foot of the valley & the run of water. Thence, we drew a line across to the rail road, where a stone boundary was placed. I was told by them that Dr Abiel Heywood had shown or marked these boundaries (at the time they bought the land) on the part of, or, as the friend of, or at the request of, the widow, Mrs Heywood, (whom Bartlett now represents) There was then no dispute of bounds. At Mr Hoar's office, where the deed was given me Moore said We will sell this as 40 acres more or less for 1200. or we will have it measured & sell it at 30 per acre. I said, You shall measure it. It was measured, and I have always supposed that my plan given me at the time was Cyrus Hubbard's plan then made. I gave this plan with my deed to Goodnow, last year, but I learn now, that it was ruled out of court, as being a copy made by Reuben Moore from Cyrus Hubbard Now, this Plan of mine does not appear. Mrs Goodnow & J. Moore can not find it.

Not long after I bought the land I met Bartlett by chance on [the] lot or near it & we went together along the boundary line between us and I found with satisfaction that he knew & accepted the same marks as I. I should think we begun somewhere along the ridge not far from the Lincoln line & went to the pinnacle & down thence

past the stake & stones to the pinetree with the stone & to the end of the stone wall & the run but did not cross to the railroad but returned thro' my path along the edge of the meadow and so up to the wood path which runs parallel to the bank of Walden, until we came to the stone wall whereat, or wherethrough my lot is entered by any one coming from the Lincoln road. I remember this well enough in connexion with one circumstance. Bartletts wood was then large & well grown. Mine had been mainly cut off, when M & H had first bought. I said to B., in the first part of our walk, that "his were the woods, & mine the bushes." When we came to the bottom of my valley & afterwards to large wood on both sides & at the end of our walk large wood on the right hand, Bartlett said, "No, you have good woods also" or to that effect.

In 1846 or 7 Bartlett cut down some large trees of mine not far from the place where once they crossed the meadow by means of laying trees or boughs to what is called the "island" over which the railroad runs. I was informed that he had cut them, (I should think I was informed by Edmund Hosmer,) and either to me or to Hosmer, Bartlett said, that it was a mistake, he did not mean to have it done, & that he would have the sticks hauled to the mill for me or I believe that he had already hauled them to Britton's steam mill, & would have them marked with my name, & I should find them there. I was satisfied, and went to the mill, & found two or more sticks of pine (I believe) marked E, and, when they were sawed, I had them brought home to my house.

The tops were hauled home to my woodpile from the woods. I do not remember when Bartlett first told me about his old deed, but it was several years ago, say, seven or eight. I remember that he told me whether before he found this old deed or not I do not know that he did not think he had all the land that belonged to him for the deed or a deed called it twenty or twenty two or three (I know not how many) acres, and he did not think that his bounds included so much. At some time, in the woodlot, he told me that he had found or had an ancient deed which made him think that Moore & Hosmer had sold me what ought to belong to him & he had showed it to some persons & they thought so too. I went to J. Hosmer & to John Moore, & told them this but they made light of it as did Geo Heywood & Edmund Hosmer So I gave it no further attention. Now as I remember these rare conversations with Bartlett [for I seldom talked with him & always unwillingly on account of his misbehaviour about the grass which he cut from my meadow & refused to pay for & on account of his cutting into my wood lot along the ridge & burning into me &c &c] I believe he did not newly find the deed but had it at our first conversation but did not yet esteem it so highly, and I think that he now pretends to have found it later, because if he had it then it would be fatal to him to have admitted my claims by restoring the sticks of timber he cut in 1846 or 7

On my return from Eng^{d} in 1848 he had bought some grass in my meadow of Henry D. Thoreau & had got it away contrary to agreement without paying. Henry T. was vexed at this and I went to Mr Hoar Senior & asked him to collect the money which I think was $20. Geo Heywood was then in Mr H's office, & did soon after collect it & pay me. One day, I met Bartlett & told him we would, if he liked, go over the bounds, & mark them anew at our common expense. He agreed to it. I was going one day with Thoreau to the lot, for the purpose of marking the Lincoln line thro' my lot. We stopped at Bartletts house, & proposed to him to go now with us, & let Mr Thoreau as surveyor, find or refind & mark anew the old bounds between us. He consented. Then Thoreau said, he would not go (if it were a joint expense) until Bartlett should pay his part, since Bartlett had cheated him in the matter of the grass. Bartlett then said, he would never pay for any work until it was done. So we left him at home, & Thoreau went with me & surveyed the Lincoln line through my lot.

1857 June.

Thoreau went with me to the woodlot & read there the copy of Bartlett's old deed. He said means to sell meadow: he must cross the brook & meadow from the valley to a point "on his woodland" & keep "along his woodland" to the dam. These conditions will be fulfilled either by the line, which Bartlett would draw from OT′ or by the line which Emerson would draw QT′

But he proposes to sell only meadow & pasture, not woodland. But if he draws the line as claimed by Bartlett, he is selling woodland too.

The deed speaks all along of "the stone wall" and it would be [a] natural interpretation of it to follow the stone wall down to its termination at the natural valley.

But chiefly the question arises Which Valley? Emerson draws the line from Q. at the bottom of the natural valley where the water runs. And if the premises be approached from what we call "Bartletts road" it will be seen, that this is the only Valley of importance. Bartlett claims to draw from a stake & stones at O, where also is a depression, or lesser valley.

According to his "Account Book" (Houghton 112), on April 9, 1858, Emerson paid Thoreau $3.00 for three visits to the boundaries of the woodlot. He waited for the outcome of the suit, which dragged on until June 11, when the Jury required him (i.e., his guarantors) to pay $25.00 damages to Bartlett. The court costs came to many times that sum.[7]

MIDDLESEX ss. C. C. Pleas, ——— June Term, 1858.

Charles H. Bartlett vs. Ralph W. Emerson

The Jury find for ——— the Plaintiff ———, and assess the damage in the sum of — Twenty five — dollars.

Ebenezer Stone *Foreman.*

1 See my "Thoreau Witnesses Emerson Purchase Land at Walden," E S Q, no. 11 (II Quarter 1958), pp. 15-16. The document there reproduced is "Signed sealed and delivered in presence of Henry D Thoreau."
2 The Correspondence of Henry David Thoreau, ed. Walter Harding and Carl Bode, N.Y., 1958, p. 256.
3 The papers reproduced or edited here are found among the records of the Court of Common Pleas in the Courthouse in East Cambridge, Mass., in a box dated June, 1858, case packet 841/78.
4 Letters, V, 24.
5 Journal Delta (Houghton 103), pp. 65-78.
6 The woodlot under dispute is described in Thoreau's "Field Notes of Surveys made... Since November 1849" in my forthcoming Transcendental Climate, (3 vols.), II, 416-419 and 440-441. Cf. also pp. 520 and 524-525.
7 See Emerson's Letters, V, 111-112, for further details.

A BUNDLE OF EMERSON LETTERS

By KENNETH WALTER CAMERON

I wish to express appreciation to Edward W. Forbes, Esq., President of the Ralph Waldo Emerson Association, as well as to the several owners of the following letters for permission to edit them here. The first was inadequately printed in George Willis Cooke's John Sullivan Dwight, Brook-Farmer, Editor, and Critic of Music, A Biography, Boston, 1898, pp. 103-105. William Henry Harrison, Esq., Director of the Fruitlands Museum, kindly supplied me with complete photostats:

I

[The envelope is postmarked Concord, Mass., April 21.]

John S. Dwight
Brook Farm
West Roxbury,
Mass.

Concord, April 20, 1845.

My dear sir,

Your letter was very kind & friendly, and one is always glad that anything is adventured in the midst of so much excusing & impediments; and yet, though I should heartily rejoice to aid in an uncommitted journal, not limited by the name of any man, I will not promise a line to any which has chosen a patron. We shall never do anything, if we begin with being somebody else. Then, though I admire the genius of Fourier, since I have looked a little into his books,—yet it is

only for his marvellous tactics; he is another French soldier or rather mathematician, such as France is always turning out, and they apply their wonderful ciphering indifferently to astronomy, chemistry, war, or politics. But they are a sub-type, as modern science would say, deficient in the first faculty, and therefore should never be allowed the lead in great enterprises, but may very well serve as subordinate coadjutors, where their power as economists will stand in good stead. It seems sadly true that the scholars & philosophers, & I might say also, the honest & well disposed part of society, have no literary organ or voice which is not desperately sectarian, and we are always impelled toward organization by the fear that our little power will become less. But if things come to a still worse pass, indignation will perhaps summon a deeper voiced & wiser muse than our cool New England has ever listened to. I am sure she will be native, and no immigrant, least of all will she speak French. But she will, I doubt not, have many wreaths of honor to bestow on you & your friends at Brook-Farm; for courage & hope & real performance, God & man & muses love. You see how little & how much faith I have. As far as your journal is sectarian, I shall respect it at a distance: if it should become catholic, I shall be found suing for a place in it.

Respectfully & affectionately yours,

R. W. Emerson

II

[The following undated note from Emerson to Thoreau, owned by Warren H. Colson, Esq., of Proctorsville, Vermont, should be dated August ?6, ?13, or ?20, 1845. The evidence follows:

Writing to his brother William on Oct. 4, 1844, Emerson indicated that his sister-in-law, Lucy (Jackson) Brown, wished him to build her a cottage "on some land near my house." On May 19, 1845, he again wrote William: "Mrs Brown's well was dug & three good feet of water found at the bottom the day before the plenteous rains set in, and the lumber for the house is piled & piling on the bank in today's sun." On Aug. 3, 1845, he wrote James Elliot Cabot: "...these with the accident of some company at home, and the building of a house I am finishing opposite mine, have made my bad habits worse, and my negligence is gross...." Mrs. Brown's house was being finished in August, and Rusk (Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson, p. 308), drawing upon Emerson's account books, says that Thoreau "came in from his Walden hermitage to do some of the work. Emerson put over a thousand dollars into the house. It would help keep a good entertainer near Lidian." (One wonders why the editors of The Correspondence of Henry David Thoreau, p. 138, declare: "The house for Mrs. Lucy Brown was never built.") Among other tasks, Thoreau seems to have superintended the work of Mr. Cutler, a carpenter frequently mentioned in Emerson's Letters. The following note was sent either to Thoreau's Concord home or to Walden Pond, where he was completing his hut —preparing to apply the shingles for which he says (in the first chapter of Walden) he had paid $4.00. The shingling of the hut preceded the plastering by two or three months, the latter being accomplished in early November. See Thoreau's Journal, I, 387 [1845]: "Left house on account of plastering, Wednesday, November 12th, at night; returned Saturday, December 6th." See Walden ("Housewarming") [Writings, II, 271]: "I did not plaster till it was freezing weather. I brought over some whiter and cleaner sand for this purpose from the opposite shore of the pond in a boat.... My house had in the meanwhile been shingled down to the ground on every side...." The size of the little manuscript is approximately 3 1/2 x 5 1/4 inches.]

Dear Henry

Can you not without injurious delay to the shingling give a quarter or a half hour tomorrow morning to the direction of the Carpenter who builds Mrs Brown's fence? Cutler has sent another man, & will not be here to repeat what you told him so that the new man wants new orders. I suppose he will be on the ground at 7, or a little after & Lidian shall keep your breakfast warm. But do not come to the spoiling of your day.

R. W. E.

Wednesday
P. M. 5 o'clock

III

[The following letter, addressed to William Davis Ticknor, is laid in a copy of Emerson's The Conduct of Life, published in Boston by Ticknor and Fields in 1860. Both the letter and the volume, now owned by Warren H. Colson, Esq., of Proctorsville, Vermont, were secured by him at the Wakeman Sale many years ago. The letter is listed, but not printed, in Rusk's edition of the Letters, V, 206.]

Concord
16 March
1860

Dear Sir,

You send good news yesterday and I must thank your skill as an able negociator.

I am sorry not to have been able in these days to make out any list of "Contents" that would quite cover my proposed chapters But I decide at last, to send you the following; from which, however, the printed book may vary.

Yours ever,

R. W. Emerson

Mr Ticknor.

have had little or no good fortune. Still I flatter myself that if I should have a good sleep tonight (for I am a bad sleeper lately) I may even yet, at the eleventh hour, pray to be admitted. But it is too slight a chance to be at all waited for; & I am heartily grieved I did not find the part sooner.

Yours,

R. W. Emerson

Parker House
Tuesday P.M.

THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF EMERSON'S "BOSTON HYMN"

By KENNETH WALTER CAMERON

Professor Carl F. Strauch's definitive study of the "Boston Hymn"[1] needs no supplement, but since it quotes an Emerson letter badly edited by George Willis Cooke[2] and draws only a paragraph from the now-scarce issues of Dwight's Journal of Music, our readers, perhaps, will welcome an expanded view of the "Jubilee Concert" at which Emerson first read his poem—a celebration held in honor of Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation—especially since I have just come upon the manuscript of Emerson's hastily written note to Dwight placed inside the two rare issues of the Journal of Music (January 10 and 24, 1863). The three items were purchased at the Wakeman Sale in 1924[3] by the present owner, Warren H. Colson, Esq., of Proctorsville, Vermont, who has kindly given me permission to reedit the letter. I shall here reproduce sections of the two issues for their interest and historical significance.

During the busy pre-Christmas season in 1862—and on somewhat short notice—Dwight asked Emerson to write a poem for the celebration scheduled for New Year's Day, 1863. Emerson replied in haste from Boston on December 30:

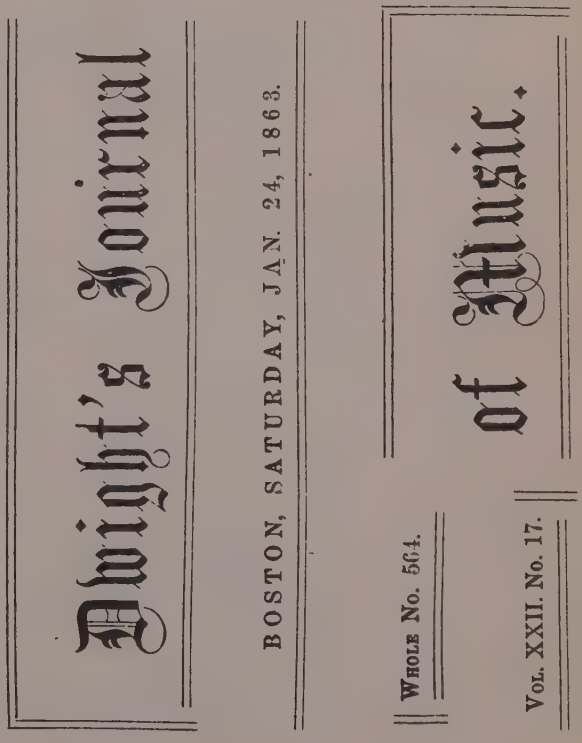
My dear Dwight,

At this hour your [sic] must certainly print the programme without my name, as I

1 See his "The Background for Emerson's 'Boston Hymn,'" American Literature, XIV, no. 1 (March, 1942), pp. 36-47.

2 See George Willis Cooke, John Sullivan Dwight, Brook-Farmer, Editor, and Critic of Music, A Biography, Boston, 1898, p. 191.

3 These three pieces were grouped together as Item 214. See my Transcendentalists and Minerva, (3 vols.) Hartford, 1958, p. 395.



The Prologue.

The forthcoming number of the *Atlantic Monthly* has the following strong and rugged verses, in which all who were fortunate enough to be present at the Jubilee Concert in the Music Hall, on New Year's Day, will recognize the Prologue read on that occasion by RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

BOSTON HYMN.

The word of the Lord by night
To the watching Pilgrims came,
As they sat by the sea-side,
And filled their hearts with flame.

God said,—I am tired of kings,
I suffer them no more;
Up to my ear the morning brings
The outrage of the poor.

Think ye I made this ball
A field of havoc and war,
Where tyrants great and tyrants small
Might harry the weak and poor?

My angel,—his name is Freedom,
Choose him to be your king;
He shall cut pathways east and west,
And fend you with his wing.

Lo! I uncover the land
Which I hid of old time in the West,
As the sculptor uncovers his statue,
When he has wrought his best.

I show Columbia, of the rocks
Which dip their foot in the seas
And soar to the air-borne flocks
Of clouds, and the boreal fleece.

I will divide my goods,
Call in the wretch and slave:
None shall rule but the humble,
And none but Toil shall have.

I will have never a noble,
No lineage counted great:
Fishers and choppers and ploughmen
Shall constitute a State.

Go, cut down trees in the forest,
And trim the straightest boughs;
Cut down trees in the forest,
And build me a wooden house.

Call the people together,
The young men and the sires,
The digger in the harvest-field,
Hireling, and him that hires.

And here in a pine state-house
They shall choose men to rule
In every needful faculty,
In church, and state, and school.

Lo, now! if these poor men
Can govern the land and sea,
And make just laws below the sun,
As planets faithful be.

And ye shall succor men;
'T is nobleness to serve;
Help them who cannot help again;
Beware from right to swerve.

I break your bonds and masterships,
And I unchain the slave:
Free be his heart and hand henceforth,
As wind and wandering wave.

I cause from every creature
His proper good to flow:
So much as he is and doeth,
So much he shall bestow.

But, laying his hands on another
To coin his labor and sweat,
He goes in pawn to his victim
For eternal years in debt.

Pay ransom to the owner,
And fill the bag to the brim.
Who is the owner? The slave is owner,
And ever was. Pay him.

Oh North! give him beauty for rags,
And honor, O South! for his shame;
Nevada! coin thy golden crags
With Freedom's image and name.

Up! and the dusky race
That sat in darkness long,—
Be swift their feet as antelopes,
And as behemoth strong.

Come, East, and West, and North,
By races, as snow-flakes,
And carry my purpose forth,
Which neither halts nor shakes.

My will fulfilled shall be,
For, in daylight or in dark,
My thunderbolt has eyes to see
His way home to the mark.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JANUARY 10, 1863.

The Jubilee Concert.

If a great occasion, great music, great audience full of joy that craves expression, if inspired performance, helped by consciousness of signal triumph over fears and difficulties, making the history of the celebration reflect that of the event celebrated, can make a concert, then the concert in the Boston Music Hall, on the afternoon of January 1, 1863, "in honor of the Day, the Proclamation, the Emancipation of the Slave, the spirit of the Fathers and the Constitution," was in the most complete sense a success, and must remain memorable among our festivals of music. The idea of celebrating the day of the reaffirmation of the President's Emancipation Proclamation, whereby the nation suddenly felt clean before God and the world, was nothing strange. But the idea of coupling with such jubilee, the highest Art, and nothing meaner or more commonplace, as the one medium of expression, was, for these parts, somewhat novel, as well as difficult of execution. The whole plan and programme of this jubilee was based upon the conviction that the great thoughts of Humanity and Freedom, the progressive moral instincts of the age, although to this day spit upon and crucified, are yet in most intimate alliance and sympathy with the loftiest inspirations and utmost refinements of creative genius and Art,—musical Art especially. The marriage of the two is the prediction of all history. They need and they imply each other. Art prophecies, assumes the nobler heights of Humanity; as long as Art breathes, there is a hope, a chance for Freedom, and tyranny and meanness feel rebuked. On the other hand, the glorious instincts of a liberty and justice loving people need Art for a language; no meaner and more prosy dialect can worthily interpret them.

Hence the propriety of celebrating this New Year of the Nation's truer life, this Day of Jubilee, by a concert of grand music, in which Beethoven and Mendelssohn and Handel, only such great masters, should speak for us through such of their sublime inspirations as should seem practicable. But the practical part of the plan was almost as forbidding, as the idea was exciting. Not that it needed to go a begging for support and sympathy. Strong names to endorse it stood ready in such numbers, that the only problem was to keep the list of signers within limits. A great audience, too, was certain; it scarcely needed any aid of newspapers to gather it; so large and fine a representation of the best intelligence and character of Boston and New England, of thorough-going reformers and of refined amateurs in music (incongruous as those elements might seem upon the surface), of conservatives and radicals, of all classes capable of some pure enthusiasm, the most respected citizens, the noblest women, and the children too (long may they remember it!), was never seen on any musical occasion in our city. And it cost no factitious arts or advertisings to attract that assembly; they came too willing and taking all for granted, sure that the Day and Art would justify themselves; the only fear and trouble was to meet such expectations, to really produce the music, fitly intended, easily enough conceived, but by no means so easy of execution. Little did that vast audience, as they sat there on that splendid winter day (one of the most beautiful that was ever born of a stormy night), amid the flags and patriotic emblems that so tastefully adorned the hall, in face of a stage covered with singers and musicians, all looking radiant, and the majestic form of Beethoven rising behind them, the score of the "Joy" Symphony in his hand, himself a noble type of Freedom,—the chief type of that union of Art with Freedom, of which we have been speaking;—little did they dream what annoyances and difficulties had more than once well nigh balked the whole plan of the celebration, so far as the music was concerned. The short time for preparation; the many engagements of musicians at that season; the want of any organized society of singers, political animosity dividing those existing so that they could not be applied to; the necessity of raising a chorus of 150 or 200 voices by individual invitation, in most cases personally made; the almost impossibility of finding times for rehearsal, or even music to rehearse from, finally, the risking of the whole thing without *any* rehearsal of singers and orchestra together; then the storm of the preceding night, the only *real* rehearsal of the voices alone, and the threatening indications that the

snow increasing might blockade our orchestra, playing far away in Springfield all night at a New Year's ball; then the justifiable nervousness of artists and conductors about risking themselves in an effort so unprepared:—all this made the success of the concert one of the bright rewards of faith. For by faith and enthusiasm only, by the inspiration of the occasion, was it done.

Not, however, without meritorious agency and sacrifices. The whole-hearted manner in which Mr. B. J. LANG gave himself to the raising, drilling and leading of the vocal forces; in which Mr. DRESEL, overcoming his habitual shrinking from appearing before publics, contributed the best of his rare art both as interpreter and as composer, and helped on everything with his wise counsel; in which Mr. KREISSMANN risked (but so triumphantly) his voice under the most unfavoring circumstances; and in which the ladies and gentlemen of the chorus poured out full hearts in their song—all with no reward but their own joy in the occasion, and in the response of such an audience—deserves more thanks than most of that audience could be aware of. Mr ZERRAHN, too, and his orchestra (numbering some 46 instruments), appeared to catch the spirit of the hour, and did their best to meet the full wish of the most listening and impressible of audiences (even more so than the audiences of simply musical occasions), for never, so all thought, did they play better, if so well; that is, with a spirit carrying the music home so, whatever little technical imperfections there might be.

And so the great day came, the most beautiful and brilliant of the winter. Nature and the heavens smiled, and all the omens were with us. The Proclamation was a certainty, and so was our concert. The programme, after all the threatenings, stood intact; and only the shadow of a doubt remained that it would go through well. We have only to record it, with some brief description of the execution and a few spontaneous episodes.

PROLOGUE, BY R. W. EMERSON.

PART I.

1. Overture to "Egmont".....Beethoven
2. Solo and Chorus from "Hymn of Praise"Mendelssohn.
Air—(Mr. Kreissmann). The sorrows of death had closed around me, and hell's dark terrors had got hold upon me, with troubles and deep heaviness. But said the Lord, Come, arise from the dead, and awake thou that sleepest: I bring thee salvation.
—We called through the darkness. Watchman, will the night soon pass? The Watchman only said, though the morning will come, the night will come also. Ask ye, inquire ye, ask if ye will, inquire ye, return again, ask: Watchman, will the night soon pass?.....
Soprano.—The night is departing!
Chorus.—The night is departing: the day is approaching. Therefore let us cast off the works of darkness, and let us gird on the armor of light. The night is departing.
3. Concerto in E flat, for Piano and Orchestra. Beethoven
Piano-forte by Otto Dresel.

PART II.

4. Dr. O. W. Holmes's Army Hymn, for Solo and Chorus. O. Dresel.

Solo, Mr. Kreissmann.

O Lord of Hosts! Almighty King!
Behold the sacrifice we bring!
To every arm Thy strength impart,
Thy spirit shed through every heart!

Wake in our hearts the living fires,
Thy holy faith that warmed our sires;
Thy hand hath made our nation free:
To die for her is serving Thee.

Be thou a pillared flame to show
The midnight maze, the silent foe;
And when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

God of all nations! Sovereign Lord!
In thy dread name we draw the sword,
We lift the starry flag on high,
That fills with light our stormy sky.

No more its flaming emblems wave
To bar from hope the trembling slave;
No more its radiant glories shine
To blast with woe a child of Thine!

From treason's rent, from murder's stain
Guard Thou its folds till peace shall reign,
Till fort and field, till shore and sea
Join our loud anthem, Praise to Thee!

5. Fifth Symphony, (in C minor).....Beethoven.
1. Molto Allegro. 2. Andante con moto.
3. Scherzo Allegro. 4. Marcia Allegro.
6. (*a*) Chorus from "Elijah".....Mendelssohn.
Angels.—He, watching over Israel, slumbers not, nor sleeps. Shouldst, thou walking in grief, languish, He will quicken thee.
(*b*) Hallelujah Chorus, from the "Messiah"....Handel.
Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. The kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord, and his Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever.
7. Overture to "William Tell".....Rossini.

We have wished to record this programme in full, because of its significance in every part and as a whole; its poetic and artistic unity. Every piece in it is good music, in the highest sense of Art; yet every piece was sure (as it then proved) to interest an earnest miscellaneous audience, however large, and make its poetic adaptation to the occasion felt. Those, who asked for a mingling of what is not good music with what is; those, who thought there could not be a patriotic utterance or celebration without "National Airs," "tunes that everybody sings," "Star Spangled Banner," "Glory, Hallelujah," and what not, forgot their wish as the grand music carried them along, and were in too much ecstacy to think of it when it was over.—The appeal in this case was from Philip sober to

Philip drunk. It was a triumphant practical demonstration that the highest, under proper circumstances, speaks to *all*; that great Art, great music, like the air, the sunlight and all finest blessings, is, or is to be, the common boon of Man; and that the artist, who most trusts his public, instead of stooping to it, shall surely be rewarded. The "Hail Columbias" and "John Browns" are all well in their way and in their proper places; but they have no right in an artistic programme, any more than cabbages and turnips in a bouquet of flowers. They will be all, or nothing; so will Art. And now for our narrative in course; for criticism it was no time:—who could remember to be critical?

At the appointed hour of three Mr. Conductor ZERRAHN tapped upon his desk and brought the orchestra to their bearings, as if to attack the overture. This was but a feint. Attention thus secured, Mr. JOSIAH QUINCY, Jr., in behalf of the Committee, came forward and announced that a Prologue had been written by RALPH WALDO EMERSON, who would himself recite it. This was not in the bills; the Committee, making a virtue of necessity, had kept it back for a surprise. The truth is, our poet, while he wished and strove to do it, feeling the imperative splendor of the opportunity, was far too true a poet and too much upon his honor with the Muse, to compromise her name by any rash announcement without authority of her own sign manual, to-wit the actual "arrival of the poem;" in spirit heartily he said yes, but it was only for the Muse, the inscrutably capricious, better knowing one, to say yes in fact. At the eleventh hour, however, poet and poem (say rather poem and poet) did "arrive," to crown the other omens with completeness. It was a hymn of Liberty and Justice, wild and strong, and musical and very short, and in his rich tones spell-bound the great assembly. We ought to have the poem here to make our record whole; but the vigilant editors of the *Atlantic Monthly*, who have established for themselves a sort of presumptive right to everything that is good, have secured it for the next number of that ever welcome Magazine, and there, reader, you will be sure to look for it.

1. The "Egmont" overture then began in earnest and went through at a heat; a fiery, heroic, patriotic thing, in the right temper for the times, suggesting gloom, oppression, popular division, fear and murmurs, the struggle and the triumph of the right, the vision of Liberty and Country to the dying hero, crowning him with laurel.

2. Then came voices. The extract from the "Hymn of Praise" conveyed, by its words, the keynote of the occasion and of the whole musical correspondence of the programme. But this was the critical piece, which had to be risked almost without rehearsal, and which had to be done as it were by faith, being the least familiar and most difficult, and full of delicate points requiring nice agreement between voice and orchestra, especially in the "watchman" recitative, so full of *tremolo* accompaniments, pauses, and wild, startling replies of wind instruments to the anxious, almost agonized inquiries: "Will the night soon pass?" But it was known, that if it did not actually break down, the magnificent dramatic climax of the music, and its wonderful adaptation to the occasion, would be sure to tell upon the audience, and it did. Mr. KREISSMANN, who had the most to risk, did his part artistically and feelingly; and when the clear soprano voice of Miss HOUSTON, like a stream of sunshine, announced "The night is departing!", the audience were in raptures, and the glorious *crescendo* of the chorus, flooding the world with daylight, in spite of feeble enterings in some parts, carried all before it in a blaze of high-pitched harmonies and trumpets. Thenceforth all was safe.

3. The Beethoven Concerto was also well adapted by the heroic temper of the themes in the Allegro, the heavenly peace of the Adagio, and the joyous sunshine of the Rondo finale. It is one of the richest and finest of Beethoven's works, crowded with thoughts, and so full of exquisite traits of orchestral treatment, and trying passages for the pianist, that it is no child's play to follow it. Considering the fact, too, that it was new to most, and that a good half of the audience were not particularly musical, it was really a wonder to note the breathless, reverent attention with which *all* listened through so complex and so long a work. Mr. DRESEL gave a masterly interpretation of its beauties, so far as the principal instrument was concerned; nothing, indeed, of fire, precision, delicate shading, vital and poetic touch was wanting; and he was well supported by the orchestra, whose parts abound in points of delicacy, which, considering that they had but one rehearsal, is great praise.

Between the parts the news that the Proclamation had been issued, was announced from the stage, when there arose such a demonstration of uncontainable enthusiasm, such cheers, and waving of handkerchiefs, and throwing up of hats, as was scarcely ever seen in an assembly of so much character and culture. It lasted many minutes, when cheers were called for and given with a will and with a ring, first for the President, the typical man of the Nation, and then for Mr. Garrison, the typical man of the Emancipation cause. Mr. Quincy also read aloud the New Year's greeting of Gen. Saxton to the colored freedmen of Port Royal, which was as good as a Proclamation, and when the enthusiasm had given all the vent it could to itself in its own way, it subsided into a silent call again for music.

4. Dr. HOLMES had written a new verse to his "Army Hymn," namely the fifth, to give it point for the occasion, as well as to fit it to Mr. Dresel's musical form, which covers two verses. The melody, nobly sung by Mr. Kreissmann, is very simple and impressive, and the refrain in chorus lifts one up by its full tide of broad, rich, noble harmony. It was at once accepted as a true tune, and a repetition was insisted on.

5. There is no need to apologize for the introduction of the Fifth Symphony, nor to point out how gloriously it sums up and typifies all phases of the struggle and the triumph of the good instincts of the soul over the powers of Fate and Darkness. That Symphony is too well known among us, and every one has felt its meaning,—felt it more than ever upon this occasion, for which indeed it would seem to have waited. Did not the bronze Beethoven almost look alive and radiant to hear it, as much as to say: Yes, this is what I meant! The orchestra played it with remarkable spirit, as if they too felt the meaning. (For a better appreciation of the long mysterious passage after the Scherzo, which prepares the outburst of the triumphal March, we would refer the reader to a paragraph in the article on the "Eroica" Symphony in another column.)

6. The soothing Angel chorus from "Elijah," full of heavenly trust, fell like a sweet, gentle rain, after the exciting Symphony. And in the Hallelujah Chorus, the joy and praise and confidence of the occasion reached their climax, and the festival its virtual close.

7. But a bright, patriotic, popular strain, a lively recreation piece, was needed still to let the enthusiasm down and let the audience disperse; and for that what could be better fitted than the beautiful, the brilliant overture to "Tell"? The cool, placid, Swiss lake scene of its opening, with the violoncellos, put its smart, secular conclusion far enough away from the "Hallelujah," and it is all good music, it is heroic, it expresses one phase of the thoughts and feelings of that day.

This concert will be long remembered. It will become an anniversary. Whether regarded as a patriotic celebration, or as a strictly musical occasion, it has called forth more spontaneous expressions of delight than any festival that most of us remember.

Little Miss TERESA CARENO is indeed a wonder. We do not care much for "prodigies," but this one did interest us. A child of nine years, with fine head and face full of intelligence, rather Spanish looking (she is from Caracas), runs upon the stage of the great Music Hall, has a funny deal of difficulty in